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Daniel O'Connell

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

LECTURES

ON

IRISH HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY,

BY

VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P.

With an Appendix,

CONTAINING A LIST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE "TREATY OF
DUBLIN" AND A HISTORY OF THE "TREATY OF DUBLIN," ETC.

NEW YORK

LYNCH, CORNER OF MURRAY STREET.

1872.



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CONTAINING WENDELL PHILLIPS' PANEGYRIC ON O'CONNELL, THE "TREATY OF LIMERICK" AND ITS VIOLATION, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.

NEW YORK:

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Lectures comprised in the present volume (the second of "THE IRISH-AMERICAN LIBRARY,") will be found probably the most interesting of those delivered in America, by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, the eloquent Dominican preacher. While not possessing the more piquant, though less permanent attraction,—springing from the clash of intellect, and the very novelty of the contest,—which attached to the discourses in reply to Mr. Froude, at the period of their delivery, these lectures,—many of which are now for the first time given to the public in a revised and permanent form,—are not less important and interesting, especially to the Irish people in America, as illustrations of the National History and character of their race; while as specimens of most eloquent and poetic word-painting, they are infinitely superior, in style and rhetorical finish, to the "Froude Lectures." They constitute, indeed, a complete epitome of the history of Ireland, from the era when the "Sacred Isle," in the enjoyment of freedom, prosperity and civilization, afforded a home and welcome to the learning and piety of the old world, down to those later and terrible years, when her children, oppressed and impoverished, driven from their native home, and forced to seek in other lands a refuge from tyranny and misgovernment, carried with them, in their exile, into every clime, the traditions of the virtue and patriotism, the valor and genius for which, under all circumstances, the Irish race has been distinguished. Nothing in human eloquence can be more beautiful than the pictures which Father Burke draws of the peace and sanctity which characterized Ireland in the "golden age" that succeeded

her conversion to Christianity; and even the narration of the gloomy and terrible scenes by which that national repose was supplanted, during the thousand years of war and desolation that followed the Danish and Norman invasions, is illumined by flashes of heroism and manly achievement, which relieve the otherwise dark and sombre limning of the picture, and show to the world the example of a noble race gallantly struggling against the most adverse fate, and even in its direst misfortunes and calamities, commanding the respect and sympathy of humanity.

The lectures on "The Historic Ruins of Ireland," "The Exiles of Erin," and "Irish National Music," are, in their class, unique and unrivalled as illustrations of the genius and character of an ancient and long-suffering nation; while in the biographical sketches of "St. Columbkille," "St. Laurence O'Toole," the leaders of the "Volunteer Movement of '82," and "O'Connell," the most perfect types are presented of the representative men of the various important epochs into which the history of Ireland may be divided, for the last fifteen hundred years. Altogether these lectures may be truly said to be the finest secular work of the great Dominican orator, and can never cease to possess a high value in the estimation of a people who set so much store by the records of their past history and national glory, as do the scattered children of the Irish race.

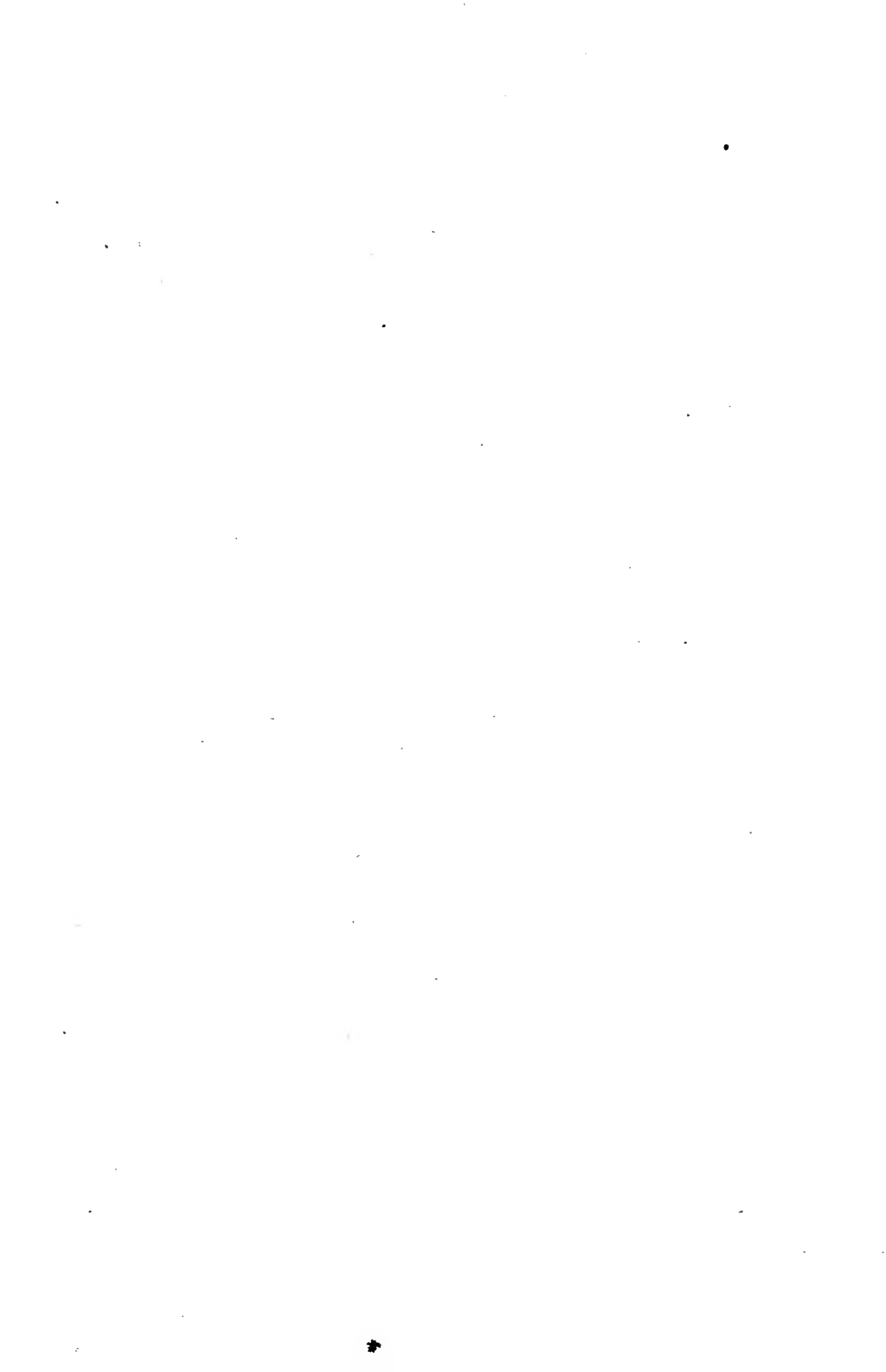
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IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

“THE LIFE AND TIMES OF O’CONNELL.”

(A Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., on Monday, May 13th, 1872, in the Academy of Music, New York.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The history of this age of ours tells of many men who have used their energies and their powers for the purpose of enslaving their fellow-men, and for the purposes of injustice and persecution. This age of ours, however, has had the grace to produce one man who received from a grateful nation the proudest title that ever was accorded a man; he was called the “Liberator of his country.” I need not mention his name: his name is written upon the history of the world, under this grand title of “Liberator;”—his name is enshrined in every Irish heart, and in the memory of every Irishman, under the glorious title of the “Liberator.” When we hear that word, those among us who are advancing into the vale of years, remember, as he seems to rise before them, at the sound of the name of the “Liberator,” the colossal, gigantic figure; the brows overladen with mighty thought; the Irish eye, beaming with intelligence and with humor; the uplifted arm, emphasizing every glorious maxim of freedom and of religion: and at the sound of the word “Liberator,” we behold, rising out of his grave and standing before us, as he once stood and held sway over millions of Irishmen, the glorious figure of DANIEL O’CONNELL.

There is nothing, my friends, that ought to be more grateful or more instructive to every high-minded man than to recall the deeds by which a man gained that well-deserved

glory ; for such a man not only binds to his own brow the crown of immortal fame, but he also leaves behind him, for the consideration of those who come after him, a glorious example of manliness, integrity, and virtue. These virtues should be the study of every man among us ; and never can we study them more favorably, than when we see them embodied in the life and the acts of one who dazzled the world by the glory of his genius, and left behind him, in the hearts of his fellow-men, traditions of mighty admiration and tenderest love. Who, therefore, was this man ? For whom did he contend ? By whom was he crowned with this glorious title of the “*Liberator of his country* ? ”

Oh ! my friends, before we sketch his life, it is well for us to cast our thoughts back some eighty years, and consider what Ireland was at the close of the last, or the 18th century. It seemed, indeed, as if the closing of the century should have been bright and peaceful and happy ; it seemed as if the sun of Ireland had risen at last, and that the night of the 18th century would have passed into the roll of ages, under the full blaze of noontide prosperity and happiness for Ireland. In 1782, eighteen years before the final close of the century, there was in Ireland a reunion of the grandest intellects, and the brightest names, that perhaps ever adorned the pages of our national history. The walls of the Parliament House, in College Green, resounded to the glorious appeals of a Grattan and a Flood ; while the stately and dignified Charlemont upheld the honor of the nation in the Irish House of Lords. They demanded of England a full recognition of Ireland’s rights, and of Ireland’s independence as a nation. Their voices were heard, and were unheeded ; until, in a happy moment, the necessities of the times obliged England to permit an organization of armed Irishmen, called the “*Volunteers of ’82*.” The men of Ireland took arms into their hands ; and it is well, that, Catholics as we are, we should not forget that this glorious movement originated among our Protestant brethren of the North of Ireland. The men of Ireland took arms in their hands ; and, when Grattan spoke again, he spoke with a hundred thousand armed and drilled Irishmen at his back ; and England was obliged to listen and to pay the greatest attention to his words. He demanded the charter of Ireland’s independence ; and he obtained it, because he spoke in the name

of an organized and an armed nation. He arose in the House of Commons; and he pronounced these words: "I found my country in the dust; I raised her up. She stands, to-day, in her queenly independence; and nothing remains to me but to bow before the majestic image, and to say *esto perpetua*,—be thou perpetuated in thy freedom, O Ireland!"

Fair, indeed, and bright was the vision;—industry developed, trade encouraged, magnificent buildings,—such as the Four Courts and Custom House, of Dublin,—erected, and the people speaking with a nation's voice: fair and bright was the prospect; only it was too bright to last. The Irish Parliament, at last, consented to take some steps for the emancipation of their Catholic countrymen, so that all the nation might enter into the act of legislation; to have no laws made by class or caste, but by all men who had the name and the privileges of Irishmen. It was too bright to last.

The English Government took thought. The following year saw a strange Viceroy sent over; the following year the insidious "Army Act" was introduced; the pressure and apprehension of war was taken from England; and the moment her hands were free, she turned around to rivet the chains upon Ireland's form. The "Army Act" was passed; and then the Irish Parliament had only to stop the voice of Grattan and every patriotic man. By that act it was declared illegal for every Irishman to carry arms; and the Volunteers were disarmed. No sooner were the arms, the guns and artillery taken from them, and these strong men deprived of their arms, than England at once began a systematic persecution of the Irish people with the express intention of goading them into rebellion, and thereby fastening the chains which she secured about them. One act followed another. In 1794, Earl Fitzwilliam was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He arrived in the country in January. He was the friend of Ireland, and of Ireland's son, the immortal Grattan. As soon as ever the English Government discovered that this man intended to rule Ireland justly, he was instantly recalled; and the people who greeted him with shouts of joy in January, accompanied him with tearful eyes, as he took his departure on the 25th of March of the same year. Then followed act after act of tyranny and oppression. In vain did Grattan, Curran, and

the immortal Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then in the Irish Parliament, protest against these cruel acts. At length, finding that Government was determined to destroy the people, if possible, in the year '97, Grattan arose in the Irish Parliament, and said: "I have offered you measures for the happiness of Ireland, and you have refused them. You propose measures for the misery of Ireland, and you will carry them. I have no more use or business," he said, "to remain in this House;" and the aged patriot departed from the House, followed by Arthur O'Connor, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and a few others, who left with despair in their minds and with aching hearts.

Then came the dawn of 1798, when Kildare and some of the midland counties made a miserable and unsuccessful attempt at revolution. Heroic Wexford arose; the stalwart men of the hill-sides of Wexford arose. Unarmed as they were,—or armed only with the armor of their infinite bravery,—they stood out for dreary months against the united power of England; until, at length, the rebellion, as it was called, was suppressed, after the slaughter of the people. A ferocious foreign soldiery, and the Yeomanry, were let loose through the land; tortures were inflicted upon innocent and unoffending men and women, worse than ever Cromwell inflicted upon the people of Ireland; and '98 closed upon the nation trodden in the blood-stained dust, and with minds and hearts utterly prostrated and broken under the iron heel of the enemy.

And this O'Connell saw, during the years '98 and '99. He listened, day after day, night after night, as John Philpot Curran stood alone between the tyrant upon the bench,—the blood-stained and ferocious Norbury,—and the poor prisoner, so often innocent, in the dock; with a loud, heroic, though fruitless voice, vindicating the principles of eternal justice and the majesty and purity of the law. The heart of the nation was broken in '98, and nothing remained but for the infamous English Minister to work his will upon the people of Ireland. That man was called Lord Castlereagh. He cut his throat afterwards; and it used to be a standing toast in the west of Ireland, even within my recollection, for two or three friends, when they met together, to feel in duty bound to fill their glasses and give:—"Here's to the strop that put the keen edge on the razor that cut Castle-

reagh's throat." He bribed the Irish members of Parliament with money, or bribed them with titles; he practised the vilest arts of corruption that could be suggested by his own wicked mind and corrupted heart; and he carried, just at the beginning of this present nineteenth century, the measure which has been the ruin of Ireland, namely, the abolition of the Irish Parliament, and the union of the two countries under one Legislature. It was in vain that Grattan thundered against this iniquity with his heroic voice. It was in vain that Fitzgerald, Kendall Bush, and other great Irishmen of the day, spoke, in language that is immortal for its eloquence and for its justice, in the cause of their country and their country's national existence. Everything was borne down and flooded with English corruption and bribery. And this act was passed, by which Ireland was deprived of the power to make her own laws; and a nation hostile to her, and determined upon her corruption and ruin, was commissioned to make laws for Ireland. The act was passed. It has been the apology for every cruelty, and every injustice that we have suffered from that day to this; the accursed act of Union, by which Ireland lost her power.

Among the bribes that were held out to the Irish people to let this Act pass, there was one, and it was a promise that was given then, that the Catholics should be emancipated. No sooner, however, was the Union passed, than William Pitt, the Prime Minister of England, betrayed his faith, and broke his word with Ireland; and when he had received the gift of our existence into his hands, he laughed at us in the face, and mocked us as fools, for trusting him. And a fool is every Irishman on the face of the earth that trusts England and England's Parliament, or that imagines for a single moment that the English Government or the English Parliament will ever give justice, or equal laws to Ireland, unless they are obliged and coerced by the fear of arms. If the Volunteers of '82 had kept their guns, Pitt would have kept his word.

And now, my friends, what was the position of Ireland when O'Connell first appeared in the history of our country? Born in 1775, he was called to the bar, in Dublin, in 1798: it was only five years before—that is to say, in 1793—that the Penal Law was relaxed, so that a highly educated Catholic gentleman was allowed the privilege of earning his bread

as a lawyer. We first find him while the question of the Union was being agitated. He attended a meeting in the Corn Exchange of Dublin. It was composed exclusively of Catholics, mostly professional men. They came to discuss the question of Ireland's existence, and to protest against the Union. It will give you some idea of how things were carried on in those days. As I told you, no sooner was the meeting assembled in the Corn Exchange, than the tramp of soldiers was heard outside; and in swaggered Major Sirr, the town-major of Dublin, at the head of his troops. He marched around the hall and surrounded the meeting. He then commanded his men to ground their arms; and down went the heavy guns of the Hanoverian and English soldiers. "Now, gentlemen, you may begin your discussions," said he. But every man there knew that his very life was at the mercy of that blood-stained, unmerciful, hard-hearted man. There was no liberty of thought, much less of speech; a man could not call his soul his own in those days. And it was under these circumstances, in the presence of Major Sirr and his soldiery, that O'Connell, for the first time in his life, spoke a word for Ireland. He tells us that, what between the intimidation and the threats,—what between the effect of this intimidation and his position as a young man, he felt as if his heart would break with anxiety and fear while he was speaking.

Now the Union is passed. Ireland is annihilated; and the only hope for Ireland now,—as it was our only hope for three hundred years before,—was the strength and power of Ireland's faith,—Ireland's Catholicity, which was still alive. There it was, still unconquered and unconquerable,—the only element of life, the only element of courage, the seedling of national regeneration which was left to us,—our holy faith, to which we clung in spite of persecution and blood for three hundred years. But this powerful element lay dormant in Ireland. A "Catholic Board," as it was called, was formed in Dublin. A body of Irishmen came together to try and agitate for Catholic Emancipation in the British House of Commons, in London, as in the Irish House at home; and they found a glorious advocate in the great Henry Grattan. Year after year he brought forward his motion, praying the Legislature to strike off the chains from the Irish Catholics; year after year, he met with overwhelming majorities against

him ; and his appeal and his cause were laughed to scorn in the British Parliament. In vain did Plunkett take up that glorious theme ; in vain did the immortal Edmund Burke,—England's greatest philosopher and statesman ; Ireland's greatest son, whose name shall live forever, in the annals of the world's history, for every highest gift of genius and virtue ;—in vain did Burke and Fox, with all the English statesmen of mind, advocate the claims of the Irish Catholics. They got no hearing ; there was justice for every man ; there was consideration for every man ; there was respect for every man, until it was discovered that he was a Catholic and an Irishman ; and then there was not for him even the courtesy of a hearing, but only the laughter of scorn. They had conquered us : and they thought they could despise us. They imagined, because we were conquered, we were degraded. The "Catholic Board" of which I speak, in Dublin, was afraid to raise its voice. Those who befriended us were liberal Protestants ; and many glorious, liberty-loving patriots there were among them. God forbid that I should forget it.

The great masses of the Irish people,—then amounting to nearly eight millions of men,—were crushed into the earth, and were afraid to speak. Under the tyranny of a hostile government, under the tyranny of their cruel and unjust landlords, the Catholic party were afraid to speak. Grattan's voice was unheeded : he was refused a hearing in the House. Now, the Almighty God, in His mercy to Irishmen, lifted up a man, gigantic in form, gigantic in intellect, heroic in courage, strong in faith, tender in heart, immaculate in his purity, who was destined to shake the Irish race into self-assertion and energy ; who was destined to rule these people and to lift them from the ground, to put a voice upon their lips and make their hearts throb again with glorious excitement and high hope. O'Connell arose, alone, to head the Irish people ;—with the grasp of an athlete, to strangle every man that arose against these people. Alone, he rose to lead a prostrate nation high up the rugged road of liberty ; until he led them to kneel before a free altar, and burst the bonds that bound them. Alone had he to do it.

In 1813, he took the charge of, and a leading place in, the "Catholic Association." At that time, mark the difficulties he had to contend with :—he had a people afraid to

• speak;—he had an aristocracy opposed to him to a man; he had the great landed interest of England and the English people opposed to him to a man; he had the English Catholics opposed to him; he had a government that was watching him, crossing him, day after day, with persecutions; arresting him, now on this charge, now on that; accusing him now of having said this, and then of having said that. He had men watching for his life. He had to conquer the false friend and the open enemy, defy the Government, defy the Bench and the Bar; he had to take the pistol in his hands, bitterly, though his Catholic heart regretted it: he had actually to commit a tremendous crime in the cause of Ireland. He was prosecuted, for some sayings of his, with Richard Lalor Shiel: the Grand Jury threw out the bills; there was no case against them. Finding that they could not entrap him into the meshes of the law, which, with a superhuman genius and prudence, he was able to evade, a murderer was put upon his track. As of old, when they found they were unable to conquer Owen Roe O'Neill with the sword, they put poison in his drink; so, when they found they could not conquer O'Connell by the laws, they set a murderer upon his track. The whip of D'Esterre was lifted to strike the magnificent form of Ireland's best son. What could he do? Insulted over and over again, that life, that was so precious to Ireland, he freely risked for Ireland. I do not justify him. No. Nor does he ask me from his grave in Glasnevin to-night, nor from his place in Heaven, to justify him. Even as St. Peter, for his one denial of his Master, wept every day of his life, so O'Connell, for his one moment of forgetfulness of his Catholic duties, wept every day of his life. Yet what could he do? Young, brave as a lion, confident in his strength and in his dexterity, he accepted the challenge; and, on a fine morning, Mr. D'Esterre,—who threatened to flog O'Connell, and wanted to fight him,—took a cab and drove out to Lord Cloncurry's place, about ten miles outside of Dublin; and there, on a field of an estate called Lyons, he met Daniel O'Connell. Now, D'Esterre thought he was sure to win, as he was a small, thin, miserable little man, like an attenuated herring, long out of the sea; and it seemed that, to hit him, a man should be able to shoot a rat at half a mile; while O'Connell was a fine, full, burly, mountain of a man. To

fire at him, was something like firing at a haystack. Then, again, D'Esterre was a dead shot; and O'Connell was considered to be a far more formidable man with the pen than with the pistol. I have my account of this from old men who were on the ground that morning. They said there was deliberate murder in D'Esterre's eye, as he took his aim. O'Connell simply stood there for Ireland; he could not keep his hold of the people (considering the genius of the time) unless he met that man, and fought him. He lifted his pistol, apparently, carelessly; but he threw the light-gray eye along it. Two reports were heard. The whistling ball passed before O'Connell's eyes: but D'Esterre lay on the ground; and he never got up again. Major McNamara, of Clare,—a Protestant gentleman, who had fought a great many duels in his time,—was on the ground. He came up to O'Connell, with tears in his eyes, and said—"I declare to Heaven, Dan, it was the neatest shot that ever was made. If ever I am to meet my man again," said the Major, "I hope, if he is to strike me at all, he will do it neatly. It is almost an honor to be killed so beautifully."

The "Catholic Association," formed under O'Connell, grew under his genius. The Catholic aristocracy of Ireland,—the Bellews, the Trimblestons, the Fingals,—were shocked when they heard this man speak. They were frightened; they were afraid to speak to the English people at all; they were afraid to petition Parliament. Even John Keogh and the democratic portion of the Catholics of Ireland were for maintaining what they called "a dignified silence," which means a silence that proceeds from fear. Out came O'Connell as brave as a lion. He knew no fear. He attacked; he did not petition. He attacked the men at the head of the State. He called them every vile name he could think of. One man was called a "pig;" another "a perjurer;" another was told to "get out of that!" another was called a "bloated buffoon;" and so on. And these grand English statesmen,—who thought they could walk or ride rough-shod over all Ireland,—found to their amazement, that there was an Irishman who not only was not afraid of them, but who gave them nick-names that stuck to them for the rest of their lives. When the Catholic people of Ireland found that, somehow or other, a lion had got in among them,—a lion rampant, roaring for his prey;—when

they found that there was *one* Catholic man in the land, speaking their own language, glorying in identity of race with them,—that made every man afraid of him,—even to the Prince of Wales, at that time (George IV. afterwards),—they plucked up courage, they raised their heads; and they asked themselves was the world coming to an end! for, what was going to be done with this man? But when they found that this man had a genius and eloquence that nothing could withstand;—when they found that the cause of justice and of truth, on this man's lips, meant the tremendous cause that would shake the world; when they found the Catholic nations, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, sympathizing with this man, admiring his genius, translating his speeches into their tongues, and proclaiming him one of the greatest men of the age,—Ireland began to feel confidence and pride in O'Connell. Now, I say that Ireland's confidence and pride in O'Connell, from the year 1810 to the year 1829, was her salvation. He roused the clergy. The priests, even, were afraid to speak; there was not a clerical voice to be heard in the cause. The bishops were afraid of their lives; if they spoke, it was with bated breath, as men who are only permitted to live, who are winked at in order that they might be tolerated in the land. He roused the clergy; he sent them among the people; he commanded them to preach a gospel, second only in its sacredness to the Gospel of our holy religion,—that is the gospel of Ireland's glorious nationality.

And thus it came to pass, that, in the year 1813, George Canning, the great English statesman, was glad to propose a measure for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland. And now comes O'Connell again in all his glory before us. Canning prepared his bill. The Catholics of Ireland were to be emancipated; they were to be allowed to enter all the professions; they were to be allowed to enter Parliament; they were to be allowed to mount the Judicial Bench as the Judges of the land; they were to be allowed to legislate for themselves and for their people; all—*all*, upon one condition; and that was, they were to allow the English Government what was called “The power of the veto;” which I will explain to you. Whenever a Catholic priest was to be made a Bishop, his name was to be sent to Rome; and if the Pope approved of him, then, instead of making him a

Bishop, out of hand, he was to send back his name with the nomination; and the moment a man got his nomination, instead of going to the Archbishop, and getting him to consecrate him, he was to send the nomination to the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of State was to submit it to the Council of English Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of England, or the Irish Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and they were to examine this man, and see whether he was worthy to be a Bishop. They were such good judges, they knew all about that! In all probability, if the bill had passed, Lord Norbury, of whom you have heard, would have been one of these examining Lords, examining a priest in his theology. And if they disapproved of a man,—in other words,—if they found him a true Irishman; if they found he had one spark of love for his country in him,—they were to put their "veto," upon him; and the Pope was to have no power in the matter. You understand what it meant. They wanted to exclude from the Episcopate of Ireland such men as the immortal Dr. Doyle, or the great John McHale, of Tuam; they wanted to make Bishops only of men who would lie down at their feet, and be trampled upon; who would tell the people that there was no such word as freedom in the Gospel.

Such was the state of affairs at the time when Canning's Bill was proposed, with "the Veto" attached to it. All the English Catholics said, "Oh, yes; that will be very well." All the Irish "respectable" Catholics, with a very few Irish Catholic Lords, and a few Irish Catholic Knights, were in favor of the "Veto." "Why not?" they said; "we will all be glad to be emancipated on any condition." Some of the Irish Catholic Bishops admitted it. And, worst of all, the Pope was then a prisoner, in France: Napoleon had him a prisoner. Affairs in Rome were managed by a high functionary, whose name was Quarantotti; and this high prelate, when he got the draft of Canning's bill, and read it,—such was the state of slavery in which we were, all the world over; persecuted everywhere,—that the Pope's representative actually wrote to Dr. Poynter, Catholic Bishop of London, and to the Irish Bishops, telling them to accept the "Veto" and emancipation with it. The moment O'Connell heard this,—he who had risen against the Orangeism of Ireland, rose like an angry giant, and told the Irish Bishops

and the Irish priests,—aye, and Rome itself,—that that Veto never should be admitted into Ireland. He came, exulting like a giant in his strength, and thundered at the door of the English Parliament, and said, “Emancipation and freedom without any conditions!” “We are no longer slaves,” he said; “we are no longer beggars. We come and demand, and insist upon emancipation, without any condition whatsoever to bind it.”

Now, my friends, what gave O’Connell this power? I answer that, by this time, O’Connell had organized the Irish people in their parishes. He had made them join the “Association.” He had fixed a tax of a penny a month upon every Catholic man in Ireland. It was not the penny he was looking for, but for the man’s name. He got them all enrolled in the “Association;” he got the priests to know all the men who were associated; he got the people to know one another; he published their numbers to them; he told them the secret of their strength; he had the priesthood of Ireland,—the parish priests, the curates, the friars,—with him, to a man. No “Veto” for them. Why? For many reasons. I will not speak now of the effect of that legislation (if it had passed) upon the Church. I will not speak of it as affecting her liberties. But what was more natural than that every honest priest in Ireland should oppose the Veto? because he must have said to himself, “What chance have I of ever being made a bishop?” Canning, though the friend of Ireland, was told to keep his Emancipation Act.

Things went on. The Irish people, every day increasing in their numbers, affiliated with the Catholic Association; every day feeling their way, feeling their strength. The thundering voice of the mighty O’Connell went through the land. He went here and there through the country: he sacrificed his profession and all its vast gains, and he devoted himself to marshalling the people; until at length, things were brought to such a pass that when Lord Wellington, the conqueror of Waterloo, and the bitterest Tory enemy that ever Ireland had,—when Wellington came into power, sworn, if he could help it, never to do anything for the Irish Catholics, and having a King, the basest, vilest, the most polluted of men, the infamous George IV., at his back, who swore that he never would grant anything to Irish Catholics,—O’Connell had so marshalled the Irish

nation, that the man who had conquered Napoleon at Waterloo was obliged to acknowledge that O'Connell had beaten him; and he went to the King and said: "If you will not emancipate the Catholics without any condition, and give them their freedom, you will have a revolution in Ireland." It was not for love, it was not for justice, that this Act was granted. Never, since the day that Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, set foot, with his Normans, upon the soil of Ireland,—never from that hour to this, has England granted us one iota of justice, except under the influence of craven fear.

The year 1828 came. Wellington came into power; and the Catholic Association, like men who had now learned to speak, passed a decree that no man that accepted office under Lord Wellington should be returned to Parliament, for any borough or any county. There was a member, at the time, for the county of Clare; a very good man; a very estimable and agreeable man; and his father was really a great man, a true patriot. This man's name was Vesey Fitzgerald: and he accepted office under the Duke of Wellington's Government. That obliged him to go back to Clare to ask the people to re-elect him. The people, at that time, were altogether in the hands of the landlords: and when the day of the election came, they were called together, not even being given their breakfast before they left; and the bailiff, and the land steward, and the landlord drove them, as you would drive a flock of sheep, to give their votes. So, every landlord could say to another, "I have so many votes; how many have you?" The people had no voice at all, except just to register their votes. Vesey Fitzgerald was a popular man. He came back to Clare for re-election; when, like a thunder-clap, came the words of O'Connell: "I am going to stand for Clare, and be elected to Parliament from it." The British Government was silent with utter amazement and astonishment at the audacity of the man. The whole world stood confounded at the greatness of his courage. He went down to Clare. The priests came around him. He raised his standard, inscribed "Freedom from landlord intimidation!" "Every man has his own conscience, and his own rights;" and by a sweeping majority of the honest and manly Irishmen of the County Clare, O'Connell was returned.

While they were discussing the terms of emancipation; while they were asking each other could they allow Catholics the privilege of returning members to Parliament, of their own religion; while they were trying to devise how they would neutralize it, how they would keep it out; in spite of all, this big, huge man walks in on the floor of the House of Commons, returned as member from Clare. He advances to the table to take the oaths of allegiance and loyalty. The Clerk of the House of Commons rose to put the book in his hands to swear him. "What am I to be sworn to?" "To swear this." He reads: "The sacrifice of the Mass, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Saints, is damnable idolatry." O'Connell replied:—"In the name of two hundred millions of men; in the name of eight millions of the Irish race; in the name of antiquity; in the name of history; in the name of the God of Heaven, the God of truth, I reject that oath; for it is a damnable falsehood!" He found a "Veto," with a vengeance, lying before him; and, as he would not have the Act of Emancipation, with a "Veto," tacked on to it, so he would not sit down in the House of Parliament with an infernal lie on his lips.

Three times was the Act of Catholic Emancipation put before the English House of Commons; and, sorely against their will,—because the Prime Minister and his associates in the Government told them, with trembling lips, "You must do it. The Irish are prepared for revolution! You must do it! They will sever the connection altogether! They will break up the Empire!"—they passed it. It went before the Lords. For three days they held out against it, vomiting out their bigotry. "No! no! rather die than do it! No!" "But you must do it!" was the answer. The Irish people had found a man; that man had united them as one man; and, now, O'Connell represented Ireland; and O'Connell stood at the door and told them "You must do it!" The bill passed the Lords and Commons; and Wellington took it, on bended knee, and offered it to George the Fourth. The King refused to read it. "You must read it!" He read it. "Never!" "You must do it? It cannot be helped!" He took the pen in his hand,—and he burst into tears! He did not weep when he broke the heart of his wife, and declared her an adulteress. He did

not weep at the ruin of every form of innocence that ever came before him,—that was destroyed and polluted by his unholy touch. He did not weep when he left Richard Brinsley Sheridan, his own friend, to die of starvation in a garret in London. He had no tears to weep. He had no heart to feel. The bloated voluptuary!—he was never known to weep in his life, only when he was signing the bill of Emancipation; and then he wept the devil's tears. The Act was passed and declared law on the 13th of April, 1829; and, to use the eloquent words of my brother in religion, Lacordaire, "Eight millions of Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell." And yet, mark the spite, the deliberate spite of the Government. After the Act of Emancipation, they would not let him take his seat, until he had to go back to Clare to be re-elected. After the Act of Emancipation was passed, they made a number of barristers—English barristers—King's Counsel—members of the bar; and while the young men—young counsel—received this privilege,—the head of the Irish bar—the head of the Irish people was denied it. They thought to vent their spleen on him, and leave him in the background; as if he could be left in the background, whom the Almighty God brought forth.

And now, my friends, the great crowning act of his life being thus accomplished, he did not rest one moment; but he turned his thoughts to the second great object for which he lived. And, indeed, it was scarcely the second but the first, viz.: the Repeal of the Union. Some people in Ireland—and elsewhere—think that the Repeal of the Union was an afterthought of O'Connell; that he did not intend it in the beginning; that he never thought of it until he had coerced them into emancipating the Catholics. It is not so. Twenty years before Catholic Emancipation was passed, O'Connell declared that he would labor to the last hour of his life for the one purpose of repealing that accursed Union. Even in Grattan's time—(and Grattan lived until 1820)—even in Grattan's time, the Catholics of Ireland had already petitioned for the Repeal of the Union, and Grattan told them: "If ever you Catholics of Ireland rise up in your united strength, you will get the Repeal of the Union, or anything else England may have it in her power to bestow upon you."

From 1829 until 1839,—for a period of ten years,—O'Connell sat in the British Parliament, opposed to all the rivalry, all the opposition, all the contempt, that the bigotry of English Protestantism could bring to bear upon him. Every man in that House hated him as the devil is said to hate holy water. But he stuck to his own courage, and his own trick of giving names. Stanley, the late Earl of Derby, rose to oppose him, and he turned upon him in this way: "Sit down, *scorpion* Stanley!" And, until Stanley went to his long home, he was known by the name of "Scorpion Stanley." Disraeli attacked him; and O'Connell turned round and said: "Oh, here is a Jew; a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief that refused to be converted on the cross." Mr. Sugden, the Chancellor, deprived him of the magisterial power. O'Connell called him "the man with the ugly name:" and whenever he spoke of him, or replied to him, he never alluded to him by name, but, in his supreme wit, O'Connell would say, he should have said, as "the man with the ugly name" has observed. And so, by his undaunted courage, by his wit, by his tremendous argumentative power, and by his swelling eloquence, he crushed the opposition of the English House of Commons; and, as he had opened the door by the power of his genius, he held his footing there by the same genius: until, in a few years, the fate of the two great parties of England was in the hands of O'Connell. O'Connell and his "tail," as it was called, commanded such influence, that, on any great question affecting the existence of the government, the Premier of England always, in his necessity, came to O'Connell to beg him to have pity on the Government, and not to turn them out of office.

And now the great Repeal agitation began to take form and symmetry. He who had united Ireland as one man in the sacred cause of religion, united them again, as one man, in the cause of nationality. From end to end of the land he travelled; and wherever he appeared, the enthusiastic heart and manhood of Ireland gathered around him. Oh, how grandly does he rise before my imagination now! Oh, how magnificent is the figure that now looms up in the halls of my memory, as I look back to that glorious year of 1843,—the "Repeal year" of Ireland! He stands within the honored walls of Dundalk, and three hundred thousand

Irishmen are around him. Not a voice of discord; not a word of quarrelling; not a single jarring, even of thought; not a drunken man: not a criminal among the three hundred thousand of Ireland's stalwart sons! He stands upon the Hill of Tara! He stands by "The Croppy's Grave;" and he has there upon the slopes of that hill, two hundred and fifty thousand men,—a quarter of a million of Irishmen before him. Oh, who was able thus to unite Irishmen? Who was able to inspire them with one soul,—with one high and lofty and burning aspiration? Who was able to lift up a people whom he had found so fallen, though not degraded, that they could scarcely speak the words of freedom—of right—the thoughts in their minds? It was the mighty genius—it was the grand, the magnificent mind of Ireland's greatest son—of Daniel O'Connell!

The Government got afraid; and well they might be. Oh, for the shining arms of the "Volunteers!" If, on that day of Tara,—if, on that day of Mullaghmast,—if, on that day, when the soldiers barred the road to Clontarf,—if, on that day, Ireland were armed, where, on the face of the earth, is the race of oppressors that this army of men might not have swept from their path in the might of their concentrated patriotism! But Ireland, though united, was unarmed; and the brave and heroic man, who said, with so much truth, that his highest glory would be to draw the sword for his native isle, was obliged to preach conciliation, and peace and submission to the people.

The meeting at Clontarf was dispersed; and I may say, with truth, that the dream of the Repeal of the Union of Ireland with England was dissolved. Some days after, found O'Connell in prison, where for months he languished; his health and his heart broken for the sake of Ireland; until at length the iniquitous decree, the blasphemous judgment was reversed,—even by the English House of Lords;—and O'Connell, in September, 1844, came forth from prison a free man. But he never recovered from that blow, never. It was followed by disunion in the national councils. Brave and generous hearts, to be sure, there were, full of young and warm blood. They were for drawing the sword, while they had no sword to draw. Ireland, unarmed, arose in rebellion; while near Clontarf, and in and around Dublin, there were twenty thousand soldiers ready to pour out

the people's blood. The glorious dream of emancipation—of emancipation for the people—fled away, for the time.

Then came the hand of God upon the people. Oh, well I remember the fearful scenes that aged father of his country saw before he died! Then came the day when the news spread from lip to lip: "There is famine in the land; and we must all die." So said eight millions, in that terrible year of '46,—eight millions, in that awful Autumn that came upon us, when the people cried for bread and there was no one to break it to them. The strong men lay down and died. The tender maidens, the pure and aged matrons of Ireland, lay down and died. They were found dead by the roadside, unburied; they were found in their shallow graves—scarcely buried. They were found crawling to the chapel door that they might breathe out their souls in one last act of faith and love to Christ! Thus did the Angel of Death spread his wings over the land. The Legislator and the Emancipator—the Father of Ireland—was compelled to see his people perish; and he had not the means to save them. O'Connell's heart broke in his bosom. And, a broken-hearted man, in January, 1847, he rose from his bed and crawled to London. With tottering step, the aged man—the wreck of all that was once so glorious—appeared before the astonished eyes of Parliament. The voice that used to fill the land with the thunders of its eloquence, was now lowered to the merest whisper,—the language of a broken heart. He rose. He pictured before those men the agony of Ireland. With streaming eyes he implored the mercy of England upon the dying people; and a subsidy to save their lives. That subsidy was denied. Ireland was told that she might die. England closed her hand. And the heart-broken father of his country was told to go and seek some genial clime; and there he might die; but there was no mercy for his Irish people.

O'Connell set out for Rome: the Irish people started for America. O'Connell is in Heaven, to-night, I believe in my heart and soul; and I believe also, in my heart and soul, that, if anything on earth could brighten his joys in Heaven, his joys would be brightened to know and see the glory, the increased strength, the manhood of Ireland as it exists to-day in America. With the instinct of Catholicity he turned to Rome, journeying by slow stages; and, on the 15th

of May, 1847, he breathed out his soul to God, having received all the sacraments of the Church. With the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, he died, in the city of Genoa, in the north of Italy; and his last words were: "When I am dead, take out my heart and send it to Rome: let my body be brought back to mingle with the dust of Ireland!" The doctors who attended him could not make out what disease was upon him. The first men in Ireland, France, Italy—came and studied his case. They could not make out what sickness or what infirmity was his. They had never, before, been called upon to attend a man who was dying of a broken heart. O'Connell's heart was broken: the heart that was sent to Rome—the heart that is enshrined in Rome, to-day—was broken for love of Ireland!

And, now, what was the genius, what the character of this man? What was the secret of his strength? I answer again:—O'Connell was all that history tells us to-day, and all that history shall tell the nations in a thousand years to come; O'Connell was all that, because of the faith, and Catholicity that was in him;—because he was a Catholic of the Catholics;—he was Irish of the Irish;—and consequently the instincts of Ireland, and the heart of Catholic Ireland sprang to meet him, and identified themselves with him; so that he made Catholic Ireland as if it had but one heart, and one thought, and one mind. Over all his human efforts, over all his tremendous exertions in the cause of freedom—in the sacred cause of liberty—there was ever shining over all, the light of Divine Faith; and he knew that in doing battle for Ireland, he was battling for God and for God's Church. What made him refuse the "Veto?" It would not have affected him; it would only have affected the Church; it would only affect the priesthood and the episcopacy of Ireland. What made him refuse that bill of Canning's? It was because his Catholic instincts—his Catholic mind and heart told him that the State had no business under Heaven to interfere in the regulation or in the government of the Church. He gave to the Irish people not only the voice that pleaded for their freedom,—the magnificent life that was devoted to their service,—but he gave something far higher, greater than this; he gave them the bright example of a pious, sincere, Catholic man. He showed Ireland, he showed the world, that the highest genius can be

exalted still more when it is consecrated to the sacred cause of the Church, and of holy religion. He taught the youth of Ireland the lesson they had learned so well from him and from their fathers,—that the secret of Ireland's strength and of Ireland's ultimate glory and freedom and nationality lies in Ireland's adherence to her glorious old faith. He taught the youth of Ireland that that man alone is sure to conquer every enemy in this world who has learned to conquer his own passions and himself among other things. He has contributed largely to make a priest of me; for among the tenderest recollections of my youth,—among the things that made a deep impression on me as a boy,—was, when I stood in the chapel in Galway, to see the great O'Connell, the man that shook the world, that frightened every man that crossed his path,—to see that great man coming to eight o'clock Mass in the morning; kneeling among us and receiving his Holy Communion; to watch him absorbed in prayer before his God; to read, almost, the grand thoughts that were passing through that pure mind; to see him renewing again and again, before Heaven, the vows that bound him to his religion and to his country. This, this was the grand principle of his life; this was the secret of his genius; this was the inspiration that produced his success. And in this devotion well did the Irish correspond with him. Whatever he told them to avoid they avoided; whatever he told them to do they did it. Oh! if God had only left him, and left us united councils! And if God, in His infinite wisdom, had only averted the terrible stroke that prostrated Ireland, and broke O'Connell's heart, the glory that we still looked forward to might be ours to-day. But, although he is dead and gone, his genius, his soul, his heart and his hopes, still live in the breast of every true son of Ireland. You and I still look forward to our brightest human hope, after the happiness of Heaven, to behold Ireland what he so often wished and prayed she might be, "great, glorious and free." Great, as her history tells us, in the past, she has been; glorious O'Connell made her, in her glorious victory of Emancipation; free! oh, there is a God of justice in Heaven;—there is a God that treasures up the fidelity and sufferings of a nation;—there is a God that accepts the people's sacrifice, and, sooner or later, crowns it. To that God do I look, with the same confidence with which I look for my

own salvation ;—I look to thee, oh, God ! this night, to send down the crown, the reward of freedom, to my glorious country ! And when that freedom comes, we will know how to use it ; we will know how to respect our neighbor's rights, and not trample on them : we will respect our neighbor's property, and not plunder him. We will never raise our hand in the effort to deprive any people on the earth of that sacred boon for which we have sighed so long,—the sacred boon of national freedom ; because we are Catholics, and the Catholic Church alone teaches man how to preserve and defend so high a gift, and how to use his freedom.

"THE HISTORIC RUINS OF IRELAND."

(A Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in the Cooper Institute, New York, on Friday, April 4, 1872.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have to apologize to you, in all earnestness, for appearing before you this evening in my habit. The reason why I put off my black cloth coat and put on this dress—the Dominican habit—is, first of all, because I never feel at home in a black coat. When God called me,—the only son of an Irish father and an Irish mother—from the home of the old people, and told me that it was His will that I should belong to Him in the sanctuary, that father and mother gave me up without a sigh, because they were *Irish* parents, and had the Irish faith and love for the Church in their hearts. And from the day I took this habit—from that day to this—I never felt at home in any other dress; and if I were to come before you this evening in black cloth, like a layman, and not like an Irish Dominican friar, I might, perhaps, break down in my lecture.

But there is another reason why I appear before you in this white habit: because I am come to speak to you of the ruins that cover the face of the "old land;" I am come to speak to you, and to tell you of the glory and the shame, the joy and the sorrow, of which these ruins so eloquently tell. And when I look upon them, in spirit now, my mind sweeps over the intervening ocean, and I stand in imagination under the ivied and moss-covered arches of Athenry, or Sligo, or Clare-Galway, or Kilconnell; the view that rises before me of the former inmates of these holy places is a vision of white-robed Dominicans, and of brown Franciscans; and, therefore, in coming to speak to you in this garment, of the glorious history which they tell us, I feel more myself, more in consonance with the subject of which I have to speak in appearing before you, as the child and the representative—no matter how unworthy—of the Irish friars,—

the Irish priests and patriots who sleep in Irish graves to-night.

And now, my friends, the grandest—the most precious inheritance of any people, is that people's history. All that forms the national character of a people, their tone of thought, their devotion, their love, their sympathies, their antipathies, their language,—all this is found in their history, as the effect is found in its cause, as the Autumn speaks of the Spring. And the philosopher who wishes to analyze a people's character and to account for it,—to account for the national desires, hopes, aspirations, for the strong sympathies or antipathies that sway a people,—must go back to the deep recesses of their history; and there, in ages long gone by, will he find the seeds that produced the fruit that he attempts to account for. And he will find that the nation of to-day is but the child and the offspring of the nation of by-gone ages; for it is written truly, that "the child is father to the man." When, therefore, we come to consider the desires of nations, we find that every people is most strongly desirous to preserve its history, even as every man is anxious to preserve the record of his life; for history is the record of a people's life. Hence it is that, in the libraries of the more ancient nations, we find the earliest histories of the primæval races of mankind, written upon the durable vellum, the imperishable asbestos, or sometimes deeply carved, in mystic and forgotten characters, on the granite stone, or pictured rock; showing the desire of the people to preserve the history which is to preserve the memory of them;—just as the old man, dying, said, "Lord, keep my memory green!"

But, besides these more direct and documentary evidences, the history of every nation is enshrined in the national traditions, in the national music and song; much more it is written in the public buildings that cover the face of the land. These, silent and in ruins, tell most eloquently their tale. To-day "the walls may be crumbled, the stone decayed;" the clustering ivy may, perhaps, uphold the tottering ruin to which it clung in the days of its strength; but,

"The sorrows, the joys of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng."

They are the voices of the past; they are the voices of ages

long gone by. They rear their venerable and beautiful gray heads high over the land they adorn ; and they tell us the tale of the glory or of the shame, of the strength or of the weakness, of the prosperity or of the adversity of the nation to which they belong. This is the volume which we are about to open ; this is the voice which we are about to call forth from the gray and ivied ruins that cover the green bosom of Ireland : we are about to go back up the highways of history, and, as it were, to breast and to stem the stream of time, to-day, taking our start from the present hour in Ireland.

What have we here ? It is a stately church,—rivalling,—perhaps surpassing,—in its glory, the grandeur of by-gone times. We behold the solid buttresses, the massive wall, the high tower, the graceful spire piercing the clouds, and upholding high towards heaven, the symbol of man's redemption, the glorious sign of the Cross. We see in the stone windows the massive tracery, so solid, so strong, and so delicate. What does this tell us ? Here is this church, so grand, yet so fresh and new and clean from the mason's hand. What does it tell us ? It tells us of a race that has never decayed ; it tells us of a people that have never lost their faith nor their love ; it tells us of a nation as strong in its energy for every highest and holiest purpose, to-day, as it was in the ages that are past and gone forever.

We retrace just half a century on the highway of time ; and we come upon that which has been familiar, perhaps, to many amongst you, as well as to me,—the plain, unpretending little chapel, in some by-lane of the town or city,—or the plain and humble little chapel in some by-way in the country, with its thatched roof, its low ceiling, its earthen floor, its wooden altar. What does this tell us ? It tells us of a people struggling against adversity ; it tells us of a people making their first effort, after three hundred years of blood, to build up a house, however humble, for their God ; it tells us of a people who had not yet shaken off the traditions of their slavery, upon whose hands the chains still hang, and the wounds inflicted by those chains are still rankling ; it tells us of a people who scarcely yet know how to engage in the glorious work of church edification, because they have scarcely yet realized the privilege that they were to be allowed to live in the land that bore them. Let us reverently bow down our

heads and salute these ancient places—these ancient, humble little chapels, in town or country, where we—we men of middle age—made our first confession, and received our first communion: let us salute these places, hallowed in our memories by the first, and therefore the strongest, the purest, holiest recollections and associations of our lives; and, pilgrims of history, let us turn into the dreary, solitary road that lies before us. It is a road of three hundred years of desolation and bloodshed: it is a road that leads through martyrs' and patriots' graves; it is a road that is wet with the tears and with the blood of a persecuted and down-trodden people; it is a road that is pointed out to us by the sign of the Cross, the emblem of the nation's faith, and by the site of the martyr's grave, the emblem of the nation's undying fidelity to God.

And, now, what venerable ruin is this which rises before our eyes, moss-crowned, imbedded in clustering ivy? It is a church, for we see the mullions of the great east window of the sanctuary, through which once flowed, through angels and saints depicted thereon, the mellow sunshine that warmed up the arch above, and made mosaics upon floor and altar. It is a church of the mediæval choral order,—for I see the lancet windows, the choir where the religious were accustomed to chaunt;—yet popular, and much frequented by the people, for I see outside the choir an ample space: the side-aisles are unincumbered, and the side-chapels with altars—the mind of the architect clearly intending an ample space for the people; yet it is not too large a church; for it is generally one that the preacher's voice can easily fill. Outside of it runs the square of the ruined cloister, humble enough, yet most beautiful in its architecture. But now, church and cloister alike are filled with graves,—the homes of the silent dead.

Do I recall to the loving memory of any one among you scenes that have been familiar to your eyes in the dear and the green old land? Are there not those among you who have looked, with eyes softened by love, and by the sadness of the recollections recalled to the mind, under the chancel and the choir, under the ample space of nave and aisle of the old abbey of Athenry, or in the old abbey of Kilconnell, or such as these? What tale do these tell? They tell of a nation that, although engaged in a hand-to-hand and desper-

ate struggle for its national life, yet in the midst of its wars was never unmindful of its God. They tell of Ireland when the clutch of the Saxon was upon her; when the sword was unsheathed that was never to know its scabbard from that day until this, and that never will, until the diadem of perfect freedom rests upon the virgin brow of Ireland. They tell of the glorious days when Ireland's Church and Ireland's Nationality joined hands; and when the priest and the people rose up to enter upon a glorious combat for freedom. These were the homes of the Franciscan and the Dominican friars—the men who, during three hundred years of their residence in Ireland, recalled in these cloisters the ancient glories of Lismore, and of Glendalough, and of Armagh; the men who, from the time they first raised these cloisters, never left the land,—never abandoned the old soil, but lingered around their ancient homes of happiness, of sanctity, and of peace, and tried to keep near the old walls; just as Magdalen lingered round the empty tomb, on Easter morning, at Jerusalem. They tell of the sanctuaries, where the hunted head of the Irish patriot found refuge and a place of security. They tell the Irish historian of the National Councils, formed for State purposes, within them. These venerable walls, if they could speak, would tell us how the wavering were encouraged and strengthened, and the brave and gallant fired with the highest and noblest purpose for God and Erin; how the traitor was detected and the false-hearted denounced; and how the Nation's life-blood was kept warm, and her wounds were staunched, by the wise counsels of the old Franciscan and Dominican friars. All this and more would these walls tell if they could speak; for they have witnessed all this. They witnessed it until the day came—the day of war, the sword, and blood—that drove forth their saintly inmates from their loving shelter, and devoted themselves to desolation and decay. Let us bow down, fellow-Irishmen, with reverence and with love, as we pass under the shadow of these ancient walls.

And now stepping a few years—scarcely fifty years—further on the road of our history,—passing as we go along under the frowning, dark, feudal castles of the Fitzgeralds, of the De Laceys, the De Courceys, the Fitzadelms, and, I regret to say, the De Burgs,—the castles that tell us always of the terror of the invaders of the land, hiding themselves

in their strongholds, because they could not trust to the love of the people, who hated them; and because they were afraid to meet the people in the open field; passing under the frowning shadows of these castles, suddenly we stand amazed—crushed as it were to the earth, by the glories that rise before us, in the ruins of Mellifont, in the ruins of Dunbrodie, in the awful ruins of Holy Cross, and of Cashel, that we see yet uplifting, in solemn grandeur, their stately heads in ruined beauty over the land which they once adorned. There do we see the vestiges of the most magnificent architecture, some of the grandest buildings that ever yet were raised upon this earth for God or man. There do we see the lofty side walls pierced with huge windows, filled with the most delicate tracery; there, when we enter in, we throw our eyes aloft with wonder, and see the groined, massive arches of the ceiling upholding the mighty tower; there do we see the grandeur of the ancient Cistercians, and the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and the Benedictines. What tale do *they* tell us? Oh, they tell us a glorious tale of our history and our people. These were the edifices that were built and founded in Ireland during the brief respite that the nation had, from the day that she drove the last Dane out, until the day that the first accursed Norman came. A short time, a brief period: too brief, alas! too brief. Yet in it, Ireland, exhausted after her three hundred years of Danish invasion, turned her first thoughts and her first energies to build up the ancient places that were ruined,—to restore and to clothe the sanctuaries of her faith, with a splendor such as the nation never had seen before.

We will pass on. And, now, a mountain road lies before us. The land is filled again, for three centuries, with desolation and with bloodshed and with sorrow. The hill-sides, on either hand of our path, are strewn with the bodies of the slain; the valleys are filled with desolation and ruin; the air resounds to the ferocious battle-cry of the Dane, and to the brave battle-cry of the Celt, intermingled with the wailing of the widowed mother and the ravished maid; the air is filled with the crash and the shock of battle: for in terrible onset, the lithe, active mail-clad, fair-haired, blue-eyed warriors of the North meet the dark, stalwart Celt; and they close in mortal combat.

Toiling along, pilgrims of history as we are, we come to the summit of Tara's Hill, and there we look in vain for a vestige of Ireland's ruins. But now, after these three hundred years of our backward journey over the highway of history, we breathe the upper air. The sunshine of the eighth century, and of Ireland's three centuries of Christianity, is upon our path. We breathe the purer air; we are among the mountains of God; and a sight the most glorious that nation ever presented opens itself before our eyes,—the sight of Ireland's first three centuries of the glorious Faith of St. Patrick. Peace is upon the land. Schools rise upon every hill and in every valley. Every city is an immense school. The air again is filled with the sound of many voices; for students from every clime under the sun—the German, the Pict, the Cimbri, the Frank, the Italian, the Saxon, are all mingled together, conversing together in the universal language of the Church, Rome's old Latin. They have come, and they have covered the land; they have come in thousands and in tens of thousands, to hear from the lips of the world-renowned Irish saints all the lore of ancient Greece and Rome, and to study in the lives of these saints the highest degree and the noblest interpretation of Christian morality and Christian perfection. Wise rulers governed the land; her heroes were moved to mighty acts; and these men, who came from every clime to the university of the world—to the great masters of the nations—go back to their respective countries and tell the glorious tale of Ireland's strength and Ireland's sanctity,—of the purity of the Irish maidens,—of the learning and saintliness of the Irish priesthood,—of the wisdom of her kings and rulers,—of the sanctity of her people;—until at length, from out the recesses of history, there comes, floating upon the breezes of time, the voice of an admiring world, that proclaims my native land, in that happy epoch, and gives to her the name of the island of heroes, of saints, and of sages.

Look up. In imagination we stand now upon the highest level of Ireland's first Christianity. Above us, we behold the venerable hill-top of Tara; and, beyond that, again, far away, and high up on the mountain, inaccessible by any known road of history, amid the gloom,—the mysterious cloud that hangs around the cradle of every ancient race,

looming forth from pre-historic obscurity,—we behold the mighty Round Towers of Ireland. There they stand—

"The Pillar Towers of Ireland! how wondrously they stand
By the rushing streams, in the silent glens and the valleys of the
land—

In mystic file, throughout the isle, they rear their heads sublime,—
Those gray old pillar temples,—those conquerors of time."

Now, having gone up to the cradle and fountain-head of our history as told by its monuments and its ruins, we shall pause a little before we begin again our downward course. We shall pause for a few moments under the shadows of Ireland's Round Towers. There they stand, most perfect in their architecture; stone fitted into stone with the most artistic nicety and regularity; every stone bound to its bed by a cement as hard as the stone itself. A beautiful calculation of the weight which was to be put upon it, and the foundation which was to sustain it, has arrived at this,—that, though thousands of years have passed over their hoary heads, there they stand; as firm to-day as on the day when they were first erected. There they stand, in perfect form, in perfect perpendicular. And the student of art in the nineteenth century can find matter for admiration and for wonder in the evidence of Ireland's civilization, speaking loudly and eloquently by the voice of her most ancient Round Towers. Who built them? You have seen them; they are all over the island. The traveller sails up the placid bosom of the lovely Blackwater; and while he admires its varied beauties, and his very heart within him is ravished by its loveliness, he beholds, high above its green banks, amid the ruins of ancient Lismore, a venerable Round Tower lifting its gray head into the air. As he goes on, passing, as in a dream of delight, now by the valleys and the hills of lovely Wicklow, he admires the weeping alders that hang over the stream in sweet Avoca;—he admires the bold heights throwing their outlines so sharp and clear against the sky, and clothed to their very summits with the sweet-smelling purple heather;—he admires all this, until, at length, in a deep valley in the very heart of the hills, he beholds, reflecting itself in the deep waters of still Glendalough, the venerable "Round Tower of other days." Or he has taken his departure from the Island of Saints; and

when his ship's prow is turned towards the setting sun, he beholds upon the head-lands of the iron-bound coast of Mayo or western Galway the Round Tower of Ireland, the last thing the eye of the lover or traveller beholds. Who built these towers, or for what purpose were they built? There is no record of reply, although the question has been repeated, age after age, for thousands of years. Who can tell? They go so far back into the mists of history, as to have the lead of all the known events in the history of our native land. Some say that they are of Christian origin; others, again, with equal probability, and, perhaps, greater, assert that these venerable monuments are far more ancient than Ireland's Catholicity; that they were the temples of a by-gone religion, and, perhaps, of a long-forgotten race. They may have been the temples of the ancient Fire Worshipers of Ireland; and the theory has been mooted that, in the time when our remotest forefathers worshipped the rising sun, the priest of the Sun was accustomed to climb to the summit of the Round Tower, to turn his face to the east, and watch with anxiety the rising of the morning star, as it came up, trembling in its silver beauty, above the eastern hills. Then, when the first rays of the sun illumined the valleys, he hailed its rising, and proclaimed to the people around him their duty of worship to the coming God. This is a theory that would connect Ireland's Round Towers with the most ancient form of religion—the false religion, which truth dispelled when, coming with the Sun of Heaven, and showing before Irish intellect the glories of the risen Saviour,—the brightness of the Heavenly Sun dimmed forever the glory of the earthly, and dispelled the darkness of the human soul, which had filled the land before with its gloom. This is not the time nor the place to enter into an archæological argument as to whether the Round Towers are of Pagan or Christian origin, or as to whether they are the offspring of the famous *Sobán Saor* or of any other architect, or of the men of the fifth or of the sixth centuries: or whether they go back into the times of which no vestige remains upon the pages of history or in the traditions of men;—this, I say, is not the time to do it. I attempted this once; and while I was pursuing my argument, as I imagined, very learnedly and very profoundly, I saw a man sitting opposite to me open his mouth; and he gave a yawn; and I said in my

own mind, to myself: "My dear friend, if you do not close your dissertation, that man will never shut his mouth;" for I thought the top of his head would come off.

But no matter what may be the truth of this theory or that, concerning the Round Towers, one thing is certain,—and this is the point to which I wish to speak,—that as they stand to-day, in the strength of their material, in the beauty of their form, in the perfection of their architecture, in the scientific principles upon which they were built, and which they reveal, they are the most ancient among the records of the most ancient nations, and distinctly tell the glorious tale of the early civilization of the Irish people. For, my friends, remember that among the evidences of progress of civilization, among the nations, there is no more powerful argument or evidence than that which is given by their public buildings. When you reflect that many centuries afterwards,—ages after ages,—even after Ireland had become Catholic,—there was no such thing in England as a stone building of any kind, much less a stone church,—when you reflect that outside the pale of the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome there was no such thing known among the Northern and Western nations of Europe as a stone edifice of any kind,—then I say, from this I conclude that these venerable Pillar Temples of Ireland are the strongest argument for the ancient civilization of our race. But this also explains the fact that St. Patrick, when he preached in Ireland, was not persecuted; that he was not contradicted; that it was not asked of him, as of every other man that ever preached the Gospel for the first time to any people, to shed his blood in proof of his belief. No; he came not to a barbarous people,—not to an uncivilized race; but he came to a wonderfully civilized nation,—a nation which though under the cloud of a false religion, had yet attained to established laws and a recognized and settled form of government, a high philosophical knowledge, a splendid national melody and poetry; and her bards, and the men who met St. Patrick upon the Hill of Tara, when he mounted it on that Easter morning, were able to meet him with solid arguments; were able to meet him with the clash which takes place when mind meets mind: and when he had convinced them, they showed the greatest proof of their civilization by rising up on the instant to declare that Patrick's

preaching was the truth, and that Patrick was a messenger of the true God. We know for certain that, whatever was the origin of those Round Towers, the Church—the Catholic Church in Ireland—made use of them for religious purposes; that she built her cathedrals and her abbey churches alongside of them; and we often find the loving group of the “Seven Churches” lying closely beside, if not under the shadow of the Round Towers. We also know that the monks of old set the Cross of Christ on these ancient Round Towers,—that is, on the upper part of them; and we know, from the evidence of a later day, that, when the land was deluged in blood, and when the faithful people were persecuted, hunted down,—then it was usual, as in the olden time, to light a fire in the upper portion of those Round Towers, in order that the poor and persecuted might know where to find the sanctuary of God’s altar. Thus it was that, no matter for what purpose they were founded, the Church of God made use of them for purposes of charity, of religion, and of mercy.

Coming down from these steep heights of history,—coming down like Moses from the mountain,—from out the mysteries that envelop the cradle of our race; but, like the prophet of old, with the evidence of our nation’s ancient civilization and renown beaming upon us,—we now come to the Hill of Tara. Alas, the place where Ireland’s monarch sat enthroned,—the place where Ireland’s sages and seers met,—where Ireland’s poets and bards filled the air with the rich harmony of our ancient Celtic melody,—is now desolate; not a stone upon a stone to attest its ancient glory. “*Perierunt etiam ruinæ!*”—the very ruins of it have perished. The mounds are there, the old moat is there, showing the circumvallation of the ancient towers of Tara;—the old moat is there, still traced by the unbroken mound whereby the “Banquet Hall,” three hundred and sixty feet long, by forty feet in width, was formed, and in which the kings of Ireland entertained their chieftains, their royal dames, and their guests in high festival and glorious revelry. Beyond this no vestige remains. But there within the moat,—in the very midst of the ruins,—there, perhaps, on the very spot where Ireland’s ancient throne was raised,—there is a long, grass-grown mound; the earth is raised;—it is covered with a verdant sod; the shamrock blooms upon

it; and, the old peasants will tell you, this is the "Croppy's Grave." In the year 1798, the "year of the troubles," as we may well call it, some ninety Wexford men, or thereabouts, after the news came that "the cause was lost," fought their way, every inch, from Wexford, until they came to the Hill of Tara, and made their last stand on the banks of the river Boyne. There, pursued by a great number of the King's dragoons, they fought their way through these two miles of intervening country, their faces to the foe. These ninety heroes, surrounded, fired upon, still fought, and would not yield, until slowly, like the Spartan band at Thermopylæ, they gained the Hill of Tara, and stood there like lions at bay. Surrounded on all sides by the soldiers, the officer in command offered them their lives if they would only lay down their arms. One of these "Shelmaliers" had that morning sent the colonel of the dragoons to take a cold bath in the Boyne. In an evil hour the Wexford men, trusting to the plighted faith of this British officer, laid down their arms; and, as soon as their guns were out of their hands, every man of them was fired upon; and to the last one, they perished upon the Hill of Tara. And there they were enshrined, among the ancient glories of Ireland, and laid in the "Croppy's Grave." And men tell how, in 1843, when O'Connell was holding his monster meetings throughout the land,—in the early morning he stood upon the Hill of Tara, with a hundred thousand brave, strong Irishmen around him. There was a tent pitched upon the hill-top; there was an altar erected, and an aged priest went to offer up the Mass for the people. But the old women,—the women with gray heads, who were blooming maidens in '98,—came from every side; and they knelt round the "Croppy's Grave;" and just as the priest began the Mass, and the one hundred thousand on the hill-side and in the vales below were uniting in adoration, a loud cry of wailing pierced the air. It was the Irish mothers and the Irish maidens pouring out their souls in sorrow, and wetting with their tears the sham-rocks that grew out of the "Croppy's Grave."

"Dark falls the tear of him that mourneth
Lost hope or joy that never returneth:
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier."

Tara and its glories are things of the past; Tara and its

monarchs are gone; but the spirit that crowned them at Tara has not died with them;—the spirit that summoned bard and chief to surround their throne has not expired with them. That spirit was the spirit of Ireland's Nationality; and that spirit lives to-day, as strong, as fervid, and as glorious as ever it burned during the ages of persecution; as it ever lived in the hearts of the Irish race.

And now, my friends, treading, as it were, adown the hillside, after having heard Patrick's voice, after having beheld, on the threshold of Tara, Patrick's glorious episcopal figure, as, with the simplicity that distinguished his grand, heroic character, he plucked from the soil the shamrock and upheld it, and appealed to the imagination of Ireland,—appealed to that imagination that never yet failed to recognize a thing of truth or a thing of beauty,—we now descend the hill, and wander through the land where we first beheld the group of the "Seven Churches." Everywhere throughout the land do we see the clustering ruins of these small churches. Rarely exceeding fifty feet in length, they do not always attain even to such proportions. There they are, generally speaking, under the shadow of some old Round Tower,—some ancient Celtic name, indicative of past glory, still lingering around and sanctifying them. What were these "seven churches?"—what is the meaning of them?—why were they so numerous? Why, there were churches enough, if we believe the ruins of Ireland, in Ireland during the first two centuries of its Christianity, to house the whole nation. Everywhere there were churches,—churches in groups of seven,—as if one were not enough, or two. Nowadays, we are struck with the multitude of churches in London, in Dublin, in New-York; but we must remember that we are a divided community, and that every sect, no matter how small it is, builds its own church. But in Ireland we were all of one faith; and all of these churches were multiplied. What is the meaning of it? These churches were built in the early days of Ireland's monasticism,—in the days when the world acknowledged the miracle of Ireland's holiness. Never, since God created the earth—never, since Christ proclaimed the truth among men—never was seen so extraordinary and so miraculous a thing as that a people should become, almost entirely, a nation of monks and nuns, as soon as they became Catholic and Christian.

The highest proof of the Gospel is monasticism. As I stand before you, robed in this Dominican dress—most unworthy to wear it—still, as I stand before you, a monk, vowed to God by poverty, chastity and obedience,—I claim for myself, such as I am, this glorious title, that the Church of God regards us as the very best of her children. And why? Because the cream, as it were, of the Gospel spirit is sacrifice; and the highest sacrifice is the sacrifice that gives a man entirely, without the slightest reserve, to God in the service of his country and of his fellow-men. This sacrifice is embodied and, as it were, combined in the monk; and, therefore, the monk and the nun are really the highest productions of Christianity. Now, Ireland, in the very first days of her conversion, so quickly caught up the spirit and so thoroughly entered into the genius of the gospel, that she became a nation of monks and nuns almost on the day when she became a nation of Christians. The consequence was that throughout the land—in the villages, in every little town, on every hill-side, in every valley,—these holy monks were to be found; and they were called by the people, who loved them and venerated them so dearly,—they were called by the name of *Culdees*, or servants of God.

Then came, almost at the very moment of Ireland's conversion and Ireland's abundant monasticism, embodied, as it were, and sustained by that rule of St. Columba which St. Patrick brought into Ireland,—he having got it from St. Martin of Tours,—then came, at that very time, the ruin and desolation of almost all the rest of the world. Rome was in flames; and the ancient Pagan civilization of thousands of years was gone. Hordes of barbarians poured in streams over the world. The whole of that formerly civilized world seemed to be falling back again into the darkness and chaos of the barbarism of the earliest times; but Ireland, sheltered by the encircling waves, converted and sanctified, kept her national freedom. No invader profaned her virgin soil; no sword was drawn, no cry of battle or feud resounded through the land; and the consequence was, that Ireland, developing her schools, entering into every field of learning, produced in almost every monk a man fitted to teach his fellow-men and enlighten the world. And the whole world came to their monasteries, from every clime, as I have said before; they filled the land; and for three hundred years,

without the shadow of a doubt, history declares that Ireland held the intellectual supremacy of the civilized world. Then were built those groups of seven churches, here and there; then did they fill the land; then, when the morning sun arose, every valley in blessed Ireland resounded to the praises and the matin-song of the monk; then the glorious cloisters of Lismore, of Armagh, of Bangor, of Arran arose; and, far out in the Western Ocean, the glorious chorus resounded in praise of God, and the musical genius of the people received its highest development in hymns and canticles of praise—the expression of their glorious faith. For three hundred years of peace and joy it lasted; and, during those three hundred years, Ireland sent forth a Columba to Iona; a Virgilius to Italy; a Romauld to Brabant; a Gall (or Gallus) to France; in a word, every nation in Europe—even Rome itself,—all acknowledged that, in those days, the light of learning and of sanctity beamed upon them from the holy progeny of saints that Ireland, the fairest mother of saints, produced and sent out to sanctify and enlighten the world. And mark you, my friends; these Irish monks were fearless men. They were the most learned men in the world. For instance, there was one of them,—at home he was called Fearghal; abroad he was called Virgilius;—this man was a great astronomer; and, as early as the seventh century, he discovered the rotundity of the earth, proclaimed that it was a sphere, and declared the existence of the antipodes. In those days everybody thought that the earth was as flat as a pancake; and the idea was that a man could walk as far as the land brought him, and he would then drop into the sea; and that if he took a ship then, and sailed on to a certain point, why, then he would go into nothing at all. So when this Irish monk, skilled in Irish science, wrote a book, and asserted this,—which was recognized in after ages, and proclaimed as a mighty discovery,—the philosophers and learned men of the time were astonished. They thought it was heresy; and they did the most natural thing in the world—they complained of him to the Pope; and the Pope sent for him, examined him, examined his theory, and examined his astronomical system; and this is the answer, and the best answer I can give to those who say that the Catholic Church is not the friend of science or of progress. What do you think was the punishment the Pope gave him? The

Pope made him Archbishop of Salzburg. He told him to continue his discoveries—“Continue your studies,” he said; “mind your prayers, and try and discover all the scientific truth that you can; for you are a learned man.” Well, Fearghal continued his studies; and so well did he study that he anticipated, by centuries, some of the most highly practical discoveries of modern ages; and so well did he mind his prayers, that Pope Gregory the Tenth canonized him after his death.

* The Danish invasion came, and I need not tell you that these Northern warriors, who landed at the close of the eighth century, effecting their first landing near where the town of Skerries stands now, between Dublin and Balbriggan, on the eastern coast,—I need not say that these men, thus coming, came as plunderers and enemies of the religion as well as of the nationality of the people. And for three hundred years, wherever they came, and wherever they went, the first thing they did was to put to death all the monks, and all the nuns, set fire to the schools, and banish the students. Inflamed, in this way, with the blood of the peaceful, they sought to kill all the Irish friars; and a war of extermination,—a war of interminable struggle and duration, was carried on for three hundred years. Ireland fought them; the Irish kings and chieftains fought them. We read that in one battle alone, at Glenamada, in the county of Wicklow, King Malachi, he who wore the “collar of gold,” and the great King Brian, joined their forces, in the cause of Ireland. In that grand day, when the morning sun arose, the battle began; and it was not until the sun set in the evening that the last Dane was swept from the field, and they withdrew to their ships, leaving six thousand dead bodies of their warriors, behind them. Thus did Ireland, *united*, know how to deal with her Danish invaders. Thus would Ireland, *united*, have dealt with Fitzstephen and his Normans; but on the day when they landed the curse of disunion and discord was among the people. Finally, after three hundred years of invasion, Brian, on that Good Friday of 1014, cast out the Danes forever, and from the plain of Clontarf drove them into Dublin Bay. Well, behind them they left the ruins of all the religion they had found. They left a people who had, indeed, not lost their faith, but a people who were terribly shaken and demoralized by three hundred years of

bloodshed and of war. One-half of it—one-sixth of it—would have been sufficient to ruin any other people; but the elements that kept Ireland alive,—the elements that kept the Irish nationality alive in the hearts of the people—the elements that preserved civilization in spite of three centuries of war, were the elements of Ireland's faith and the traditions of the nation's by-gone glory.

And now we arrive at the year 1134. Thirty years before, in the year 1103, the last Danish army was conquered and routed on the shores of Strangford Lough, in the North; and the last Danish King took his departure forever from the green shores of Erin. Thirty years have elapsed. Ireland is struggling to restore her shattered temples, her ruined altars, and to build up again, in all their former glory and sanctity, her nationality and monastic priesthood. Then St. Malachi—great, glorious and venerable name!—St. Malachi, in whom the best blood of Ireland's kings was mingled with the best blood of Ireland's saints,—was Archbishop of Armagh. In the year 1134, he invited into Ireland the Cistercian and the Benedictine Monks. They came, with all the traditions of the most exalted sanctity,—with a spirit not less mild nor less holy than the spirit of a Dominic or an Augustine,—and they built up the glories of Lindisfarne; of Iona, of Mellifont, of Monasterboice and of Monastereven, and all these magnificent ruins of which I spoke,—the sacred monastic ruins of Ireland. Then the wondering world beheld such grand achievements as it never saw before, outrivalling in the splendor of their magnificence the grandeur of those temples which still attest the mediæval greatness of Belgium, of France, and of Italy. Then did the Irish people see, enshrined in these houses, the holy solitaries and monks from Clairveaux, with the light of the great St. Bernard shining upon them from his grave. But only thirty years more passed—thirty years only; and behold, a trumpet is heard on the eastern coast of Ireland; the shores and the hills of that Wexford coast re-echo to the shouts of the Norman, as he sets his accursed foot upon the soil of Erin. Divided as the nation was,—chieftain fighting against chieftain,—for, when the great King Brian was slain at Clontarf, and his son and his grandson were killed, and the three generations of the royal family thus swept away,—every strong man in the land stood up and

put in his claim for the sovereignty; by this division the Anglo-Norman was able to fix himself in the land. Battles were fought on every hill in Ireland; the most horrible scenes of the Danish invasion were renewed again. But Ireland is no longer able to shake the Saxon from her bosom; for Ireland is no longer able to strike him as one man. The name of "United Irishmen" has been a name, and nothing but a name, since the day that Brian Boru was slain at Clontarf until this present moment. Would to God that this name of United Irishmen meant something more than an idle word! Would to God that, again, to-day, we were all united for some great and glorious purpose!—would to God that the blessing of our ancient, glorious unity was upon us!—would to God that the blessing even of a common purpose in the love of our country guided us; then, indeed, would the Celtic race and the Celtic nation be as strong as ever it was;—as strong as it was upon that evening at Clontarf which beheld Erin weeping over her martyred Brian, but beheld her with the crown still upon her brow.

Sometimes victorious, yet oftener defeated,—defeated not so much by the shock of the Norman onset, as by the treachery and the feuds of her own chieftains—the heart of the nation was broken. And, behold, from the far, sunny shores of Italy, there came to Ireland other monks and other missionaries clothed in this very habit which I now wear, or in the sweet brown habit of St. Francis, or the glorious dress of St. Augustine. Unlike the monks who gave themselves up to contemplation, and who had large possessions, large houses, these men came among the people, to make themselves at home among the people, to become the "Soggarths Aroon" of Ireland. They came with a learning as great as that of the Irish monks of old; with a sturdy devotion as energetic as that of Columbkille, or of Kevin, of Glendalough;—they came with a message of peace, of consolation, and of hope to this heart-broken people; and they came nearly seven hundred years ago to the Irish shores. The Irish people received them with a kind of supernatural instinct that they had found their champions and their priestly heroes; and for nearly seven hundred years, the Franciscan and his Dominican brother have dwelt together in the land. Instead of building up magnificent, wonderful edifices, like Holy Cross,

or Mellifont, or Dunbrodie ; instead of covering acres with the grandeur of their buildings, these Dominicans and Franciscans went out in small companies, ten or twelve, or twenty ; and they went into remote towns and villages ; and there they dwelt, and built quietly a convent for themselves ; and they educated the people themselves ; and by-and-by the people in the next generation learned to love the disciples of St. Dominic and St. Francis, as they beheld the churches so multiplied. In every townland of Ireland there was either a Dominican or a Franciscan church or convent. The priests of Ireland welcomed them ; the holy Bishops of Ireland sustained them ; the ancient religious of Ireland gave them the right hand of friendship ; and the Cistercians or Benedictines gave them, very often, indeed, some of their own churches wherein to found their congregations, or to begin their missions. They came to dwell in the land early in the 12th century ; and until the 15th century, strange to say, it was not yet found out what was the hidden design of Providence in bringing them there, in what was once their own true and ancient missionary Ireland.

During these three hundred years, the combat for Ireland's nationality was still continued. The O'Neil, the O'Brien, the O'Donnell, the McGuire, the O'More, kept the national sword waving in the air. The Franciscans and the Dominicans cheered them, entered into their feelings ; and they could only not be said to be more Irish than the Irish themselves, because they were the heart's blood of Ireland. They were the light of the national councils of the chieftains of Ireland, as their historians were the faithful annalists of the glories of these days of combat. They saw the trouble ; and yet, for three hundred years, the Franciscan and the Dominican had not discovered what their real mission to Ireland was.

But, at the end of the three hundred years, came the 15th century. Then came the cloud of religious persecution over the land. All the hatred that divided the Saxon and the Celt, on the principle of nationality, was now heightened by the additional hatred of religious discord and division ; and Irishmen, if they hated the Saxon before—as the enemy of Ireland's nationality—from the 15th century, hated him with an additional hatred, as the enemy of Ireland's faith and Ireland's religion. The sword was drawn. My friends, I

speak not in indignation but in sorrow; and I know that if there be one amongst you, my fellow-countrymen, here to-night,—if there be a man who differs with me in religion,—to that man I say: "Brother and friend, you feel as deeply as I do a sentiment of indignation and of regret for the religious persecution of our native land." No man feels it more—no man regrets more bitterly the element of religious discord, the terrible persecution of these three hundred years, through which Ireland—Catholic Ireland—has been obliged to pass;—no man feels this more than the high-minded, honest, kind-hearted Irish Protestant. And why should he not feel it? If it was Catholic Ireland that had persecuted Protestant Ireland for that time, and with such intensity, I should hang my head for shame.

Well, that mild, scrupulous, holy man, Henry the Eighth, in the middle of the fifteenth century got a scruple of conscience! Perhaps it was while he was saying his prayers! He began to get uneasy, and to be afraid that, may be, his wife wasn't his wife at all. He wrote a letter to the Pope, and he said: "Holy Father, I am very uneasy in my mind!" The fact was, there was a very nice young lady in the court. Her name was Anna Boleyn. She was a great beauty. Henry got very fond of her; and he wanted to marry her. But he could not marry her because he was already a married man. So he wrote to the Pope, and he said he was uneasy in his mind—he had a scruple of conscience;—and he said, "Holy Father, grant me a favor. Grant me a divorce from Catherine of Arragon. I have been married to her for several years. She has had several children by me. Just grant me this little favor. I want a divorce!" The Pope sent back word to him:—"Don't be at all uneasy in your mind. Stick to your wife like a man; and don't be troubling me with your scruples." Well, Henry threw the Pope over. He married the young woman while his former wife was living:—and he should have been taken that very day, and tried before the Lord Chief Justice of England, and transported for life. And why? Because if it had been any other man in England that did it but the King, that man would have been transported for life;—and the King is as much bound by the laws of God, and of justice and conscience and morality as any other man. When Henry separated from the Pope, he

made himself head of the church; and he told the people of England that he would manage their consciences for them for the future. But when he called upon Ireland to join him in this strange and (I think my Protestant friends will admit,) insane act,—for such, indeed, I think my Protestant friends will admit this act to be; for I think it was nothing short of insanity for any man of sense to say: “I will take the law of God as preached from the lips and illustrated in the life of Henry the Eighth;”—Ireland refused. Henry drew the sword, and declared that Ireland should acknowledge him as the head of the church,—that she should part with her ancient faith, and with all the traditions of her history, to sustain him in his measures,—or that he would exterminate the Irish race. Another scruple of conscience came to this tender-hearted man! And what do you think it was? “Oh,” he said, “I am greatly afraid the friars and priests are not leading good lives.” So he set up what we call a “Commission;” and he sent it to Ireland to inquire what sort of lives the monks and friars and priests and nuns were leading; and the Commissioners sent back word to him that they could not find any great fault with them; but that, on the whole, they thought it would be better to turn them out! So they took their convents and their churches, and whatever little property they possessed; and these Commissioners sold them and put the money into their pockets. There was a beautiful simplicity about the whole plan.

Well, my friends, then came the hour of the ruin of the dear old convents of the Franciscans and Dominicans. Their inmates were driven out at the point of the sword; they were scattered like sheep over the land. Five pounds was the price set upon the head of the friar or priest,—the same price that was set upon the head of a wolf. They were hunted throughout the land; and when they fled for their lives from their convent homes, the Irish people opened their hearts, and said, “Come to us, *Soggarth Aroon*.” Throughout the length and breadth of the land they were scattered, with no shelter but the canopy of Heaven; with no Sunday sacrifice to remind the people of God; no Mass celebrated in public, and no Gospel preached: and yet for three hundred years they succeeded in preserving the glorious Catholic faith that is as strong in Ireland to-day as ever it was. These ven-

erable ruins tell the tale of the nation's woe, of the nation's sorrow. As long as it was merely a question of destroying a Cistercian or a Benedictine Abbey, there were so few of these in the land that the people did not feel it much. But, when the persecution came upon the *breaccán*, as the friar was called,—the men whom everybody knew—the men whom everybody came to look up to for consolation in affliction or in sorrow;—when it came upon him—then it brought sorrow and affliction to every village, to every little town,—to every man in Ireland.

There were, at this time, upwards of eighty convents of religious—Franciscans and Dominicans in Ireland, that numbered very close upon a thousand priests, of each order. There were nearly a thousand Irish Franciscans, and nearly a thousand Irish Dominican priests, when Henry began his persecution. He was succeeded, after a brief interval of thirty years, by his daughter Elizabeth. How many Dominicans, do you think, were then left in Ireland? There had been a thousand, you say? Oh, God of Heaven! there were only four of them left,—only four! All the rest of these heroic men had stained their white habit with the blood that they shed for God and for their country. Twenty thousand men it took Elizabeth, for as many years as there were thousands of them, to try to plant the seedling of Protestantism on Irish soil. The ground was dug as for a grave; the seed of Protestantism was cast into that soil; and the blood of the nation was poured in, to warm it and to bring it forth. It never grew; it never came forth; it never bloomed! Ireland was as Catholic the day that Elizabeth died at Hampton Court, gnawing the flesh off her hands in despair, and blaspheming God,—Ireland was as Catholic that day as she was the day that Henry the Eighth vainly commanded her first to become Protestant.

Then came a little breathing time,—a very short time,—and in fifty years there were six hundred Irish Dominican priests in Ireland again. They studied in Spain, in France, in Italy. These were the youth—the children of Irish fathers and mothers, who cheerfully gave them up, though they knew almost to a certainty that they were devoting them to a martyr's death; but they gave them up for God. Smuggled out of the country, they studied in these foreign lands; and they came back again by night and by stealth,

and they landed upon the shores of Ireland; and when Cromwell came, he found six hundred Irish Dominicans upon the Irish land. Ten years after,—only ten years had passed,—and again the Irish Dominican preachers assembled to count up their numbers, and to tell how many survived and how many had fallen. How many do you think were left out of the six hundred? But one hundred and fifty were left; four hundred and fifty had perished,—had shed their blood for their country, or had been shipped away to Barbadoes as slaves! These are the tales their ruins tell. I need not speak of their noble martyrs. Oh, if these moss-grown stones of the Irish Franciscan and Dominican ruins could speak, they would tell how the people gave up everything they had for years and years, as wave after wave of successive persecutions and confiscations and robbery rolled over them,—rather than renounce their glorious faith or their glorious priesthood.

When Elizabeth died, the Irish Catholics thought her successor, James I., would give them at least leave to live; and, accordingly, for a short time after he became king, James kept his own counsel, and he did not tell the Irish Catholics whether he would grant them any concessions or not; but he must have given them some encouragement, for they befriended him, as they had always done to the House of Stuart. But what do you think the people did? As soon as the notion that they would be allowed to live in the land took possession of them, and that they would be allowed to take possession of the estates they had been robbed of,—instead of minding themselves, the very first thing they did—to the credit of Irish fidelity be it said—was to set about restoring the Franciscan and Dominican abbeys. It was thus they restored the Black Abbey, in Kilkenny, a Dominican House; they restored the Dominican Convent in Waterford, Multifarnham, in Westmeath, and others; and these in a few months grew up from ruin into all their former beauty, under the loving, faithful, restoring hands of the Irish people.

But soon came a letter from the King; and it began with these notable words:—

“It has been told to us, that some of our Irish subjects imagined that we were about to grant them liberty of conscience.”

No such thing! Liberty of conscience for Irish Catholics! No! Hordes of persecutors were let loose again; and the storms of persecution that burst over Ireland in the days of James I. were quite as bad and as terrible as any that rained down blood upon the land in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

And so, with varying fortunes, now of hope, and now of fear, this self-same game went on. The English determined that they would make one part of Ireland, at least, Protestant, and that the fairest and the best portion of it, as they imagined,—namely, the province of Ulster. Now, mark the simple way they went about it. They made up their minds that they would make one province of Ireland Protestant, to begin with, in order that it might spread out by degrees to the others. And what did they do? They gave notice to every Catholic in Ulster to pack up and begone,—to leave the land. They confiscated every single acre in the fair province of Ulster; and the Protestant Primate, the Archbishop of Armagh,—a very holy man, who was always preaching to the people not to be too fond of the things of this world,—he got 43,000 acres of the best land of these convents in fee. Trinity College, in Dublin, got 30,000 acres. There were certain guilds of traders in London,—the "Skinners," the "Tanners," the "Dry-Salters;" and what do you think these London Trade Associations got? They got a present of two hundred and nine thousand eight hundred acres of the finest land in Ulster. Then all the rest of the province was given in lots of 1,000, 1,500 to 2,000 acres to Scotchmen and Englishmen. But the very deed that gave it obliged them to take their oath that they would accept that land upon this condition—not so much as to give a day's work to a laboring man, unless that laboring man took his oath that he was not a Catholic. And, so, Ulster was disposed of. That remained until Cromwell came;—and when the second estimate was made of the kingdom it was discovered that there were nearly five millions of acres lying still in the hands of the Catholics. And what did Cromwell do? He quietly made a law, and he published it—and he said that, on the 1st of May, 1654, every Catholic in Ireland was to cross the Shannon, and to go into Connaught. Now, the river Shannon cuts off five of the Western counties from the rest of Ireland; and these five

counties, though very large in extent, have more of waste land, of bog, and of hard, unproductive, stony soil than all the rest of Ireland. I am at liberty to say this, because I, myself, am the heart's blood of a Connaughtman. If any other man said this of Connaught, I would have to say my prayers, and keep a very sharp eye about me, to try to keep my temper. But it is quite true; with all our love for our native land, with all my love for my native province—all that love will not put a blade of grass on an acre of limestone; and that there are acres of such, we all know. It was an acre of this sort that a poor fellow was building a wall around. "What are you building that wall for?" said the landlord. "Are you afraid the cattle will get out?" "No, your honor, indeed, I am not," said the poor man; "but I was afraid the poor brutes might get in!" Then Cromwell sent the Catholics of Ireland to Connaught;—and remember he gave them their choice; he said, "Now, if you don't like to go to Connaught, I will send you to hell!" So the Catholic Irish put their heads together, and they said: "It is better for us to go to Connaught! He may want the other place for himself!" God forbid that I should condemn any man to hell; but I cannot help thinking of what a poor carman said to myself in Dublin once. Going along, he saw a likeness of Cromwell; and he said: "At all events Cromwell has gone to the devil!" I said, "My man, don't be uncharitable. Don't say that; it is uncharitable to say it." "Thunder and turf!" said he, "sure if *he* is not gone to the devil, where is the use of having a devil at all!" At any rate, my friends, wherever he is gone to, he confiscated, by one act, five millions of acres of Irish land; with one stroke of his pen, he handed over to his Cromwellian soldiers five million acres of the best land in Ireland, the Golden Vale of Tipperary included.

Forty years later, the Catholics began to creep out of Connaught, and to buy little lots here and there; and they got a few lots here and there, given to them by their Protestant friends. But, at any rate, it was discovered by the Government of England that the Catholics in Ireland were beginning to get a little bit of the land again; and they issued another "Commission" to inquire into the titles to these properties; and they found that one million two hundred thousand acres of the land had recurred to the Catholics;

and they found, also, that that land belonged to the Crown ; and the million two hundred thousand acres were again confiscated. So that, as soon as the people began to take hold of the land at all, down came the sword of persecution and of confiscation upon them. And Cromwell himself avowed with the greatest solemnity, that as Ireland would not become Protestant, Ireland should be destroyed.

Now, is it to excite your feelings of hatred against England that I say these things? No, no ! I don't want any man to hate his neighbor. I don't want to excite these feelings. Nor do I believe it is necessary for me to excite them. I believe sincerely that an effort to excite an Irishman to a dislike of England, would be something like an effort to encourage a cat to take a mouse. I mention these facts, first, because these are the things that Ireland's ruins tell us ; because these are at once the history of the weakness and the sadness, yet of the strength and of the glory of which these ruins tell us. I mention these things, because they are matter of history ; and because, though we are the party that were on the ground, prostrate, there is nothing in the history of our fathers at which the Irishman of to-day need be ashamed, or hang his head. But if you want to know in what spirit our people dealt with all this persecution ; if you want to know how we met those who were thus terrible in their persecution of us,—I appeal to the history of my country ; and I will state to you three great facts that will show you what was the glorious spirit of the Irish people, even in the midst of their sorrows ;—how Christian it was, and how patient it was ;—how forgiving and how loving even to our persecutors it was ;—how grandly they illustrated the spirit of duty at the command of their Lord and Saviour ; and how magnificently they returned good for evil. The first of these facts is this :

At the time that England invaded Ireland,—towards the close of the twelfth century,—there were a number of Englishmen in slavery in Ireland. They had been taken prisoners of war ; they had come over with the Danes,—from Wales and from North Britain, with their Danish superiors ; and when Ireland conquered them, the rude, terrible custom of the times, and the shocks that all peaceful spirit had got by these wars, had bred so much ferocity in the people, that they actually made slaves of these Englishmen. And they

were everywhere in the land. When the English landed in Ireland, and when the first Irish blood was shed by them, the nation, assembled by its Bishops and Archbishops in synod, at Armagh, there said : "Perhaps the Almighty God is angry with us because we have these captive Christians and Saxons among us, and punishes us for having made them slaves. In the name of God, we will set them free." And on that day every soul in Ireland that was in slavery, received his freedom. Oh, what a grand and glorious sight before Heaven !—a nation fit to be free, but enslaved,—yet, with the very hand on which others were trying to fasten their chains, striking off the chains from these English slaves ! Never was there a more glorious illustration of the Heavenly influence of Christianity since Christianity was preached among the nations.

The next incident is rather a ludicrous one, and I am afraid that it will make you laugh. My friends, I know the English people well. Some of the best friends that I have in the world are in England. They have a great many fine qualities. But there is a secret, quiet, passive contempt for Ireland ;—and I really believe it exists among the very best of them, with very few exceptions. An Englishman will not, as a general rule, hate an Irishman joined to him in faith ; but he will quietly despise us. If we rise and become fractious, then, perhaps, he will fear us ; but, generally speaking, in the English heart there is, no doubt, a contempt for Ireland and for Irishmen. Now, that showed itself remarkably in 1666. In that year the Catholics of Ireland were ground into the very dust. That year saw one hundred thousand Irishmen—six thousand of them beautiful boys—sent off to be sold as slaves in the sugar plantations of Barbadoes. That year London was burned, just as Chicago was burned the other day. The people were left in misery. The Catholics of Ireland,—hunted, persecuted, scarcely able to live,—actually came together, and, out of pure charity, they made up for the famishing people of London a present—a grand present. They sent them over fifteen thousand fat bullocks. They knew John Bull's taste for beef. They knew his liking for a good beef-steak ; and they actually sent him the best beef in the world—Irish beef. The bullocks arrived in London. The English people took them, slaughtered them, and ate them ;—and the Irish Catholics said, "Much good

may they do you." Now comes the funny part of it. When the bullocks were all killed and eaten, the people of London got up a petition to the Houses of Parliament, and they got Parliament to act on that petition; it was to the effect that this importation of Irish oxen was a nuisance; and it should be abated. But they had taken good care to eat the meat before they voted it a nuisance.

The third great instance of Ireland's magnanimous Christianity, and of the magnanimity with which this brave and grand old people knew how to return good for evil, was in the time of King James. In the year 1689,—exactly twenty years after the Irish bullocks had been voted a nuisance in London,—in that year there happened to be, for a short time, a Catholic King in England. The tables were turned. The King went to work and he turned out the Irish Lord Chancellor, because he was a Protestant; and he put in a Catholic Chancellor in his place. He turned out two Irish Judges, because they were Protestants; and he put in two Englishmen, Catholics, as Judges in their place. He did various actions of this kind, persecuting men, because they were Protestants and he was a Catholic. And, now, mark! We have it on the evidence of history that the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and the Catholic Pope of Rome wrote to James the Second, through the Lord Lieutenant over the Irish Catholics there, that he had no right to do that—and that it was very wrong. Oh, what a contrast! When Charles the First wished to grant some little remission of the persecution in Ireland, because he was in want of money, the Irish Catholics sent him word that they would give him two hundred thousand pounds if he would only give them leave to worship God as their own consciences directed. What encouragement the King gave them we know not; at any rate, they sent him a sum of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, by way of instalment. But the moment it became rumored abroad, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin got up in the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and he declared that a curse would fall upon the land and upon the King, because of these anticipated concessions to the Catholics. What a contrast is here presented between the action of the Catholic people of Ireland and the action of their oppressors! And in these instances have we not presented to us the strongest evidence that the people who can

act so by their enemies were incapable of being crushed! Yes; Ireland can never be crushed or conquered; Ireland can never lose her nationality, so long as she retains so high and so glorious a faith, and presents so magnificent an illustration of it in her national life. Never! She has not lost it! She has it to-day. She will have it in the higher and a more perfect form of complete and entire national freedom;—for God does not abandon a race who not only cling to Him with an unchanging faith, but who also know how, in the midst of their sufferings, to illustrate that faith by so glorious, so liberal, so grand a spirit of Christian charity.

And now, my friends, it is for me simply to draw one conclusion, and to have done. Is there a man among us here to-night who is ashamed of his race or his native land, if that man have the high honor to be an Irishman? Is there a man living that can point to a more glorious or a purer source whence he draws the blood in his veins than the man who can point to the bravery of his Irish forefathers or the immaculate purity of his Irish mother? We glory in them, and we glory in the faith for which our ancestors have died. We glory in the love of country that never,—never,—for an instant,—admitted that Ireland was a mere province,—that Ireland was merely a “West Britain.” Never in our darkest hour was that idea adapted to the Irish mind, or adopted by the will of the Irish people. And, therefore, I say, if we glory in that faith—if we glory in the history of their national conduct and of their national love, oh, my friends and fellow-countrymen—I say it as well as a priest as an Irishman—let us emulate their example; let us learn to be generous to those who differ from us—and let us learn to be charitable even to those who would fain injure us. We can thus conquer them. We can thus assure to the future of Ireland the blessings that have been denied to her past,—the blessing of religious equality, the blessing of religious liberty, the blessing of religious unity, which one day or other will spring up in Ireland again. I have often heard words of bitterness, aye, and of insult, addressed to myself in the North of Ireland, coming from Orange lips; but I have always said to myself: “He is an Irishman; though he is an Orangeman, he is an Irishman. If he lives long enough, he will learn to love the priest that represents Ireland’s old faith; but if he die in his Orange

dispositions, his son or his grandson will yet shake hands with and bless the priest, when he and I are both in our graves." And why do I say this? Because nothing bad, nothing uncharitable, nothing harsh or venomous ever yet lasted long upon the green soil of Ireland. If you throw a poisonous snake into the grass of Ireland he will be sweetened, so as to lose his poison,—or else he will die. Even the English people, when they landed, were not two hundred and fifty years in the land until they were part of it; the very Normans who invaded us became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." They became so fond of the country, that they were thoroughly imbued with its spirit. And, so, any evil that we have in Ireland is only a temporary and a passing evil, if we are only faithful to our traditions and to the history of our country. To-day there is religious disunion; but, thanks be to God, I have lived to see religious disabilities destroyed. And if I were now in the position of addressing Irish Orangemen, I would say, "Men of Erin, three cheers for Church disestablishment!" And if they should ask me, "Why?" I would answer: "It was right and proper to disestablish the Church, because the 'Established Church' was put in between you and me; and we ought to love each other, for we are both Irish!" Every class in Ireland will be drawn closer to the other by this disestablishment; and the honest Protestant man will begin to know a little more of his Catholic brother, and to admire him; and the Catholic will begin to know a little more of the Orangeman, and, perhaps, to say: "After all he is not half so bad as he appears." And believe me, my friends, that, breathing the air of Ireland, which is Catholic, eating the bread made out of the wheat which grows out of Irish soil,—they will get so infused with Catholic blood, that, as soon as the Orangeman begins to have the slightest regard or love for his Catholic fellow-countryman he is on the highway to become a Catholic;—for a Catholic he will be sometime or other. As a man said to me very emphatically once, "They will all be Catholics one day, surely, sir, if they only stay long enough in the country!"

I say, my friends, that the past is the best guarantee for the future. We have seen the past in some of its glories. What is the future to be? What is the future that is yet to dawn on this dearly loved land of ours? Oh, how glori-

ous will that future be, when all Irishmen shall be united in one common faith and one common love? Oh, how fair will our beloved Erin be when, clothed in religious unity, religious equality, and freedom, she shall rise out of the ocean wave, as fair, as lovely, in the end of time, as she was in the glorious days when the world, entranced by her beauty, proclaimed her to be the Mother of Saints and Sages! Yes; I see her rising, emancipated; no trace of blood or persecution on her virgin face;—the crown, so long lost to her, resting again upon her fair brow! I see her in peace and concord with all the nations around her, and with her own children within her. I see her venerated by the nations afar off; and, most of all, by the mighty nation which, in that day, in its strength, and in its youth, and in its vigor, shall sway the destinies of the world. I see her as Columbia salutes her across the ocean waves. But the light of freedom coming from around my mother's face will reflect the light of freedom coming from the face of that nation which has been nursed in freedom, cradled in freedom, and which has never violated the sacred principles of religious freedom and religious equality. I see her with the light of faith shining upon her face; and I see her revered, beloved and cherished by the nations as an ancient and a most precious thing. I behold her rising in the energy of a second birth, when nations that have held their heads high are humbled in the dust. And, so, I hail thee, O mother Erin! and I say to thee—

“The nations have fallen, but thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising when others have set,
And though slavery's clouds round thy morning have hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet!”

THE "EXILES OF ERIN."

(Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, in the Academy of Music, New York, on Wednesday evening, May 22d, 1872.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One of the strongest passions, and the noblest, that God has implanted in the heart of man is the love of the land that bore him. The poet says, and well:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land."

The pleasure of standing upon the soil of our birth; the pleasure of preserving the associations that surrounded our boyhood and our youth; the pleasure—sad and melancholy though it be—of watching every gray hair and every wrinkle that time sends even to those whom we love,—these are amongst the keenest and the best pleasures of which the heart of man is capable. Therefore it is that, at all times, exile from native land has been looked upon by men as a penalty and a grievance. This is true even, of men whom nature has placed upon the most rugged and barren soil. The Swiss peasant, who lives amidst the everlasting snows of the Upper Alps, who sees no form of beauty in nature except her grandest and most austere and rugged proportions, yet so dearly loves his arid mountain-home, that it is heart-breaking to him to be banished from it, even though he were placed to spend his exile in the choicest and most delicious quarters of the earth. Much more does the pain of exile rest upon the children of a race, at once the most generous, the most kind-hearted, and the most loving in the world. Much more does it rest upon the children of a race who look back to their mother-land as to a fair and beautiful land; a climate temperate and delicious; a soil fruitful and abundant; scenery, now rising into the glory of magnificence, now sinking into the tenderest pastoral beauty; a history the grandest of all the nations of the earth; associ-

ations the tenderest, because the purest and most Christian. And all these, and more, aggravate the misery and enhance the pain which the Irishman, of all other men, feels when he is exiled from his native land.

And yet, my friends, amongst the destinies of the nations, the destiny of the Irish race, from the earliest time, has been that of voluntary or involuntary exile. Two great features distinguish the history of our race and our people. The first of those is that we are a warrior and warlike race,—quick, impulsive, generous, fraternal, and fond of a fight for the sake of a fight. Indeed, the student of history must see that wherever the Celtic blood is, there is a taste for military organization and for war. Whilst the Teuton and the Saxon are contented with their prosperity, and very often attain to the end of their aims more directly and more successfully by negotiations, the Celt, wherever he is, is always ready to resent an insult or an injury, and to create one for the sake of resenting it, very often, when it is not intended. How strangely has not this great fact been brought out in relation to the great Celtic nation of France—France, which is of the same race, and the same stock, and the same blood as Ireland. France, to whom, in weal or woe, the heart of Ireland has always throbbed sympathetically; exulting in her joys, or lamenting or weeping over her sorrows. Hundreds of years of history lie before us; and this French Celtic race has always been engaged, in every age and every time, in war with their more prudent and more cold-blooded neighbors around them. Now, if you look through history, you will invariably find that France (or the Celt,) was always the first to fling down the glove, or draw the sword and cry out “War!” Even in the late fatal war, things were so managed and so arranged that, while Bismarck was smiling and shrugging his shoulders, and “invisibly washing his hands in imperceptible water,” the French, the moment they saw that war was possible, that moment, unprepared as they were,—not stopping to calculate or reflect,—they rushed to the front. They are trodden in the earth to-day; but that gallant flag of France has gone down without dishonor, as long as it was upheld by the heroic hands of the Celt.

As it was with our French cousins, so, for good or bad luck, as you will, has it been with ourselves. From the day that the Dane landed in Ireland, at the close of the eighth

century, down to this blessed day, at the close of the nineteenth century,—for the last eleven hundred years, Ireland has been fighting! War! war! incessant war! War with the Dane, for three hundred years; war with the Saxon, for eight hundred years. And, unfortunately for Ireland, if we had not the Dane and the Saxon to fight with, we picked quarrels and fought with one another.

Now the second great feature of our destiny, as traced in our history, is that it was the will of God and our fate that a large portion of our people should be constantly either driven from the Irish shore or obliged to leave it by the course of circumstances, or apparently of their own free will. The Irish Exile is a name recognized in history. The Irish Exile is not a being of yesterday or of last year. We turn over these honored pages of history; we come to the very brightest pages of the national records, and still we find, emblazoned upon the annals of every nation of the earth, the grand and the most honored names of the EXILES OF ERIN. It is therefore to this theme that I invite your attention this evening. And why? Because, my friends, I hold as an Irishman, that, next to the Gospel I preach, and to the religion that I love, come the gospel and the religion of my love for Ireland and my glory in her. Every point in her history that is a record of glory, brings a joy to your heart and to mine. The argument that builds up the temple of Irish fame upon the foundations of religion and valor,—every argument, I say, is an argument to induce in your hearts and mine the strong, stormy feeling of pride for our native land. Why should we not be proud of her? Has she ever,—in that long record of our history,—has she ever wronged or oppressed any people? Never! Has she ever attempted to plunder from any people their sacred birthright of liberty? Never! Has she ever refused, upon the invitation of the Church and her own conscience, to undo the chains and to strike them off the limbs of the slave? Never! Has she ever drawn that sword, which she has wielded for centuries, in an unjust or doubtful cause? Never! Blood has stained the sword of Ireland for ages; that blood has dripped from the national sword; but never did Ireland's sword shed a drop of blood unjustly, but only in the defence of the highest and holiest and best of causes,—the altar of God and the honor of the nation.

And now, my friends, coming to consider the "Exiles of Erin," I find three great epochs are marked in the history of Ireland, with the sign of the exodus and exile of her children upon them. The first of these goes back for nearly fourteen hundred years. In the year 432, Patrick, coming from Rome, preached the Catholic faith to Ireland; and the Irish mind, and the Irish heart sprang to that faith, took it and embraced it, and put it into her blood, and into the lives of her children; and she became Catholic under the very hand of an apostle, such as no nation on the earth ever did, or ever will know, until the end of time. At once the land became a land, not only of Christians, but of saints. Wise and holy kings ruled and governed in Tara. Wise and saintly counsellors guided them. Every law was obeyed so perfectly, and so implicitly, that in the records of our national annals it is told that, under the golden reign of the great King Brian, a young and unprotected female could walk from one end of the land to the other, laden with golden treasure; and no man would insult her virtue, or bring a blush to her virgin cheek; nor attempt to rob her of the rich and valuable things that she wore. Then the Irish heart, enlarged and expanded by the new element of Christian charity, which was infused into the nation, with its religion; the Irish mind, before so cultivated in all Pagan literature, now enlightened with the higher and more glorious rays of faith,—this heart and mind of Ireland looked out with pity upon the nations who were around them, sitting in darkness, in barbarism, and in the shadow of death. From the Irish monasteries, in the sixth and seventh centuries, began the first great Exodus, or Exile from Ireland, which I call the Exodus, or going forth, of Faith. Revelling in all the beauty of her grandeur, enjoying the blessings of peace, the light of Divine truth, the warmth of holy charity, enjoying that learning, until she became the great school-house and university of the world,—all the nations around sent their youth to Ireland to be instructed. Then, these Irish and saintly masters of all human and divine knowledge found, by the accounts given by those youthful scholars, that there was neither religion, nor faith, nor learning in the countries around them. England, now in the possession of the Anglo-Saxons, was still in Paganism. The ancient Britons (now called the Welsh) had their Christianity; but they kept it

to themselves. In their hatred to their Saxon invaders, these British bishops, priests and monks took the most cruel form of vengeance that ever was known to be exercised against a nation. They actually refused to preach the Gospel to the Saxons, for fear the Saxons might be saved, and get into Heaven with themselves. Ireland, evangelized; Ireland, enlightened; Ireland, warmed with the rays of Divine charity,—cast a pitying look upon the neighbor country; and in the sixth and seventh centuries, numbers of Irish monks went forth and travelled into Scotland and through the land of England, and everywhere preached the Gospel of Christ, spreading from the north of England to the remote north of Scotland. We find them in every land of Europe. We find them, for instance, in the valleys of Switzerland, which was evangelized by the Irish St. Gall, whose name still marks a town in that country, whose name is still held in veneration even by those who scarcely know the land of his birth. We find another Irish saint of that time, *Fridolene* or *Fridolind*; he went through the length and breadth of Europe, until he was known to all men for the greatness of his learning and the power of his preaching, and for the wonderful sanctity of his life. He was called "*Fridolene* the Traveller," for he went about from nation to nation, evangelizing the name of Christ. We find Columbanus going forth in the seventh century, penetrating into the heart of France, preaching the Gospel to the people of Burgundy; thence, passing over the Alps, he descended into the plains of Lombardy. In that very land where St. Ambrose and other lights of the Church had shone, Columbanus preached the Gospel, and appeared as a new vision of sanctity and goodness before the Italian people, who were converted by the sound of his voice. At the same time St. Killian penetrated into Germany, and evangelized Franconia. But the greatest of all these saints and Irish exiles of the seventh century was the man whose name is familiar to you all—whose name is enshrined amongst the very highest saints of the Church's calendar,—whose name and whose history have furnished the material for the Count Montalembert, the greatest writer of our age, who found in the name of the Irish St. Columba, or Columbkille, the theme for the very highest and grandest piece of history that our age has produced. The history of this saint is striking for his extraordinary

sanctity, and yet brings out fully, forcibly, and wonderfully the strength as well as the weakness of the Irish character. St. Columbkille was a descendant of Nial of the Nine Hostages, who founded, in Ulster, the royal house of O'Neil. His name was O'Neil, and he was a near relation to the King of Ulster. He consecrated himself to God in his youth, and became a monk. Speedily he arose in the fame of his learning and his sanctity. He studied in Armagh; in Mungret, near Limerick, on the Shannon; and went at last to the island of Arran, outside Galway Bay; and there, as he himself tells us, he passed years of his life in prayer and study. Well, as you are aware, at this early period there were but few books, because there was no art of printing: and every book had to be written out patiently in manuscript. Books were then of such value that the price of a copy of the Scriptures would purchase a large estate. At this time a celebrated Irish saint,—St. Finnian,—had a precious copy of the Book of Psalms, written out in goodly characters upon leaves of parchment. St. Columbkille wanted a copy of this book for himself; and he went to St. Finnian and begged the privilege of the book to take a copy of it. He was refused: the book was too precious to be trusted to him. Then he asked at least to be allowed to go into the church where the book was deposited: and there he spent night after night, privately writing out a clean copy of it. By the time St. Columbkille had finished his copy, somebody, who had watched him at the work, went and told St. Finnian that the young man had made a copy of his psalter. The moment St. Finnian heard of it, he laid claim to this copy as belonging to him. St. Columbkille refused to give it up; and appealed to King Dermott, the Ard-righ, at Tara. The King called his counsellors together; they considered the matter, and passed a decree that St. Columbkille should give up the copy; because, the original belonging to St. Finnian, the copy was only borrowed from it, and should go with it; and the Irish decree began with the words, "Every cow has a right to her own calf." Now, mark the action of Columbkille;—a saint,—a man devoted to prayer and fasting all the days of his life;—a man gifted with miraculous powers; and yet under all that, as thoroughbred an Irishman as ever lived. The moment he heard that the King had resolved on giving back his precious book, he

reproached him, saying: "I am a cousin of yours; and there you went against me!" He put the clanship—the "sheanachus"—upon him. The King said he could not help it. What did St. Columbkille do? He took his book under his arm and went away to Ulster to raise the clan of the O'Neils. He was himself the son of their King; they were a powerful clan in the country; and the moment they heard their kinsman's voice they rose as one man; for who ever asked a lot of Irishmen to get up a row and was disappointed. They arose: they followed their glorious, heroic monk down into Westmeath. There they met the King and his army; and, I regret to say, a battle was the consequence, in which hundreds of men were slain, and the fair plains of the country were flooded with blood. It was only then that St. Columbkille perceived the terrible mistake he had made. Like an Irishman, he first had the fight out, and then he began to reflect on it afterwards. In penance for that great crime, his confessor, a holy monk named Manuel, condemned him to go out of Ireland and exile himself, and never again to return to the land of his birth and of his love. Nothing is more beautiful or more tender than the letter St. Columbkille wrote to his kinsmen in Ulster. "My fate is sealed," he says; "my doom is sealed. A man told me that I must exile myself from Ireland; and that man I recognize as an angel of God; and I must go." With breaking heart and weeping eyes he bade a last farewell to the green "Island of Saints" and went to an island among the Hebrides, on the northern coast of Scotland. There in the mist and storms of that inhospitable region,—there, upon a bare rock, out from the mainland,—he built a monastery; and there did he found the far-famed school of Iona. That school, founded under the eyes, and under the influence of St. Columbkille, became the great mother and fountain-head of that grand monasticism which was destined to evangelize so many nations, and to Christianize all Scotland and the northern parts of England. We shall return to St. Columbkille again, in the course of this lecture, when I come to gather up the three great periods of exile, in speaking of the one love which characterized them all.

The next century following, the Irish monk, St. Cataldus, penetrated through the length and breadth of Italy, preaching everywhere: until at length the Pope of Rome made him

Bishop of Sarento in the south of Italy. Another Irish monk, Romauld, went out in the eighth century and evangelized Brabant and the Low Countries. Two Irish monks, Clement and Albinus, were so celebrated throughout the schools of Europe in the eighth century, that they were known by the name of the "Disseminators of Wisdom," or the "Philosophers." In a word, the Irish monks of the seventh and eighth and ninth centuries were the greatest apostles, and the most learned men that the world then possessed. They gave to their island home the strange title amongst the nations of the—"Island of Saints;"—and the sanctity that made Ireland the bright glory of Christendom, they poured abroad upon their apostolic labors, until they brought that message which sanctified Ireland, home to every people in the known world.

For two hundred years after Ireland's Catholicity was preached to her by St. Patrick, no Catholic missionary was ever heard to preach the name of Christ to the Saxons of England. St. Patrick came to Ireland in the year 432. St. Augustine came to England, for the first time, to preach to the Saxons, in the year 596. Nearly two hundred years intervened; during which time St. Columbkille and his children had evangelized the Scots and Picts of the North; and when the Roman Monk, St. Augustine, and his Benedictines came, they landed in the south of England. England was then divided into seven kingdoms, under the Saxons: and thirty-six years after the death of St. Augustine, we find that the Benedictine Monks, who came from Rome, had only preached to one nation out of the seven,—what is now the county of Kent;—whilst the Irish Monks had evangelized and preached the Gospel to all of the other kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy. Therefore I claim that from Ireland, and Ireland's monasticism, many of the nations of Europe, more especially the Scots and the Kingdom of Northumbria (comprising all England north of the Humber), lit their lamps, and entered into the glorious light of Christ. Then the light that was in Ireland shone forth from her. As when the clouds part and allow the strong rays of the noon-day sun to flood the darkened world, filling it with light and joy and worship: so the clouds of ignorance and Paganism parted; and forth from the pure, ardent light of Ireland's Catholicity came the faith which illumined, and brightened,

and evangelized, and saved all the surrounding countries, during that first great exodus of Ireland's faith.

Is there anything in all this to be ashamed of? There are nations in the world that must go up to the fountain-head of their history, and touch, not heroes, not saints, but robbers and the vilest men of the earth. It is worthy of remark, that nearly every nation, when it goes up to the fountain-head of its history, has to be very quiet and very humble, indeed. The Romans, for instance, who conquered the whole world,—when they trace their history to its fountain-head,—come to a day when the foundations of Rome were laid by Romulus and Remus; and we find that the first inhabitants of Rome were the banditti and robbers who escaped from the neighboring cities, and came for refuge into Rome; the offscourings of Tuscany, and Latium, and all the surrounding countries. We find that,—when it was a question of propagating the Roman people,—the very first thing these robbers did was an act worthy of them: they rushed out and, by force and violence, took the wives and daughters of their peaceable neighbors. We find that Romulus, the founder of Rome, with his own hand, shed his brother's blood, as Cain did that of Abel. As it was in the first days of Roman history, so it is with nearly every nation. What is English history? It takes us back to the time when troops of half-naked barbarians roamed over the hills and valleys. Then came the Saxon, to take every liberty from them; to rob the ancient Briton of his country, of his land and his freedom. What is this but the fountain-head of history traced up to its barbarism and injustice? But trace up the far more ancient history of Ireland. No man,—even the noblest of all on the earth,—can point to such an ancestry as ours. Trace up that history to the days when the Druids stood in Tara; when the crowned Monarch on the throne, with the Brehons, sat to administer justice, and listen to the glories of their song. Trace it up to the very fountain-head, and you will find civilization and law, and power, and virtue, and glory. Come down but a day from out those Pagan recesses of our earliest history,—come down but a day on the road of time, and you step into the full light of Ireland's Christian holiness and glory, when she was the light of the world and the glory of the Church of Christ.

Now, my friends, we pass to the second exodus; and here, alas! it is not the voluntary exile going forth from his native land, reluctantly and regretfully, yet impelled by the high and celestial motives that animate the heart of the Apostle and the missionary; it is not the saint looking back with tearful eyes upon the land which he sacrifices and abandons for the possession of higher aims,—the souls of men on earth and the higher place in Heaven. No: the second exodus in Ireland was one of the most terrible in her history. We know that, from the days when the English invasion took shape and form,—we know that, in proportion as the English got firm hold of the land,—in proportion as they divided and consequently defeated chieftain after chieftain, king after king,—that in proportion as they encroached upon the Irish soil, there was, at last, no room upon that soil for a man who loved his native land. And this, my friends, is one of the worst consequences of national conquest; this is one of the most terrible consequences of a nation being subdued and enslaved. For the moment the foreigner or the invader sets his foot firmly on the soil, that moment one of the highest aims and virtues,—namely, the virtue of patriotism—becomes treason and a crime. But yesterday, the people of Alsace and Lorraine gloried in the name and in the glory of their beloved France. To-day, if the man of Alsace or Lorraine only lifts his hat to the statue of France, or says in public, “Long live ancient and glorious France,” he is taken and put into prison, tried as a malefactor, and arraigned as a traitor before the tribunals of the country. And why? Because the curse of a foreign invasion and an unjust occupation is on the land. If Germany, instead of being the conqueror, were the conquered land, and the French unjustly and wickedly took possession of the provinces within the Empire, then the German would not be able to love his native land, or to express the emotions of his heart without treason. So it is in Ireland; patriotism became a crime in proportion as the English power advanced; and the words of the poet are unfortunately verified:

“Unprized are her sons ’till they’ve learned to betray,
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them to dignity’s way
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.”

What wonder, then, that we find a people, naturally warlike, naturally high-spirited, a people whose spirit was never crushed, nor never knew how to bend, even under centuries of oppression and persecution—never; "the spirit of Ireland," said Moore:

"May be broken, but never would bend;"

What wonder, I say, that this people, this warlike population, with its high-minded, time-honored nobility, when they found that they could not love their country at home, where there were interminable and everlasting battles,—what wonder that they turned their faces to other lands, and sought elsewhere the distinction and military glory which their nationality and religion deprived them of in their native land. So, we find that, as early as Elizabeth's time, and even in that of Henry VIII., Irishmen had begun to emigrate; and the armies of Spain, and Austria, and France were glad to receive them; for well they knew, that wherever the Irish soldier stood in the post of danger, that post was secure until the enemy walked over the corpses of those who defended it.

Amongst many other risings, Ireland rose almost to a man in the year 1641. The "Confederation of Kilkenny" was formed; and the Catholics of Ireland, unable to bear longer the cruel, heartless, and bloody persecution of Elizabeth and her successors, banded together as one man. All the ancient nobility of Ireland; all the Catholic chieftains,—the O'Neils, the O'Donnells, the McDermotts, in the North; the McCrohans and McCarthy Mor, in the South; the O'Reillys, in Cavan; the Clanricarde Burkes of Connaught; the Geraldines of Leinster,—in a word, all the Irish chivalry and nobility came together, and they formed a National Confederation for the national defence. For eleven years this war was continued. An Irishman who had attained to the highest rank in the armies of Spain,—who was the most distinguished, the grandest soldier of his age,—came over,—leaving his post at the head of the Spanish army, then the bravest and finest in Europe, and landed on the shores of Ireland. He was the immortal Owen Roe O'Neill. He rallied the Irish forces, and met, on many a well-fought field, the armies of England. Thanks be to God! though

they poisoned him, they could not conquer him with the sword. Thanks be to God! there is one Irishman upon whose grave may be written: "Here lies a man who never drew the sword for Ireland on the battle-field without scattering his enemies like chaff before the wind." He met, at Benburb, on the banks of the Boyne, the English general Monroe, with a large and well-disciplined army. O'Neill formed his men into one solid column, flanking them with his artillery, and, giving the word to advance, straight to the very heart of the English army he pierced, like an irresistible wedge. The columns of the English army swarmed upon every side; from every quarter they came. Still on the Irish went, until they gained the brow of Benburb Hill; nor was all the chivalry of England able to stand against them. When they gained the brow of the hill, O'Neil, on looking around, could see the enemy flying on every side, as from the avenging angel of God.

At another battle, at the "Yellow Ford," another of the same clan, the renowned Hugh O'Neil, a few years before, had met the English Field-Marshal Bagenal, at the head of a large army. He not only routed him, but exterminated his army, and scarcely left a man to go home to their strongholds around Dublin, to tell, with blanched lips, the tale that they had been destroyed by the Irish.

Cromwell landed in Ireland; and Owen Roe O'Neill, at the head of his army, advanced from the North to measure swords with the Roundheads of England. Ah! well they knew the mettle the man was made of; and they sent a traitor into his camp to put poison into the Irishman's wine!

In the death of Owen Roe O'Neill, the great Confederation of Ireland was broken; so that, with divided counsels, they scarcely knew whom to obey; until on the 12th of May, 1652, eleven years after the Confederation was established, Galway, the last stronghold of the Irish, had to yield. The cause was lost—lost again! and the Irish nobility, and the rank and file of the Irish army, rather than remain at home and serve as soldiers with Cromwell, went to France, Austria, and Spain, and left their mark upon the history of Europe, as that history is proud to record.

On October the 27th, 1652, Limerick fell. Forty years later, Ireland is in arms again. This time the English king is at their head—King James the Second. I wish he had

been a braver man; he would not then have deserved the opprobrious name by which our people justly designated him. He was too fond of taking out his handkerchief, and putting it to his eyes, and crying out to the Irish soldiers, "Oh! spare my English subjects!" And when the Irish dragoons were sweeping down upon Schomberg, on the slopes of the Boyne; when the Irish dragoons would have driven the Brunswickers into that river, and the history of Ireland would have taken from the beautiful Boyne the name of reproach it has to this day,—James was the first to give the order, "Stop a little! don't let them make so desperate a charge!" Any man that knows the history of his country knows that, if we study the actions and valor of the Irish army at that very Boyne—at Athlone—at Aughrim—although they lost the field, they did not lose their honor; but they crowned their loss with immortal glory.

At length the campaign drew to a close; and when 1691 came—forty years after the former siege of Limerick—the heroic city was once more surrounded by the flower of the English army; while within its walls were 10,000 Irishmen, with Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, at their head. A breach was made in the walls. Three times the whole strength of the English army was hurled against the defenders of the walls of Limerick. Three times, within that breach, arose the wild shout of the Irish soldiers; and three times was the whole might of Orange William's army swept away from that breach. In the third of these assaults, combatants appeared who are not generally seen, either on the battle-field or at the hustings, in Ireland. The Irish women are not what you call "Women's Right's people." The women of Ireland do not go in much for "women's associations;" and they do not go in at all for "Free Love;" but they "went for" the English in that last assault. The brave, dark-eyed mothers and daughters of Southern Ireland stood, shoulder to shoulder, with their brothers and fathers. In the breach they stood; and, whilst the men defended Irish nationality, in that terrible hour, the women of Ireland raised their hands in defence of Ireland's purity and Ireland's right. Well they might! for never had womanhood a more sacred, pure, and honorable cause to defend, than when the women of Limerick opposed the base and evil-minded invaders of their country.

Well, Limerick yielded. King William and his Generals found they could not take the city; so, they made terms with Sarsfield and his men, to the effect, that the Irish army were to go out with drums beating, colors flying, and with arms in their hands; free to stay in Ireland, if they wished; or to join the service of any foreign power they pleased. The Treaty of Limerick guaranteed to the Catholics of Ireland as much religious liberty as they enjoyed under the Stuarts. That Treaty was won by the bravery of the Irish soldiers within the shattered walls of Limerick. The Treaty of Limerick granted the Irish merchants the same privileges and the same rights as the English merchants had. But, as soon as Sarsfield and his thirty thousand soldiers were gone, before the ink was dry upon the Treaty, it was broken. The Lord Justices that signed it returned to Dublin; and a certain Dr. Dopping—he was the Protestant Bishop of Meath—preached a sermon; and the subject of that sermon was, on the sin of keeping their oaths with the Catholics! The Treaty was broken ere the ink upon it was dry; and a period of confiscation and misery most terrible followed.

Meantime, Sarsfield and his poor companions took themselves to France. “Exiles of Hope,” they went in the expectation that they would one day return with their brave French allies, and sweep the Saxons from off the soil of Erin. By the time Sarsfield arrived in France (in 1691), there were thirty thousand Irishmen in the service of King Louis. There were, at the same time, some ten thousand in the service of Spain, and an equal number in the service of Austria; and it is worthy of notice that the Irishmen of Leinster and of Meath joined the service of Austria, with their leaders, the Nugents and the Kavanaghs,—names still perpetuated in the Austrian army. I myself knew a Field-Marshal Nugent, of Irish descent, in the Austrian army. The men of the North went to Spain, under the O’Reillys and O’Donnells. At that very time Austria and Spain were fighting against France. So that, whilst there were thirty thousand Irishmen in the French army, there were nearly twenty thousand in the other armies. There were the bone and sinew and blood of Ireland engaged in the unhappy work of slaughtering one another! Oh! how sad to think that the bravest soldiers that ever stood,—the bravest in the world,—should be thus employed, fighting for causes

of which they knew nothing, and for monarchs who cared nothing about them; and the hands which should have been joined for Ireland, in some glorious effort for Irish purposes, were actually imbrued in their brothers' blood on many a battle-field in Europe.

Sarsfield, shortly after his arrival, with his Connaught men and Munster men, took service with King Louis of France. He first crossed swords with the English at the siege of Namur, a town of Flanders. There he so behaved with his Irishmen, and so thoroughly cleared the field, so completely swept away the English that were opposed to him, bearing down upon them when they first wavered, with the awful dash of Lord Clare's dragoons, that Sarsfield was created a Marshal of France. We find him again at the battle of Landen. He is at the head of the "Irish Brigade;" and opposed to him is King William, Orange William, whom he had often met upon many a field before. Now the close of a hard-fought day is approaching. The English, with their Dutch auxiliaries, were in full flight. Sarsfield, with his sword in hand, was at the head of his troops; when suddenly a musket ball struck that heroic breast, and he fell upon the field of glory. When the film of death was coming over his eyes, he placed his hand unconsciously to the wound, and withdrawing it, covered with his heart's blood, he cried—"Oh God! that this blood were shed for Ireland."

The fortunes of the French were now in the ascendant, from the years 1691 to 1696. Then the powerful Duke of Marlborough arose, with Prince Eugene, at the head of the English and Austrian armies; and France began to suffer reverses. The star of France began to go down. Marlborough conquered on many a glorious field, and with the English soldiers drove the French before him, at Malplaquet, at Oudenard, at Ramillies, and other places. But it is a singular thing, which history records, that, in every one of these battles, in which the French were defeated, the English, often in the hour of their victory, had to fly before the "Irish Brigade." So the poet says:

"When, on Ramillies' bloody field,
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxons backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons."

Yes, the French army, on that day, were routed; but there was one division of that army that retired from the field victorious, and with the English standards which they had captured in their hands. And this was the "Irish Brigade."

Years followed years, but the strength of the exiles was still kept up by the hope that they would one day return to Ireland, and strike a blow for their dear old land. Years followed years. Sarsfield was in his grave more than forty years. France was still playing a losing game, in the "War of the Spanish Succession." Marshal Saxe arose, and, with King Louis the Fourteenth, laid siege to Tournay, in Flanders. He had 75,000 men under his command. Whilst he was still besieging the city, the Duke of Cumberland, the son of George the Second,—one of the most awful wretches that ever cursed the face of the earth with his presence; a man whose heart knew no pity; the man who mowed down the poor Highlanders at Culloden; the man whose heart knew no love, whose passions knew no restraint, whose name to this day is spoken by every Englishman in a whisper, as if he was ashamed of it;—he commanded 55,000 men, mostly English, with some Dutch auxiliaries; and he marched at the head of this tremendous army to raise the siege of Tournay. When the French King heard of the approach of the English, he took 45,000 men from the siege, and leaving 18,000 to continue it, went on with the rest, including the "Irish Brigade," to meet the Duke of Cumberland. They met him on the slopes of Fontenoy. The French General, —Saxe,—took his position upon the village of Fontenoy. It was on the crowning slope of this hill, which extended on every side, he stretched his line, on one side, to the village called St. Antoine, on the other side, through a wood called De Barri's wood; and there entrenched, and strongly established, he waited his English foe. Cumberland arrived at the head of his English army, and the whole day long assailed the French position, in vain. He sent his Dutchmen to attack St. Antoine; twice they attacked the village, and the lines,—and twice were they driven back with slaughter. Three times the English themselves advanced to the village of Fontenoy; three times were they driven back by the French. They tried to penetrate into De Barri's wood, on the left, but the French artillery were massed

within ; and again and again were they driven back ; until, when the evening was coming, the Duke of Cumberland, seeing the day was going against him, assembled all the veteran and tried soldiers of his army, and formed a massive column of 6,000 men, six pieces of cannon in front of them, and six on either side of them. They were placed under command of Lord John Hay ; and he adopted the same tactics which Owen Roe O'Neill adopted at Benburb. Forming the six thousand men in a solid column, he gave them orders to march right through the village of Fontenoy ;—right through the centre of the French,—until they got into their rear,—and then to turn and sweep them off the field. The word was given to march ; and this I will say,—Irishman as I am to the heart's core,—I have read as much of the world's history as the majority of men ; and I must say that never in the annals of history have I read of anything more glorious than the heroism of these six thousand Englishmen that day. The French closed in around them ; they battered the head of the column with cannon ; but that column marched on like a wall of iron. These Englishmen marched through the French lines ; their men fell on every side ; but as soon as a man fell, another stepped into his place. On they marched like a wall of iron, penetrating into the French lines. In vain the French tirailleurs hung upon their flanks ; in vain did the French army oppose them ; they penetrated it like a wedge. In vain did the King's Household Cavalry charge upon them ; they were scattered by the English fire ; until at length King Louis (taught in the school of misfortune,) turned his rein to fly. Marshal Saxe stopped him. "Not yet, my liege," he said. "Come up, Lord Clare, with your Irish. Clear the way !" Oh ! to hear the wild cheer with which the "Irish Brigade" rushed into the fight that day ! This glorious victory is thus recorded by one of Ireland's greatest poets, the illustrious and immortal Thomas Davis :—

"Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed ;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve his latest chance to try;
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
 While mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

“ Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank; Lord Hay is at their head;
 Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill;
 Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
 Through rampart, trench, and pallisade, and bullets showering fast;
 And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
 With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force:
 Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy,—while thinner grow their ranks,—
 They break, as breaks the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean
 banks.

“ More idly than the Summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
 Like stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
 Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore; still on they marched
 and fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

‘ Push on, my household cavalry ! ’ King Louis madly cried.

To death they rush; yet rude their shock—not unavenged they
 died.

On through the camp the column trod;—King Louis turns his rein:

‘ Not yet, my liege,’ Saxe interposed, ‘ the Irish troops remain.’

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,

Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

“ ‘ Lord Clare,’ he says, ‘ you have your wish;—there are your
 Saxon foes ! ’

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes.

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay.

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day;—

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry;

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting
 cry;

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves; their country over-
 thrown;—

Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor never yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than those proud exiles were.

"O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands :—
'Fix bay'nets !—Charge !'—Like mountain storm rush on these
fiery bands !

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow ;
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant
show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam ; like rocks, the men behind.
One volley crashes from their line ; when, through the surging
smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza !
'Revenge ! remember Limerick ! dash down the Sassenach !'

"Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English lines the Irish exiles sprang ;
Bright was their steel ; 'tis bloody now ; their guns are filled with
gore ;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they
tore.

The English strove with desperate strength ; paused, rallied, stag-
gered, fled.

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun !
With bloody plumes the Irish stand ;—the field is fought and won !"

So they fought, serving in France, in Spain, and in Austria ; but the hope that kept them up was never realized. The French Revolution came and the "Irish Brigade" was dissolved. That French Revolution opened the way for the third exodus from Ireland. The Irish got a ray of hope when the wild cry of freedom resounded on the battle-fields of Europe. The fever of the French Revolution spread to Ireland and created the insurrection of '98. But the insurrection and the men of '98 were extinguished in blood. Bravely they fought and well ; and had Sarsfield himself, or

the heroic Lord Clare, been at New Ross, or at the foot of Tara's hill, on the banks of the Boyne, when the ninety Wexford men fought a regiment of British dragoons, they would not have been ashamed of their countrymen.

The year 1800 saw Ireland deprived of her Parliament; and from that day every honest Irishman who loved his country had an additional argument to turn his eyes to some other land. The making of our laws was passed over to the English. They knew nothing about us; they had no regard for us; they wished, as their acts proved, to destroy the industry of Ireland; and some of the very first acts of the united Parliament, when it was transferred to England, were for the destruction of the commerce and trade of Ireland. Some of the first things they did were to repeal the acts of the glorious epoch of 1782, when the "Irish Volunteers," with arms in their hands, were able to exact justice from the Government of England.

But, now, Ireland turned with wistful eyes; and from her western slopes she looked across the ocean. Far away in the west, she beheld a mighty country springing up, where the exile might find a home, where freemen might find air to breathe, and where the lover of his country might find a country worthy of his love. We may say that the emigration to America took shape and form from the day Ireland lost her legislative independence by the transfer of her parliament to England; for, next to the privilege of loving his country, the dearest privilege any man can have is that of having a voice in the government and the making of his own laws. By the Act of Union, a debased, corrupted, and perjured Protestant Irish Parliament declared, in the face of the world, that Irishmen did not know how to make laws for themselves; and if they did not, no man can blame Castlereagh for taking them at their own word. He was an Irishman, and he took the legislative assembly from Dublin and transferred it to London; but, if he did, it was that very assembly itself that voted for its own transfer and its own destruction. In vain did Grattan rise, the immortal Henry Grattan; in vain did he thunder forth in the cause of justice and of Irish nationality. In vain did every honest man lift up his voice. The corrupt legislature played into the hands of Pitt and Castlereagh. Castlereagh carried his measure; and he went on rejoicing under his titles and

honors, and increasing in power, and dignity, and wealth; until, one fine morning, he tried the keen edge of a razor on his own throat. He cut his jugular artery, and inflicted on himself a tremendous inconvenience. Whatever things he had to fear in this world, I am greatly afraid he did not improve his position by hurrying into the other. But what was so inconvenient to Castlereagh, was a great blessing to Ireland, to England, and to the whole world; for it is a great blessing to this world when any scoundrel makes his bow, and goes out of it.

Well, my friends, it is of these early exiles,—the exiles of '98,—the exiles who went in the preceding years, under William's persecutions,—the exiles who were banished by Cromwell, when 100,000 men, and among them two or three thousand priests of my own Order, were sent as slaves to the Barbadoes, and there died in the sugar plantations,—it was of these exiles that the Scottish poet, Campbell, wrote his famous verses on the "Exile of Erin." The lines of this famous poem are of a time anterior to our own. He speaks of the Irish exile as one who was playing upon a harp. Now, up to about seventy years ago, the harp was a common instrument in Ireland; and the aged harpers lived down to the days of Carolan, who died a few years before the troubles of '98 began. We can, therefore, enter into the sentiment of the poet, who thus describes our unfortunate countryman, driven by force and oppression from all that he loved and cherished on this earth:

" There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill :
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

" 'Oh, sad is my fate,' said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild-deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger :
 A home and a country remain not for me !

Ah ! never again in the green shady bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go bragh.

“ ‘ Oh ! Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
 But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more.
 And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou ever replace me
 In a mansion of peace where no peril can chase me ?
 Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me !
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

“ ‘ Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
 Sister and sire, did you weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?
 And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all ?
 Ah, my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure !
 Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

“ ‘ But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw ;
 Erin, an exile bequeathes thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh !
 Buried and cold, when this heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean ;
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin, mavourneen, Erin go bragh ! ’ ”

As the first of these exiles was that of faith, that that faith might be disseminated throughout the earth :—and as the second emigration was that of the warrior, going forth full of hope,—a hope that was never realized,—so, the last emigration from Ireland was the emigration of love. It was the tearing of loving hearts from all that they cherished, all that they loved in this world ; the injustice, and the tyranny of the land-possessors of Ireland ; the injustice of the wicked government of England, gloating over the work

of the "Crowbar Brigade;" the people taken from their homesteads and flung into the ditches to die like dogs; no law protecting them; no rights of their own to be asserted; no rights, save the right to suffer, to be evicted and to die. Ah! who amongst us has ever seen the parting of the old man from his sons and daughters; who amongst us has ever heard the heart-broken cry go forth when those loving hearts were separated; who amongst us, that has seen and heard, can ever forget those things! No: the youth of Ireland, the bone and sinew, fled. Many aged men and women remained in the land, and sat down upon their family graves to weep, and to die with broken hearts. But one emotion, one glorious passion ruled the emigrant of faith of fourteen hundred years ago, the emigrant warrior of two hundred years ago, and the emigrant of love of the present day; one glorious feeling, one absorbing passion; and that was, their love for Ireland. Hear the lament of St. Columbkille, one of Ireland's greatest saints, greatest poets, and greatest sons, who banished himself, in penance, to the far-distant island of Iona. He tells us that, when he wished to calm the sorrow of his heart, he generally sat upon the high rocks of the island, and turned his eyes to catch a glimpse of the faint outline of the shore of Ireland. "Death," he exclaimed, in one of his poems,—*"death in faultless Ireland, is better than life without end in Albin:"*

"Death, in faultless Ireland, is better than life without end in Albin.

*What joy to fly upon the white-crested sea, and watch the waves
break upon the Irish shore!*

*What joy to row in my little boat, and land upon the whitening foam
of the Irish shore!*

*Ah! how my boat would fly if its prow were turned to my Irish oak
groves;*

But the noble sea now carries me to Albin, the land of the raven.

*My foot is in my little boat; but my sad heart ever bleeds; and my
gray eye ever turns to Erin.*

*Never, in this sad life, shall I see Erin, or her sons and daughters
again.*

*From the high prow I look over the sea; great tears are in my gray
eyes, as I turn to Erin;*

To Erin where the song of the birds is so sweet; where the monks
sing like the birds ;
Where the young are so gentle, and the old so wise ;
Where the men are so noble to look at, and the women so fair to
wed."

In another place he says, to one of his disciples, a noble
youth, returning to Ireland—

" Young traveller, take my heart with thee, and my blessing ; carry
them to Comghaill of eternal light.
Carry my heart to Ireland—seven times may she be blessed,—my
body to Albin.
Carry my blessing across the sea ; carry it to the west. My heart
is broken in my bosom.
If death should come upon me suddenly ; it will be because of my
great love of the Gael."

One consolation vouchsafed to him was, that he had two
visions from God. He foretold that, many hundred years
after his death, his body should be carried back to Ireland,
to rest forever in the soil that he loved. This prophecy he
himself announced in these words:—"They shall bury me
first at Iona ; but by the will of the living God it is in
Down that I shall rest in my grave, with Patrick and Brid-
get the immaculate,—three bodies in one grave." And so,
in the tenth century, when the Danes swept over Iona, the
monks took St. Columbkille's venerated body, and brought
it to Ireland, and laid it in the Cathedral in Downpatrick,
with Patrick and Bridget ; and there, as the old poem tells
us—

" Three saints one grave do fill,
Patrick, and Bridget, and Columbkille."

The love he had for Ireland was a spirit common to all
Irish saints. Whilst they were crowned with the highest
dignities of the church in foreign lands, still, we have the
record in the history of St. Aidan, the first Archbishop of
Northumbria, the founder of the famous Lindisfarne, that
whenever they wished to enjoy themselves a little, they came
together and celebrated in the Irish language, with sweetest

verse, to the sound of the timbrel and the harp, the praises of their native land.

Nor less was the love which the brave exiles of 1691 bore to Ireland. We see that when the cry of battle went forth; when with the shock of arms they met upon the battle-field, never was the stout heart of the Saxon enemy smitten with fear within him, until he heard, ringing forth in the Irish tongue, "Remember Limerick, and dash down the Sassenach!" And well they loved their native land,—these noble chieftains and brave soldiers of Ireland. Their love is commemorated in the poet's verse:—

"The mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,
And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;
The vet'ran arose like an uplifted lance,
Crying—'Comrades, a health to the Monarch of France!'
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is loved by The Irish Brigade.

" 'A health to King James,' and they bent as they quaffed;
'Here's to George the *Elect*or,' and fiercely they laughed;
'Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago,
Where Shannon, and Barrow, and Blackwater flow;'
'God prosper Old Ireland,'—you'd think them afraid.
So pale grew the chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

" 'But, surely, that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise—are they *all* getting drunk in the camp!
Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come!
And the *generale's* beating on many a drum.
So they rush from the revel to join the parade;
For the van is the right of The Irish Brigade.

"They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true;
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few.
And they, who survived, fought and drank as of yore;
But the land of their hearts' hope they never saw more;
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of The Irish Brigade."

Nor is the Irishman of to-day,—whether a voluntary or

an involuntary exile from the dear green island of the ocean,—ashamed of the love of the warrior for Ireland. It is not, perhaps, the beauties of the land that we remember; it is not, perhaps, the green hill-sides,—crowned with the Irish oak, made so beautiful in their clothing of Irish fern,—that rise before our eyes, and excite the tenderest emotions of our souls; it was not the beauties of Avoca that captivated the poet when he sang—

“ Yet it was not that Nature had shed o’er the scene
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;
’Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
Oh, no!—it was something more exquisite still.

“ ’Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt that the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.”

So, perhaps, it is not the material beauty of Ireland,—the green hill-side, or the pastoral beauty of glade or of valley;—it is not, perhaps, the running brook, the mill-pond, the green field, the moss-grown old abbey, around which we played in our youth,—not so much these that command our love; but it is the holy, tender associations of all that we first learned to love, that we first learned to venerate; the pure-minded, holy, gentle, loving mother, the wise, strong, and considerate father; the tender friend upon whom we leaned, and whose friendship was to us the earliest joy of our life: the venerable priest, whose smile we sought, as we bowed our youthful heads for his blessing;—these, and such as these, are the motives of our love for Ireland. And that love is as keen, as strong, in the heart of the Irishman, far away from his native land to-day, as it was in the heart of St. Columbkille; as it was in the heart of the Irish Brigadier, as he rose to toast his heroic motherland. Well is the emigrant of to-day, the Irish Exile, described and depicted in the beautiful verses which recall his leaving his native land:—

“ Adieu!—the snowy sail
Swells its bosom to the gale,
And our barque from Innisfail
Bounds away.

While we gaze upon thy shore,
That we never shall see more,
And the blinding tears flow o'er,
We pray :

"*Maourneen!* be thou long
In peace, the queen of song—
In battle proud and strong
As the sea !
Be saints thine offspring still—
True heroes guard each hill—
And harps by ev'ry rill
Sound free !

" Tho' round her Indian bowers
The hand of Nature showers
The brightest-blooming flowers
Of our sphere ;
Yet, not the richest rose
In an *alien* clime that blows,
Like the briar at home that grows,
Is dear.

" When I slumber in the gloom
Of a nameless foreign tomb,
By a distant ocean's boom,
Innisfail !
Around thy em'rald shore,
May the clasping sea adore,
And each wave in thunder roar,
' All hail ! '

" And when the final sigh,
Shall bear my soul on high,
And on chainless wing I fly
Thro' the blue,
Earth's latest thought shall be.
As I soar above the sea—
Green Erin, dear, to thee—
Adieu ! "

Yes: if there be one passion that has outlived every other in the heart of the true Irishman, it is the inborn love for Ireland, for Ireland's greatness, and for Ireland's glory. Our fathers loved it, and knew how to prize it, to hold it,—the glory of the faith that has never been tarnished; the glory of the National honor that has never bowed down to acknowledge itself a slave. And, my friends, the burden and the responsibility of that glory is yours and mine to-night. The glory of Ireland's priesthood; the glory of St. Columba; the glories of Iona and of Lindisfarne weigh upon me with a tremendous responsibility, to be, of all other men, what the Irish priest and monk must be, because of that glorious history. The glory of the battle that has been so long fighting and is not yet closed; the glory of that faith that has been so long and so well defended and guarded; the glory of that National virtue that has made Ireland's men the bravest and Ireland's women the purest in the world;—that glory is your inheritance and your responsibility this night. I and you, men, feel, as Irishmen and as Catholics, that you and I to-night are bound to show the world what Irishmen and Catholics have been in the ages before us, and what they intend to be in the ages to come,—a nation and a Church that has never allowed a stain to be fixed upon the national banner nor upon the national altar;—a nation and a Church that, in spite of its hard fate and its misfortunes, can still look the world in the face; for on Ireland's virgin brow no stain of dishonor or of perfidy has ever been placed. In sobriety, in industry, in manly self-respect, in honest pride of everything that an honest man ought to be proud of,—in all these, and in respect for the laws of this mighty country, lie the secret of your honor and of your national power and purity. Mark my words! Let Ireland in America be faithful, be Catholic, be practical, be temperate, be industrious, be obedient to the laws; and the day will dawn, with the blessing of God, yet upon you and me, so that when returning to visit for a time the green island from which we came, we shall land upon the shores of a free and glorious and unfettered nation.

“THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF IRELAND.”

(A Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., on Friday evening, May 31, 1872, in the Academy of Music, New York.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The subject on which I propose to address you this evening is the National music of Ireland, and the Bards of Ireland, as recorded in the history of the nation. I have chosen this subject, my dear friends, whereon to address you; and if you ask me why—knowing that it was to be my privilege to address an audience mostly of my fellow-countrymen, I thought I could find no theme on which, as an Irishman, to address my fellow-countrymen more fitting than that of our national music. I remember that, among the grandest and most ancient titles that history gives to Ireland, was the singular title of “The Island of Song.” I remember that Ireland alone, among all the nations of the earth, has, for her national emblem, a musical instrument. When other nations stand in the battle-field, in the hour of national effort and national triumph;—when other nations celebrate their victories;—when they unfold the national banner, we behold there the lion, or some emblem of power; the Cross, or some emblem of faith; the stars,—as in the “Star Spangled Banner” of America—an emblem of rising hope; but it is only in the by-gone days, when Ireland had a national standard, and upheld it gloriously on the battle-field—it was only then that Ireland unfolded that national standard, which, floating out upon the breezes of Heaven, displayed, embodied in that “banner of green,” the golden Harp of Erin. What wonder then that, when I would choose a subject, pleasing to you and to me,—something calculated to stir all those secret emotions of national life and historical glory which are still our inheritance, though we are a conquered people,—what wonder that I should have chosen the subject of our national music.

But, first of all, my friends, when we analyze the nature of man, we find that he is a being made up of a body and a

soul ; that is to say, there are two distinct elements of nature which unite in man. •There is the body—perishable—material—gross ; there is the soul—spiritual—angelic, and coming to us from Heaven. For, when the Creator made man, He formed, indeed, his body from out of the slime of the earth ; but He breathed, from His own Divine lips, the vital spark, and set upon his soul the sign of Divine resemblance to Himself. The soul of man is the seat of thought ;—it is the seat of affection ;—it is the seat of all the higher spiritual and pure emotions. But, grand as this soul is—magnificent in its nature, in its origin, in its ultimate destiny,—it is so united to the body of man, that, without the evidence of the senses of the body, the soul can neither receive an idea, nor the spirit throb to any high or spiritual emotion. The soul, therefore, dwelling within us, is ever waiting as it were to receive the sensations which the five bodily senses convey to it. All its pleasure or its pain, its sorrow or its joy,—all must come through the evidence of these senses. The eye looks upon something pleasant—upon the beautiful flowers, the crown of nature's loveliness ;—and the pleasure that the eye receives passes to the soul, and creates the emotion, the feeling of pleasure in the body, for a thing of beauty ; and, in the soul, of gratitude to the Lord God who gave it.

Among all these senses of the body,—although the eye be the master, as St. Augustine tells us,—still the sensations which the soul receives through the ear—the sense of hearing—are the highest, most innocent and spiritual of all. The evidence of the eye seems to appeal more directly to the intelligence of the mind ; it stirs us up to think ; it seldom calls up the strong, passionate, instantaneous emotions ; but it stirs up the mind to think and consider. The ear, on the other hand, seems to bring its testimony more directly to the spirit,—to the seat of the affections in man. The sense of hearing appeals more to the heart than to the mind. Hence it is that, although “faith comes by hearing,” and faith is the act of the intellect, bowing down before that great truth which it apprehends through the sense of hearing, and at the sound of the preacher's voice,—it is still the medium through which that faith is received into the soul. Thus, the Church of God has always recognized, and from the earliest ages has striven, by the sweet strains of her sacred music, to move the affections of man towards God.

But, in truth, has it not been from the beginning thus,—that men have always been accustomed to express their emotions of joy or of sorrow to the sound of song? Our first parent had not yet quitted this earth,—this earth, which was made so miserable by his sin,—until his eyes beheld, among the descendants of Cain, a man named Tubal, "who was the father of those who play upon organs and musical instruments." It was fitting and harmonious that the first musician the world ever beheld should have been a child of the reprobate and murderer, Cain. Almighty God permitted that music should start from out the children of the most unhappy of men. No doubt they sought, by the sweet strains of melody, to lighten the burden that pressed upon the heart and spirit of their most unhappy father. No doubt they tried in the same strains of sweet melody to give vent to their own sorrows, or to lighten the burden of their grief and despair, by expressing it in the language of song. For, so it is in the nature of man. The little babe in its mother's arms expresses its sense of pain by the wail of sorrow; and expresses its meaning so well, that when the mother sees her child's lips open and emit the loud, inarticulate cry of joy, she knows that the mysterious sunshine of delight and pleasure is beaming upon the soul of her child. The mother herself may have never sung until the voice of nature is awakened within her when she bears her first-born in her arms. Then she learns the lay that soothes it to sleep:

"The mother, taught by nature's hand,
Her child, when weeping, will lull to sleeping
With the tender songs of her native land."

That music,—the natural melody of music,—has a powerful influence upon the soul of man, I need not tell you. There is not one among us who has not experienced, at some time or other, in listening to the strains of sweet melody—the strains of song—the sensation either of joy increased, or sorrow soothed, in his soul. Thus, of old, when Saul, the King of Israel, abandoned his God, and an evil spirit came upon him, from time to time shadowing and clouding his mind with despair, bringing to him the frenzy of ungovernable sorrow,—then his skilful men sought and brought him

the youth David ; and he sat in the presence of the king ; and when the spirit came upon Saul and troubled him, David took his harp and played upon it ; and the spirit departed, and the king was calmed, and his mighty sorrow passed away. So in like manner, when the people of old would express their joy or exultation before the Lord God, —as in the day when the glorious temple of Jerusalem was opened, and one hundred and twenty priests came and stood before all the people, and from brazen trumpets sent forth the voice of melody ; and the house of the Lord was filled with music, and every heart was gladdened, and all Israel lifted up its voice in song in unison with their royal Prophet King, as he played upon his harp of gold.

Thus it is that, among the various senses and their evidences, the sense of hearing, through music, is that which seems most directly and immediately to touch the heart and the spirit of man. It is, in itself, the most spiritual of all the senses. The object that meets the eye is something tangible, substantial—material. The object that appeals to the taste is something gross and material. The thing that presents itself to the senses, through the touch, must be palpable and material. But what is it that the sense of hearing presents to the soul ? It is an almost imperceptible wave of sound, acting upon a delicate membrane,—a fibre the most delicate in the human body—the drum of the ear—which is affected by the vibration of the air, carrying the sound on its invisible wings. And thus it comes,—a spiritual breath, through the most spiritual and soul-like of all the senses, and of all the evidence those senses bring to the soul of man.

The effect of music upon the memory is simply magical. Have you ever, my friends, tested it ? Is there anything in this world that so acts upon our memory as the sound of the old familiar song that we may not have heard for years. We heard it, perhaps, in some lonely glen, in dear old Ireland, let us say. We have been familiar from our youth with the sound of that ancient melody, as the ploughman sang it following his horses, ploughing in the field ; as the old mother murmured it, as she rocked the child ; as the milk-maid chanted it, as she milked the cows in the evening : it is one of the traditions of our young hearts, and of our young senses. Then, when we leave the green land, and go out among

strange people, we hear strange words and strange music. The songs of our native land for a moment are forgotten ; until, upon a day, perhaps, as we are passing, that air, or old song, is sung again. Oh, in an instant, that magic power in the sound of the old, familiar notes throngs the halls of the memory with the dead. They rise out of their graves, the friends of our youth, the parents, and the aged ones whom we loved and revered. Our first love rises out of her grave, in all the freshness of her beauty. So they throng the halls of memory, the ones we may have loved in the past, with the friends whom we expected never to think of again.

Well does the poet describe it when he says:

" When through life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we us'd to love,
 In days of childhood, meet our ear ;
 Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain,
 Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept—
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

" Like the gale that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful sound of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours.
 Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;
 So when pleasure's dream is gone,
 It's memory lives in Music's breath.

" Music !—oh ! how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell !
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign.
 Love's are ev'n more false than they ;
 Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray."

No words of mine can exaggerate the power that music

has over the soul of man. When the glorious sons of St. Ignatius,—the magnificent Jesuits—went down to evangelize South America,—to evangelize the native Indians,—the hostile tribes lined the river bank; the savage chieftains and warriors, in their war-paint and dress, stood ready to send their poisoned arrows through the hearts of these men. They would not listen to them, or open their minds to their influence; until, at length, one of these heroic Jesuit Missionaries, who were in a boat, took a musical instrument and began to play one of the old sacred melodies; and the others lifted up their voices and sang; sweetly and melodiously they sang, voice dropping in after voice, singing the praises of Jesus and Mary. The woods resounded to their peaceful chants; the very birds upon the trees hushed their songs that they might hear; and the savages threw down their arms and rushed, weaponless, into the river, following after the boats, listening with captive hearts to the music. Thus, upon the sound of song, did the light of divine grace and of faith and Christianity reach the savage breasts of these Indians.

What shall we say of the power of music in stirring up all the nobler emotions of man? The tired soldier arrives, after his forced march, upon the battle-field. He hopes for a few hours' rest before he is called upon to put forth all his strength. The bugle sounds in the morning, and this poor and unrested man is obliged to stand to his arms all day, and face death in a thousand forms. The tug of war lasts the whole day long. Now retreating, now advancing, every nerve is braced up, every emotion excited in him; until, at length, nature appears to yield, and the weary warrior seems unable to wield his sword another hour. But the national music strikes up; the bugle and the trumpets send forth their sounds in some grand national strain. Then with the clash of the cymbal all the fire is aroused in the man. Drooping, fainting, perhaps wounded, as he is, he springs to his arms again. Every nobler emotion of valor and patriotism is roused within him. To the sound of this music, to the inspiration of this national song, he rushes to the front of the battle, and sweeps his enemy from the field.

Thus, when we consider the nature of music, the philosophy of music, do we find that it is, of all other appeals to the senses, the most spiritual;—that it is, of all other appeals

to the soul, the most powerful ; that it operates not so much by the mode of reflection as in exciting the memory and the imagination, causing the spirit and the affections of men to rise to nobler efforts, and to thrill with sublime emotions and influences. And, therefore, I say it is, of all other sciences, the most noble and the most god-like, and the grandest that can be cultivated by man on this earth.

And, now, as it is with individuals, so it is with nations. As the individual expresses his sense of pain by the discordant cry which he utters ; as the individual expresses the joy of his soul by the clear voice of natural music ; so, also, every nation has its own tradition of music, and its own national melody and song. Wherever we find a nation with a clear, distinct, sweet and emphatic tradition of national music, coming down from sire to son, from generation to generation, from the remotest centuries,—there have we evidence of a people strong in character, well marked in their national disposition ; there have we evidence of a most ancient civilization. But wherever, on the other hand, you find a people light and frivolous,—not capable of deep emotions in religion,—not deeply interested in their native land, and painfully affected by her present state,—a people easily losing their nationality or national feeling, and easily mingling with strangers and amalgamating with them,—there you will be sure to find a people with scarcely any tradition of national melody that would deserve to be classed among the songs of a nation.

Now, in this particular, among these nations, Ireland,—that most ancient and holy island in the Western sea,—claims, and deservedly claims, upon the record of history, the first and grandest preëminence among all peoples. I do not deny to other nations high musical excellence. I will not even say that in this, our day, we are not surpassed by the music of Germany, by the music of Italy, or the music of England. Germany, for purity of style, for depth of expression, for the argument of song, surpasses all the nations to-day. Italy is acknowledged to be the queen of that lighter, more pleasing, sparkling, and to me more pleasant style of music. In her own style of music, England is supposed to be superior to Italy, and, perhaps, equal to Germany. But, great as are the musical attainments of these great peoples, there is not one of these nations, or any other nation, that

can point back to such national melody, to such a body of national music, as the Irish. Remember that I am not now speaking of the labored composition of some great master; I am not now speaking of a wonderful Mass, written by one man; or a great Oratorio, written by another; works that appeal to the ear refined and attuned by education;—works that delight the critic. I am speaking of the song that lives in the hearts and voices of all the people:—I am speaking of the national songs you will hear from the husbandman, in the field, following the plough; from the old woman singing to the infant on her knee; from the milkmaid, coming from the milking; from the shoemaker at his work; or the blacksmith at the forge, while he is shoeing the horse. This is the true song of the nation: this is the true national melody that is handed down, in a kind of traditional way, from the remotest ages; until, in the more civilized and cultivated time, it is interpreted into written music; and, then, the world discovers, for the first time, a most beautiful melody in the music that has been murmured in the glens and mountain valleys of the country for hundreds and thousands of years.

Italy has no such song. Great as the Italians are, as masters, they have no popularly received tradition of music. The Italian peasants [I have lived among them for years]—the Italian peasants, while working in the vineyard, have no music except two or three high notes of a most melancholy character, commencing upon a high dominant and ending in a semitone. The peasants of Tuscany and of Campagna, when, after their day's work, they meet in the Summer evenings, to have a dance, have no music. Some one takes a tambourine, and beats upon it, marking time; and they dance to that; but they have no music. So with other countries. But go to Ireland; listen to the old woman as she rocks herself in her chair, and pulls down the hank of flax for the spinning; listen to the girl coming home from the field, with the can of milk on her head; and what do you hear?—the most magnificent melody of music. Go to the country merry-makings and you will be sure to find the old fiddler, or white-headed piper, an infinite source of the brightest and most sparkling music.

How are we to account for this? We must seek the cause of it in the remotest history. It is a historical fact

that the maritime or sea-coast people of the North and West of Europe were, from time immemorial, addicted to song. We know, for instance, that in the remotest ages, the kings of our sea-girt island, when they went forth upon their war-like forays, were always accompanied by their harper or minstrel, who animated them to deeds of heroic bravery. Even when the Danes came sweeping down in their galleys upon the Irish coast, high in the prow of every war-boat sat the *skald*, or poet,—yellow-haired, heroic, wrinkled with time,—the historian of all their national wisdom and their national prowess. And when they approached their enemy,—sweeping with their long oars through the waves,—he rose in the hour of battle, and poured forth his soul in song, and fired every warrior to the highest and most heroic deeds. Thus it was in Ireland when Nial of the Nine Hostages swept down upon the coast of France; and took St. Patrick (then a youth) prisoner; the first sounds that greeted the captive's ear were the strains of our old Irish harpers, celebrating, in a language he then knew not, the glories and victories of heroes long departed.

Now, it was Ireland's fortune that the sons of Milesius came and settled there. They came from Spain in the earliest ages; and they brought with them a tradition of civilization, of law, and of national melody. They established a system of jurisprudence, established the reign of law, of empire, and of national government in the land; they made Ireland a nation governed by kings recognizing her constitution and laws,—governed by an elective constitutional monarchy. Assembled thus, they met in the lofty and heroic halls of ancient Tara. There our ancient history tells us that, after the King who sat upon his throne, the very first places among the princes of the royal family were given to the bards. They were the historians of the country. They wrote the history of the nation in their heroic verse, and proclaimed that history in their melodious song; they were the priests of that ancient form of paganism, that ancient and mysterious form of Druidical worship which found its inspiration in the charm of melody. And so they popularized their false gods, by appealing to the nation's heart, through song. They were the favorite counsellors of the kings; they were the most learned men in the land; they knew all the national traditions, and all the nation's resources: and, therefore, if a war

was to be planned, or an alliance to be formed, or a treaty to be made, the bards were called into the council: it was their wise counsel that guided and formed the national purposes. They accompanied the warrior-king to the field of battle; and that warrior-king's highest hope was that, in returning triumphant from the field of his glory, his name might be immortalized among his fellow-men, and enthroned in the fame of the bardic song; and that even if he was borne back, dead upon his shield, from the field of battle, his name would be perpetuated, and his fame would live on in the hearts and minds of his countrymen, enshrined in the glories of national song.

Hence it is, that, from the earliest date of Irish history,—long before the light of Christianity beamed upon us,—the bards were the greatest men in the land. The minstrels of Erin filled the land with the sound of their song; and the very atmosphere of Ireland was impregnated with music. The hour is yet near when God gave to our native land, its highest gift, namely, a truly poetic child. When Ireland's poet came, to find fame and immortality in Ireland, nothing was left to him, nothing required of him, but to take these ancient melodies floating in the land, to interpret the Celtic in which they were found, into the language of to-day; and Tom Moore, Ireland's poet, well might say, as he took Erin's harp in his hand—

“ Dear Harp of my country ! in darkness I found thee ;
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long ;
When, proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song.
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill :
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

“ Dear harp of my country ! farewell to thy numbers ;
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone.
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over ;
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own.”

Yes ; Ireland's poet was a lover of his country, and was smitten with her glory ; but finding that glory eclipsed in the present, he went back to seek it in the past, and found every ancient tradition of Erin's ancient greatness still living in the hearts of the people and the voice of their national song. It was the music of Ireland, as it was the bards of Ireland, that kept the nation's life-blood warm, even when that life-blood seemed to be flowing from every vein. It was the sympathy of Ireland's music,—the strong, tender sympathy of her bards,—that sustained the national spirit, even when all around seemed hopeless.

The first great passage in our history, as recorded by Ireland's poet, and by him attuned to a sweet ancient melody, describes the landing of the Milesians in Ireland. It was many centuries before Christianity beamed upon the land. An ancient Druidical prophecy foretold that the sons of a certain chief, called Gadelius, were to inherit a beautiful island in the West. This became a dream of hope to that family ; so, at last, they resolved to seek this island of "Innisfail." And, as the poet so beautifully expresses it,—

" They came from a land beyond the sea ;
And now o'er the Western main,
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
' Oh ! where's the isle we've seen in dreams ?
Our destined home or grave, '—
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

" And lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
' 'Tis Innisfail !—'tis Innisfail ! '
Rings o'er the echoing sea ;
While, bending to Heaven, the warriors hail
The home of the brave and free."

For many years after their landing, the Milesians labored to make Ireland a great country ; and they succeeded. But the brightest light of all had not yet beamed upon us ; the

light of Christianity was not yet upon the land. Yet many indications foretold its coming; and among others, there is one, commemorated in ancient tradition and ancient song, which the poet has rendered into the language of our day. We are told that, years before Ireland became Catholic, the daughter of a certain king named Leara, or Lir, whose name was Fionnuala, was changed by some magic agency into the form of a swan; and she was doomed to roam through the lakes and rivers of Ireland, until the time when the "bell of Heaven" should be heard ringing for the first Mass: then the unhappy princess was to be restored to her natural shape. So the reasoning bird sailed on; and she sang, to the rivers and to the lakes and to the cascades, the song:—

"Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy waters;
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose;
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When shall Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?"

"Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
For still in her darkness does Erin lie sleeping;
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When shall the day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When shall Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above."

The light came; and Patrick, the Catholic Bishop, stood upon Tara's height, to meet the intelligence, the music, and the mind of Ireland. The light came; and Patrick, the Bishop, stood, with a voice ringing to words never heard before in the Celtic tongue, and to a music newly awakened in the land; with the Gospel of Christ upon his lips, and the green shamrock in his hand. And these wise Druids leaned upon their harps, listened and argued until conviction seized upon them; and Dhubhac, the head of the bards, seized his harp and said: "O ye kings and men of Erin! this man

speaks the glory of the true God; and this harp of mine shall never resound again save unto the praises of Patrick's God." Then all that was in Ireland, of intelligence, of affection, of bravery, of energy, of talent, and of soul, rose up; they sprang to Patrick, clasped him to their hearts, and rose to the very height of Catholic and Christian perfection, with all the energy and the noble heart of the old Celtic Nation.

Then began three centuries of such glory as the world never beheld before or since. The whole island became an island of saints and sages. Monasteries and colleges crowned every hill and sanctified every valley; and in this era of music the whole island became the monastic centre of Europe. Upon the rising heights of Mungret, on the Shannon's banks, five hundred monks, all well-skilled in music, sang the praises of God. In Bangor, in the County Down, thousands of Irish monks established the custom of taking up the praise of God in successive choirs,—night and day, day and night; so that the voice of the singer, the notes of the harper, the sound of the organ were never for an instant silent in the glorious choirs of that ancient monastery. Then do we read, upon the testimony of one of our bitterest enemies, the English historian, Sylvester Giraldus, commonly known as "Giraldus Cambrensis," that the Irish so excelled in music, that the kings of Scotland and of Wales came thence to Ireland to look for harpers and minstrels to take back with them, to be the pride and honor of their courts. And the students who came from all the ends of the earth to study in the colleges and schools of Ireland, among other things, learned the music of the land, and went home to charm their parents and their fellow-countrymen, in Germany, in France, in the North of Italy, with the strains and the splendid tradition of music that they had learned in the island that was the mother of song.

St. Columba, or Columbkille, was the head of the bards in Ireland. At that time, so great was the honor in which the bards were held, that an Irish king bestowed the barony of Ross-Carberry,—a large estate, carrying with it titles of nobility,—upon a minstrel harper, in return for a glorious song. Oh! how well must the bard have been honored! how magnificently and grandly appreciated, when the kings of the land sought to bestow their highest dignities upon

the child of song. In this degenerate age, if a thing is worth scarcely anything, our phrase is "'tis scarcely worth a song!" But, fourteen hundred years ago, a song, in Ireland, if it was well written, and set to original music, and the harper could skilfully sweep the chords of his lyre, and excite joy or pleasure in the heart of his monarch,—that harper received a crown of gold, broad lands, and titles of nobility.

A few years later, we find that there were twelve hundred masters of the art of music in Ireland, and that King Hugh, of Ireland, was so much afraid of them,—of their influence with the people,—beside which his own royalty seemed to be nothing,—so deeply was music loved by the people,—that he became jealous, and was about to pass a decree for the destruction of the minstrels wholesale; when St. Columba, who was far away in Iona, hearing that his brother bards were about to be destroyed, hastened from his far northern island; and it is said that, as, in his remorse, he had made a vow never to look upon the green soil of his country again, he came blindfolded and blindfolded he went. He was a bard; he pleaded as a bard for his fellow-bards; and he succeeded. And well it is said that Ireland and Scotland may well be grateful to the founder of Iona, who saved the music which is now the brightest gem in the crown of both lands.

But the piety and the peace that shone upon the land by the glory of Ireland's virtue in these by-gone days were so manifest, that, as if they knew it, but had no fear, the kings and the chieftains of the land resolved to test it. From the north-west point of the island, a young maiden, radiant in beauty, alone and unprotected, covered with jewels, set out to travel throughout the whole length of the land. On the highway she trod any hour of the morning, mid-day, and the evening; she penetrated through the centre of the island; she crossed the Shannon; she swept the Western coast, and came up again to the shores of Munster; she penetrated into the heart of royal Tipperary; she met her countrymen on every mile of her road; no man of Ireland ever offended her by a fixed stare; no man of Ireland addressed to her an imprudent word; no hand in all Ireland was put forth to take from her defenceless body one single gem or jewel that shone thereon. The poet thus describes her as meeting

a foreign knight, a stranger from a distant land, who came to behold the far-famed glory of Catholic Ireland :

" Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But, oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

" " Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone, and so lovely, along this bleak way ?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ? "

" " Sir knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm ;
For, though they love woman and golden store,
Sir knight ! they love honor and virtue more ! "

" On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle ;
And blest forever is she who relied
On Erin's honor, and Erin's pride."

This vision of historic loveliness and glory was rudely shattered and broken by the Danish invasion at the end of the eighth century. The Danes landed on the coast of Wexford ; and the fate of the country was imperilled ; the piety of the country was threatened ; the religion of the country was almost extinguished ; and for three hundred years, the question was of national existence. In every field of the land, the blood of the people flowed like water. For instance, when the Danes and the Irish met in the county of Wicklow, they encountered each other in the "sweet Vale of Avoca." The battle began at six o'clock in the morning ; it lasted till nightfall. The rivers flowed red with blood : but, when the sun was setting, and the Irish standard of green, with the harp upon its folds,—then *crowned*, not crownless, as to-day,—was flung out, the Gael was victorious ; and six thousand dead bodies of the Danes covered the Vale of Avoca. Something more glorious even than the tender reminiscences of our national poet is the recall of the victory which was gained there. He praises the Vale for its beauty :—

“ There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
 Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.”

But it is not “ the beauty that nature has shed o’er the scene ” that is its grandest reminiscence ; it is the battle that mingled itself in that vale, which saw the glorious King Malachi the Second return victorious, wearing

“ The collar of gold,
 Which he won from the proud invader,—”

—that evening that saw the laurels of Avoca sprinkled with the red blood of the Danish foe. For, as the poet says,—

“ Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch’d and blowing,
 Than this whose braid
 Is pluck’d to shade
 The brows with victory glowing.

“ We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag flutters o’er us,
 The friends we’ve tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us.”

This was Ireland’s cry on that glorious field.

Yet, although the future was so grievously imperilled,—although so many interests were threatened with destruction,—yet Ireland, during these three hundred years of Danish war, kept her music. Her bards were in the battle-fields ; and often the sound of the harp mingled with the cry of the combatants ; and often the hand that “ smote down the Dane,” like that of the glorious King who fell at Clontarf, —Brian Boroimhe,—was a hand that could not only draw the sword and wield it, but could sweep the harp, and bring forth from its chords of silver or of gold the genius and the tenderness of Irish song. But on the field of Clontarf, when Brian went forth to the battle, the chief of his bards, Mac Liag, who accompanied him to the field, and went before him

as he reviewed his army, brought forth, with trembling fingers, the spirit of the national music, and braced the arms of the hero. That minstrel had to take back with him the dead body of his aged and well-loved monarch; and he lifted up his voice in a song, the sweetest and most tender, yet most manly expression of the grief of the faithful friend and servant, as he sat in the hall of Kincora, and filled it with his lamentation over the body of Ireland's greatest king. He told the nation to remember his glories, and the bards to fling out the name of Brian as the strongest argument of bravery:—

"Remember the glories of Brian the Brave,—
Though the days of the hero are o'er,
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kincora no more.
The star of the field, which so often hath poured
Its beam o'er the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

"Mononia!—when Nature embellish'd each tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,—
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print,
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains."

Brian passed to his honored grave and to the immortality of his Irish human fame; and with his lips upon the crucifix he sent forth his spirit to God. The unhappy year 1168 came, and brought with it the curse of Ireland in the first cause of the English invasion. Bear with me, ye maidens and mothers of Ireland, bear with me when I tell you that this curse was brought upon us by an Irishwoman; and I would not mention her save that in all history she is the only daughter of Ireland who ever fixed a stain on the white banner of Erin. She was an Irish princess named Dearbhorgail, who was married to O'Ruark, Prince of Brefni, but eloped with Dermot MacMurchadh, King of Leinster.

O'Ruark, at the time, was absent on a religious pilgrimage of devotion. His return to his abandoned home, and his despair, are commemorated in song. The whole nation was aroused, and the unhappy Dearbhorgail and her paramour, the King of Leinster, were banished from the Irish soil. Why? Because, with her traditions, of fame and glory, there was no room on the soil of Ireland for the adulterous man or for the faithless woman. Thus driven forth, Mac-Murchadh invoked the aid of Henry II. to reinstate him; and, in the year 1169, that monarch sent over an English, or rather a Norman army; they set foot upon Ireland; and there they are, unfortunately, to-day. From that hour to this, the history of Ireland is written in tears and blood. On returning, his thoughts full of God, O'Ruark sees the towers of his castle rise before him. The poet thus describes his emotions:—

- “ The valley lay smiling before me,
Where so lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That saddened the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp, which she told me
Should shine when her pilgrim returned;
But though darkness began to enfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burned.
- “ I flew to her chamber;—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead!
Ah! would it were death and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled!
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pain into bliss;
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbbed to a proud rival's kiss.
- “ There was a time, falsest of women,
When Brefni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee in thought!
While now,—oh, degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
Through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame

"Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide, to dishonor ;
And tyrants they long will remain.
But, onward ! the green banner rearing ;
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt."

The war,—the sacred war,—began. We know that, for four hundred sad years, that war was carried on with varying success. On many a field was it well fought and well-defended—this cause of Ireland's national independence. Many a man, glorious in her history, wrote his name upon its annals with the point of a sword dripping with Saxon blood. Yet the cause was a losing one, though not a lost one. Well might Ireland's patriots weep when they saw division in the camp, division in the council;—when they saw the brightest names in Ireland's history going to look for Norman honors,—to sink the proud names of the O'Brien, the O'Neil, or the O'Donnell in the vain titles of the Earl of this, or the Earl of that. Well might the impassioned minstrel exclaim, in the agony of the thought that, perhaps, Ireland was never more to be a nation,—

"Oh ! for the swords of former time !
Oh ! for the men who bore them,
When, armed for right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them ;
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honors to enslave him,
The noblest honors worn by man
Were those which virtue gave him."

How fared it with the bards during this long-protracted agony of national woe? They still animated the hopes of the nation: they still made their appeals to the Irish heart: they still made the pulse of the nation vibrate again to the vibration of their glorious harps. Spencer, the English poet, reproached them, because they sang only of love. Alas! they had scarcely any other field. The time of national glory—of national prosperity—was gone. They were

the voice of an oppressed and down-trodden people ; therefore did the Irish bard answer—

“ Oh ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame ;
He was born for much more, and, in happier hours,
His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
The string which now languishes loose o’er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior’s dart ;
And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot’s heart.”

Yes ; they did not content themselves, these bards, with merely animating the national purpose, and thrilling and rousing the national heart and courage. They did more. In the day of battle and danger, when they sounded the tocsin for the war and for the fight, then the bards that could have awakened, and did awaken, the tenderest strains of song, were foremost in the battle-field, fighting for Erin. It is more than an idle tradition, that, which is embodied in the poet’s verse :

“ The minstrel boy to the war has gone ;
In the ranks of death you’ll find him :
His father’s sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
‘ Land of song,’ cried the warrior bard,
‘ Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.’ ”

“ The minstrel fell, but the foeman’s chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne’er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, ‘ No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery.’ ”

Three hundred years ago, that mild and holy man whose name I have sometimes had occasion to mention before, at the sound of whose name rises before you the picture of a

bloated, wallowing swine, with his blood-shot, inflamed eyes, reeking with lust, and his hands clutching for a throat, to grasp a sufferer and extinguish a life; and his huge frame scarcely able to move;—well, his name is Henry the Eighth;—one of the first laws he made was, that every harper and every minstrel in Ireland should be put to death. It was so like him. He was so fond of killing people,—especially women. Every good-looking lady in England, in his time, was dreadfully afraid of him; and, if you wanted a lady to faint, or to put up her hands to see if her head was on her shoulders, you had only to say, "I hear the King is a great admirer of yours." Then,—and even before his time, from the day that the Norman invader first set foot on the soil of Ireland,—we have the testimony of history for it; we have the decrees of the English monarchs for it,—the Irish bards and minstrels,—Irish to their heart's core,—were in the habit of coming into the English camps and playing their national Irish airs. The English knew that these men were their enemies; they had orders from the king to seize any harper that came into their camps, because they came only as spies, to find out the strength and disposition of their forces; yet, oh! glory of Ireland! so sweet was the performance of these men,—so melodious their music, that in spite of the royal decree, the English soldiers, officers, and generals used to go out to look for these harpers and bring them into camp. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote a history of Ireland, was obliged to admit there was no such music heard in the world;—and, coming down to the eighteenth century, the learned and accomplished Geminiani, who died in Dublin in 1783, left in his history of music these words:—"There is no original music in the West of Europe, except the Irish." Queen Elizabeth, following in the footsteps of her *holy* and accomplished father, imitating him in everything, even in her immaculate purity,—resembling him perfectly, except, that while her father was corpulent as a whale, she was as thin as a herring,—this Queen of England passed another law. She said: "We never can conquer Ireland, and we can never make Ireland Protestant as long as the minstrels are there." So, she passed a law that they were all to be hung; and there was a certain lord in her court, with, I regret to say, an Irish title,—my Lord Barrymore,—

who promised to do this, and was appointed, and took out a commission to hang every man that was a harper. Why? Because the same spirit by which the bard and minstrel had kept the nation up to its national contest, now turned its attention to the other element of discord; and as the national war became a religious war, the bard proved as Catholic as he was Irish.

There are two ideas in the mind of every true Irishman, and these two ideas England never was able to root out of the land, nor out of the intellect, nor out of the hearts of the Irish people. And these two ideas are:—Ireland is a nation. That is number one. Ireland is a Catholic nation; and so will she remain. Plundered of our property, they made us poor. We preferred poverty rather than deny our religion and become renegades to God. Our schools were taken from us, and they thought they were reducing us thereby to a state of beastly ignorance. They made it a crime for an Irishman to teach his son how to read. Our religion kept us enlightened in spite of them. England never, never succeeded in affixing the stain of degradation and ignorance upon the Irish people. They robbed us of liberty, as well as of property; they robbed us of life; they took the best of the land and slaughtered them; they took the holy priests from the altars and slaughtered them. They took our Bishops, the glorious men of old, and slew them. When Ireton entered Limerick, he found O'Brien, the Bishop of Emly—a saint of God,—found him there—where an Irish Bishop ought to be—in the midst of his people, rallying them to the fight, sending them into the breach again and again. They took O'Brien, the Irish Bishop, brought him into the open street, before his people, and they slaughtered him, as a butcher would slaughter a beast. They took Bishop O'Hurley, and brought him to Stephen's Green, in Dublin, and there tied him to a stake, and roasted him to death at a slow fire. They took six hundred of my own brave brethren,—Dominicans,—brave, true men, Irishmen all. Oliver Cromwell, wherever you are to-night, I believe you have the blood of these six hundred priests upon you,—all except four! There were only four left! Think of this! They thought that, when an Irishman was completely crushed, he ought to buy at least an acre of land, the land that belonged to him, or a morsel of bread to feed his

family, by becoming a Protestant. The Irish people—men and women—declared that their religion,—their faith, was dearer to them than their lives. The Irish peasant man,—pure, strong, warlike, determined, high-minded, true to his God, true to his native land, true to his fellow-men,—kneeled down before the ruined shrine of the Catholic Church, that he loved ; and to that Church he said :—

"Through grief and through danger, thy smile hath cheer'd my way,

Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay.

The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd ;

Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned.

Yes, slave as I was, in thine arms my spirit felt free,

And bless'd even the sorrows, that made me more dear to thee.

"Thy rival was honor'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd ;

Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorn'd ;

She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves ;

Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves ;

Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,

Than wed where I love not, or turn one thought from thee."

This time, England recognized in the Irish bards not only the enemies of her dominion,—which would fain extinguish the nationality of Ireland,—but still more the enemies of her reformed Protestant religion, which would rob Ireland of her ancient faith, which she received from her Apostle. The bards lived on, however. In spite of Henry VIII., in spite of Elizabeth, and in spite of my Lord Barrymore, who took the contract as hangman to dispose of them, they lived on down to the time of Carolan ; and we have, in a history of Scotland, the testimony of a man who says that the Scotch, Welsh, and English, in the memory of living men in his time, used to go over to Ireland to study music. Handel, the great composer, one of the greatest giants of modern song, went over to London : he was coldly received. He went from England to stay in Dublin, where he was so warmly received, and found every note of his music so thoroughly appreciated, that he immediately set to work and wrote that immortal work, the Oratorio of "The Messiah," under the inspiration of an Irish welcome. This

grandest of all modern pieces was first brought out in Dublin, before an Irish audience.

Carolan, the last of the bards, died but a few years before Moore was born. It seemed as if the last star in the firmament of Ireland's bards had set. It seemed indeed as if

“The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hung as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.”

But that star of Ireland's song, Tom Moore, greatest of Ireland's modern poets, immortalized himself as well as the songs of his country in his famous “Irish Melodies.” Where have you ever heard such simple, yet entrancing, melodies? The greatest men among modern composers, though they hold the palm of supremacy, yet admit that this music has a melody of its own which cannot be equalled. Some of these melodies are as ancient as Ireland's Christianity. Take, for instance, the air of “Eileen Aroon.” So fair and beautiful is the melody of this, that Handel declared he would rather be the author of that simple melody than of all the works that ever came from his pen or from his mind. These airs are sung in every land. They are admired wherever the influence of music extends. They have softened—even in our own modern times they have softened and prepared the English mind to grant us Catholic Emancipation. Of course the most powerful motive, as experience has proved, was fear. This is the principal motive for any concession we receive from England. But certain it is that the Irish songs and melodies of the old Irish bards popularized the Irish character in England, and enabled us the more easily to gain that which was wrung from England's king and England, through the sympathy that was created by Moore's “Melodies.” Hence it is that he himself expresses the anguish, yet the hope, of the bard:

“But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, lovéd Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Can he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.”

The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er his plains ;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep ;
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause, at the song of their captive, and weep !"

Music is the most spiritual of all human enjoyments. The pleasures of the taste are beastly ; the pleasures of the eye are dangerous : the pleasures of the ear, the delight of listening to strains of sweet song, is at once the most entrancing and least dangerous of all the pleasures of sense. You may enjoy more of the pleasure of music without sensuality—it is scarcely capable of exciting any undue emotion of the heart or temptation of the mind. Nay more—we know from the Scriptures that music, that song, is the native language of Heaven, as it is the natural language of man upon the earth. We know that, as music recalls the most vivid and tender recollections of earth, so that the dead start from their graves and throng once more the halls of memory at the sound of the well-known song, so also we know the joy of even the blessed angels of God is expressed in the language of divine and celestial song. It was a theory of old that the very spheres moved to a grand harmony of their own ; whereupon our national bard sang—

"Sing—sing—music was given
To brighten the gay and kindle the loving ;
Souls here,—like planets in Heaven,—
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving."

For, that which is a simple theory of the spheres of the created firmament, is to be received as a reality when we regard the harmony of the divine sphere of Heaven. There the angels sing the praises of God ; there the air of Heaven is resonant with songs of joy—with the sweet concord of many sounds mingled with the strains of the angelic harpers upon their harps. Oh, let us hope that as we, as a nation, have the privilege among the nations to hold in our national melodies the sweetest and tenderest strains of human song, so may we as children of that nation and land of song carry our taste with us into the field of the purest of melodies, and that those who sang best upon earth may sing best in the

courts of God. In vain would Ireland's song be the brightest of all earthly melody, unless that song were to be perpetuated in the higher echoes and grander melodies of Heaven. Have we not reason to believe that those bards and heroes who stood in the hour of battle and danger and difficulty for their home, and their national liberty, for God and their native land, and died for these, have we not good reason to believe that those children of song have joined the higher and more celestial choir? Yes, Ireland's minstrels sung the apostolic song of faith, the virgin song from the lips of the holy St. Bridget,—the song of the holy, pure, stainless daughters of Erin, who are now, as in days past, our joy and glory; their song was the sweetest on earth, and I have no doubt will be the sweetest in heaven. Let us, therefore, cling to the loved old land that made heroes of them, to the love of our old religion that made saints of them; let us remember that every Irishman, all the world over, and every son of an Irishman, and every grandson of an Irishman,—has that blood in his veins which brings to him the responsibility and the tradition of fifteen hundred years of national, as well as religious, glory;—the responsibility through which our fathers from their graves appeal to us for God and for Erin; the noblest, the best blood, in which a pure nationality, always preserved and left distinct, is sanctified by the highest purity of an unchanged and unchanging faith. That is the glory of every Irishman in the world, and it brings a responsibility; for such a man is obliged, beyond all other men, to live up to these traditions, and show that he is no degenerate scion of such a race. I have come here among you; and on my return to Ireland I will bear in my heart the joy, and on my lips the glad message, that you, my friends, are no degenerate sons of Ireland. I will bring back, to cheer the saddened hearts at home,—I will bring back, to gladden the expectant hearts at home,—the good and the manly and the glorious message that I have met thousands and thousands of Irishmen in America; but that, amid all the rising glories of their new country, I have not met one who had forgotten his love or his affection for the land of his birth. If such a one there be, if such an Irishman be or exist, so forgetful of the history, so dead to the glory of his native land, as to be ashamed of being an Irishman,—if such a man be in exist-

ence in this country,—he has spared me the pain, the humiliation, and the disgust of showing himself.

And now, my friends, having invited your attention to the subject of Ireland's national music, let me wind up with one or two reflections similar to those with which I began. Irish song has played a large part, not only in the strengthening of Ireland's sons, but also in the conciliation of Ireland's most bitter enemies. Even as Moore made every true heart and every true and noble mind in the world melt into sorrow at the contemplation of Ireland's wrongs and the injustice that she suffered, as they came home to every sympathetic heart upon the wings of Ireland's ancient melody, yet he said to the harp of his country,—

"Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till waked by some hand less unworthy than mine."

A hand less unworthy came; a hand less unworthy than Thomas Moore's; a hand more loyal and true than even his was, when in Ireland's lays appeared the immortal Thomas Davis. He and the men upon whom we built up our hopes for Young Ireland,—he, with them, seized the sad, silent harp of Erin, and sent forth another thrill in the invitation to the men of the North to join hands with their Catholic brethren,—to the men of the South to remember the ancient glories of "Brian the Brave." To the men of Connaught, he seemed to call forth Roderic O'Connor from his grave at Clonmacnoise. He rallied Ireland, in that year so memorable for its hopes and for the blighting of those hopes. He and the men of the *Nation* did what this world has never seen in the same space of time, by the sheer power of Irish genius, by the sheer strength of Young Ireland's intellect; the *Nation* of '43 created a national poetry, a national literature, which no other country can equal. Under the magic voices and pens of these men, every ancient glory of Ireland stood forth again. I remember it well. I was but a boy at the time;—but I remember with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading "Davis's Poems;" and it would seem to me that, before my young eyes, I saw the dash of "the Brigade," at Fontenoy;—it would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb,—the war-cry of the Red Hand,—

lám dearg abú, as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the rising sun, melted before the Irish onset. The dream of the poet,—the aspiration of the true Irish heart,—is yet unfulfilled. But remember that there is something sacred in the poet's dream. The inspiration of genius is second only to the inspiration of religion. There is something sacred and infallible,—with all our human fallibility,—in the hope of a nation that has never allowed the hope of freedom to be extinguished. For many a long year, day and night, the sacred fire that was enkindled before St. Bridget's shrine, at Kildare, was fed and sent its pure flame up to heaven. The day came when that fire was extinguished. But the fire that has burned for nearly a thousand years upon the altar of Ireland's nationality,—fed with the people's hopes, fed with the people's prayers,—that fire has never been extinguished, even though torrents of the nation's blood were poured out upon it;—that fire burns to-day; and that fire will yet illumine Ireland.

I will conclude with one word. Even as King Lir's lonely daughter, Fionnuala, sighed for the beaming of the day-star, so do I sigh. When shall that day-star of freedom, mildly springing, light and warm our isle with peace and love! When shall the bell of sacred liberty ringing, call every Irish heart from out the grave of slavery,—from out the long, miserable night of servitude,—to walk in the full blaze of our national freedom and our national glory! Oh! may it come. Oh, God! make our cause Thy cause! I speak as a priest as well as an Irishman;—I claim in my prayer to that God to whom my people have been so faithful, to give us not only that crown of eternity to which we look forward in the Christian's hope,—but, oh! to give us, in His justice, that crown of national liberty and glory to which we have established our right by so many ages of fidelity.

ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

(Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Wednesday Evening, September 18th, 1872.)

MY FRIENDS: Coming over to Brooklyn this evening, I confess I did not expect to find so large a house as this which I now have the honor of addressing. I thought to myself that, perhaps, the subject might not be sufficiently interesting to many amongst you; for in this nineteenth century of ours, saints are rather out of fashion, and people do not take much interest in them. But your presence here, in such numbers, this evening, cheers me, and gives me another argument, if such were necessary, to be proud of my fellow countrymen and countrywomen, who find, amidst the varied attractions of these two great cities in which they live, nothing more attractive to bring them together than the record of a saint of the Catholic Church,—as true a saint and as true a patriot as ever the Island of Saints and of martyrs produced.

I have had, before now, the honor to address you in this hall; but never, either here or elsewhere, have I been furnished with a nobler theme than that upon which I propose to speak to you this evening. It comes home, my friends, to your hearts and to mine; for there are two blessings for which we all thank God. The first of these is the blessing of that Catholic faith in which we live and which we enjoy; and the second is the blessing of that Irish blood which flows in our veins and throbs around our hearts. When, therefore, I mention to you the name of Laurence O'Toole, the last canonized saint of Ireland's children, I name one of the grandest figures that rises up registered upon the annals of the Catholic Church, and one of the grandest figures that passes before the historian's eye when he contemplates the great men and the great glories that make up the history of Ireland. Interesting to you as Catholics, I shall endeavor to describe the saint; interesting to you as Irishmen, I shall

endeavor to describe the patriot; and I shall invite you to reflect upon the great lesson that this man's name and history teach us, namely; that the highest sanctity, upon which the Catholic Church sets the crown of her canonization, is compatible with the purest and strongest love of fatherland; and that the Catholic Church never refuses to crown the patriot in the saint, and the saint in the patriot.

The subject will, necessarily, oblige me to touch upon the most lamentable and dolorous part of our history. The historical muse, in tracing the record of other nations, writes with a pen dipped in characters of gold; the historical muse, in writing the history of Ireland, dips her pen in tears and in blood. Laurence O'Toole lived in the day that witnessed his country's downfall; and he went down to his grave a young man,—only forty-five years of age. The physicians could not tell what was the malady that terminated that glorious life; but his Irish attendants, who surrounded his death-bed, in a foreign land, said to each other that he died of a broken heart. In his veins flowed the blood of Ireland's royalty. It may be new to some of you,—to many amongst you I am sure it is no novelty,—to tell you that the ancient form of government in Ireland subdivided the Island into four distinct kingdoms, and that the ancient *Breathnach* or Celtic Constitution, recognized one supreme monarch, elected at stated periods to govern all. These kingdoms were Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, and Munster; and although each province was governed by its own chief or ruler, the king,—still, under these again there were several independent chiefs or petty sovereigns, who governed the powerful clans into which the nation was divided. The beautiful mountains and glens of Wicklow, which the traveller of to-day loves to visit, and where he beholds scenery as lovely in its pastoral beauty as any he can find upon the earth's surface,—this beautiful land of Wicklow was subject to a chieftain of the name of O'Byrne,—in possession of his sept or clan, who were all men of his own name. Even to this day, after more than a thousand years, a few of the name of O'Byrne still hold freehold property in Wicklow. Never will I forget how, in one of my trips on foot through that romantic land, a man working in the field was pointed out to me, as the last lineal descendant of the ancient sept, or clan of O'Byrne, who once ruled and possessed the county of Wick-

low. I went over to speak to him. He was eighty-six years of age, tall, erect, majestic; his hair, white as silver, and combed back, fell in venerable locks upon his shoulders; his blue eye still retained somewhat of the chieftain's fire of the ages long past; and at the age of eighty-six, he was doing a hard day's work, suited to a young and able-bodied man. But he had a privilege rare to the Irish peasant;—he was digging his own soil,—the land that belonged to himself. He leant upon his spade, when I spoke to him. I asked him his name. Drawing himself up to his full height,—which was considerably more than six feet,—he answered like a hero: "My name is O'Byrne; and I am the last of them." "Of whom," I said, "do you rent your land?" "This little spot," he answered, "into which I send this spade, was my father's before me; was his father's before him; and so on, until we go up to the time when the chief of the O'Byrnes sat upon his chair in the Hall of Tara, and heard from Patrick's lips the Gospel of Christ." The simple, poorly-clad, royal peasant, in a few words, flung back his ancestry and genealogy through generations of heroes, until he reached the fountain-head of Ireland's religion and Ireland's history. Where is there a nation on the face of the earth, where the peasant, laboring in the field, can make such answer to the casual inquirer, and tell of ancestors who wore royal crowns fifteen hundred years ago?

Adjoining the possessions of these clans, and the mountains of Wicklow, lay, surrounding them, the fertile plains of historic Kildare. The traveller threading down his way from the summits of the mountain of Kippure—called in the Irish language *Ceann bán* or "White Head," because of the snow which almost perpetually rests upon its summit,—beholds before him the verdant plains of Kildare, in slightly swelling, undulating hill and dale,—the richest land in Ireland, save and except the "Golden Vale" of glorious Tipperary. Through this beautiful plain, winding in and out, he sees, like a thread of silver, the river Liffey, from its rising in the mountains of Wicklow, until, after many windings and murmurings, it passes through the glens and the romantic scenery of *Poul-na-Phouca*, finds its way to the city of Dublin, and mingles with the sea where it was reddened by the blood and covered with the corpses of the Danish invaders, when the sword of Ireland gleamed in the

hand of Brian Boroimhe. These plains of Kildare were owned by an Irish chieftain named O'Toole; and, as his territories lay adjoining the septs of Wicklow, it happened that, early in the twelfth century, about the year 1100, Maurice O'Toole, prince of Kildare, took as his wife a princess of the house of O'Byrne, of Wicklow. God blessed their union with many children; and amongst them a fair child was born to the Kildare chieftain; and by Divine inspiration, revealed by a man of God,—a holy man that travelled through the land,—the child, at the baptismal font, received the name of Laurence, or, as it is in the Irish language, *Lorcán*. He was baptized before the shrine of St. Bridget, in Kildare. He was born in his father's palace, near the spot whereon now stands the town of Castledermot. In accordance with the tradition of his royal family he was sent to the shrine of Ireland's first great virgin-saint. There he received the sign of his Christianity—his Christian name and his adoption into the children of God. Thence, taken once more to his father's house, the child was reared there by his Irish mother, drawing from her breasts the pure, untainted, maternal nourishment that the mothers of Ireland have given to so many holy priests and bishops of the Church of God, that have sprung from them for fifteen hundred years. Never from that mother's lips did he hear a word save what might form his young spirit—his young heart—in the love of Christ, his Lord. Never did he see under that mother's roof a sight that might for an instant taint or sully his young virgin soul. So, he grew up under that mother's hand, even, with reverence be it said, as the child of Nazareth grew under the hand of His Virgin Mother, Mary; until, when he was ten years old, the young Laurence was the delight of his father's house, the joy of that Irish father's heart, and the very idol of his pure and holy mother's bosom.

When the child was ten years old, a scene occurred, alas! too frequent in the history of Ireland! War was declared against Prince Maurice O'Toole, of Kildare. His territories were invaded; his people were put to the sword; his royal palace destroyed; and he was obliged to fly with his princess wife and her child. The invader was no other than the thrice accursed Dermot MacMurrough, the traitor that sold Ireland. He was the King of Leinster, born in an hour

accursed of God and of the genius of Irish history. He was that Dermot MacMurrough who stole away the wife of O'Ruark, prince of Brefni. And, when Ireland arose, like one man, and declared that no adulterer should be allowed to live in the Island of Saints, he was that Dermot MacMurrough, who fled over to England, kneeled down before Henry II., and asked him to help him in Ireland, and he would lay his country enslaved and enchained at his feet. MacMurrough invaded the glens of Wicklow and the plains of Kildare in the year 1142. The Prince Maurice, unable to contend against so powerful an enemy, was obliged to come to terms of peace with him; and the very first thing that the accursed Dermot MacMurrough asked? was that he should obtain possession of the young child Laurence, to be held by him as a hostage for his father. The child of ten years,—the child who had never seen evil,—the child covered with the blessings of God, was handed over into the hands of the King of Leinster, to be treated by him as became his lineage and degree as a royal prince. For two years he remained in that captivity; and history tells us that no sooner had MacMurrough got hold of the young prince of the house of O'Toole, than he sent him into a desert part of his kingdom. The child was only allowed as much food as would keep him alive; only allowed a covering of rags sufficient to keep life in him; and for two years the young prince lived the life of a slave. It seemed as if he who was to be the last great saint of Irish blood was to go through the same probation of suffering which the Almighty God permitted to fall upon Patrick, the first great saint of Ireland's adoption.

Two years were thus spent in misery and slavery; two years in starvation, cold and want; and during these two years, the child learned, in the school of sorrow and suffering, to despise the world; to despise his royal dignity and his royal name; to despise everything except two things; and these two things he learned to love,—namely, his God and his country. Oh! my friends, it is not prosperity that teaches a man the true, deep love either of his God or of his fatherland. The test of this twofold love is suffering. The Church honors her martyrs, because they suffered for her; and I honor the man,—I do not care how different his views are from mine;—I do not care how mistaken, how rash he may have been;—I honor, from my inmost soul, the

man that has shown his love for his native land, by suffering in her cause.

Meantime, word was brought to Prince Maurice, the father, of the treatment his son was receiving. And, now, mark here again,—for, remember, that, this evening, I am not come so much to speak of this saintly man as an individual; I am come to speak of him with all his surroundings, all his associations, as the very epitome and essence of Irish genius, Irish character, and Irish history;—no sooner did the Irish father hear of the sufferings of his son, than he rose up, unprepared as he was,—unfit to make war against his powerful adversary,—he rose up; he drew his sword; he rallied the men of his name around him; and he declared war against Dermot, king of Leinster, for the recovery of the young prince. The Irish father went out like a man; went out from the embrace of his pure Irish wife; went out with his soul in his hands, to stake his life, in the day he drew his sword, for his child. He was not one of those forgetful of his own offspring, heedless of the education they receive, not caring for their suffering,—provided he himself enjoyed his own bread and his own peace. No! He was an Irish father. He was what Ireland's fathers and mothers have been in every age of her chequered and sorrowful history. He was prepared to lay down his life,—to sacrifice himself and shed his blood,—rather than suffer his young child to be brought up in ignorance, in misery, and in sin. He forced the unwilling tyrant to restore to him his boy. The graceful, beautiful child appeared before his father's eyes. He was led to that home blessed by his loving mother. Oh! how changed from the darling child who, two years before, had won every heart, in all the grace, in all the beauty, in all the comeliness of a young prince, arrayed as became his dignity, with every sign of the tenderest care and the most zealous guardianship around him. How did they find him? Grown, through misery, beyond his years, he had attained almost to the stature of a man, with all the signs of suffering—the signs of emaciation, of misery and of hunger upon him; his eyes sunken in his head; his pallid face expressing only all the trials he had gone through; his head bowed down, as that of a man old before his time; his beautiful figure all wasted away to a mere anatomy of man, and clad in unprincely rags. So he

appeared to them. But the Irish father, who was a man of faith, discerned the inner beauty that had come upon his son,—recognized in his dear son the sign of predestination,—the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Accordingly, he took him to the Abbey of Glendalough; and there he consigned him to the care of the Bishop of that ancient see. Let me say a word about this place whither the young man went to enter upon his studies at twelve years of age.

High up in the heart of the hills of Wicklow, surrounded by those towering mountains that throw their shapes in fantastic forms, far up into the clouds; high up in the heart of these hills, there is a valley enclosing a deep lake surrounded by beetling rocks. There, upon the borders of that lake, there still remain an ancient round tower and the ruins of seven churches: nothing more. Silence reigns around. No voice is heard save the voice of the singing bird upon the hawthorn tree, or the bleating of the cattle on the sides of the distant hills; but there was a time when, for many ages, that deep valley resounded to the voice of praise, from the morning watch even until night, and from the setting of the sun until the stars fled before his coming splendor in the East. Morning and night; at the midnight hour; at the rising of the sun; at the proclaiming of high-noon; at the sinking of the orb of day to his golden home in the West,—every hour was marked by the voice of praise, of benediction and of prayer, sounding forth from hundreds of Irish lips and Irish bosoms, in those happy days, when the glens and valleys of the surrounding hills were filled with the monks of old, and when, from the choirs of Glendalough,—numbering from five hundred to eight hundred monks,—the voice of praise was never silent upon the lips of the servants of God. They dwelt in their little cells, each man living in a little hut, made by his own hands, upon the mountain sides around. They came forth at stated times to public prayer in some one or other of the seven churches. They were all skilled musicians; for, as the ancient chronicler of Ireland's monasticism tells us, "It is a poor church, indeed, that is without a choir." They were skilled musicians; and, therefore, as one group finished their utterances in the Divine offices of praise to God, there was another ready to take up the note and perpetuate the glorious song of praise. The rest of the time

not given to prayer was spent in study; for the solitaries of Glendalough were not only the holiest of men, but were also the most learned men in the world, for three hundred years; and, during that time, gained for Ireland, amongst the nations, the singular title of the "mother of saints and of scholars." The founder of this famous seat of anchorites was the great monastic father, St. Kevin; and the place where he retired to study and to pray is still pointed out,—one of the caves imbedded high up in the face of the mountains, amid the poplar forests. And the traditions of holiness and learning which St. Kevin established were perpetuated in Glendalough, not only for the three hundred years of Ireland's first Christianity, but actually outlived the ravages of the three hundred years of Danish invasion and bloodshed and war. The land was desolated; but Glendalough flourished. The cathedral was in ruins; but the choir of Glendalough was vocal as before. The scholar and student fled from every sacred receptacle in the land; but the monks of Glendalough, even in the darkest hour of the Danish war, still upheld the glorious purity of Ireland's learning and Ireland's holiness. And thus, for five hundred years, that valley in the heart of the Wicklow hills was the home of the servants of God, and resounded to His perpetual praise. So great was the importance of this monastic seat, that it was erected into an Episcopal See; and there was a Bishop of Glendalough.

Now it was to this man that Maurice O'Toole brought his child of twelve years old. He had, besides him, several other sons, tall, strapping, brave and pious Irish youths, full of love for Ireland: full of love for its ancient, glorious history; full of love for their honored, royal name; full of love,—as every true Irishman shall be until the end of time,—full of love for their holy religion and for the Catholic Church of Ireland. These young princes came with their father to Glendalough; and, as all stood around the Bishop, the warrior prince said to him: "My Lord, here are my sons. I want to give one of them to God. They are all willing; and I must cast lots to find which of them the Lord will choose for His own service in the sacerdotal state." While the father was deliberating, out stepped the young but chastened and sanctified Laurence. "Oh, father!" he said, "the lot is already cast in Heaven; and it has fallen

upon me. I, Laurence, belong to God, and to Him alone. I have known His support in the days of my misery and my exile. I have fed upon His love in the days of my wretchedness and my hunger. I have separated my heart from all other love, save that of my God in Heaven and my fellow-countrymen upon the earth. To that God and to Ireland will I devote myself. Let me be the Priest." And, my friends, right well did he express, in this determination, and in this choice, the true love of a true-hearted man,—for God and for his country. Let no man deceive you: the best lover of God and of his country is the Priest,—the man who in the days of his youth, in the days of his awakening passions, in the days when nature makes her loud demand for enjoyment,—the man who then says, "I will sacrifice my heart, my affections, my life, my body, and my soul,"—for whom? For God alone? No; for he does not go into the desert; he goes out amongst his fellow-men; he grasps every man by the hand with a loving grasp; and he says, "I belong to God and to *you*." No man is so consecrated to his fellow-men as the Priest; because he comes to them with a consecration from God. There is no man upon whom the people can fall back, as they can upon the Priest; for no matter what angel of pestilence may stalk in the midst of them,—no matter what demon may scatter death or destruction around them,—every man may fly; the Priest alone must not, *dare* not, cannot fly, because he is vowed to God and to his neighbor. In the day, therefore, that the young prince said, "I renounce my principality; I renounce the prospect of reigning amongst my people; I renounce the glory of the battle, the praise of the minstrel, and the luxury of the palace; all I ask is the hut upon the mountain side in Glendalough,—my God above me, and my country around me;"—in the day that he said that, he gave proof that, amongst the sons of the Kildare chieftain, there was not one that loved his God and Ireland as he did. How well that love was tested, we shall see.

- The father, like an Irish father, gave up, willingly, the son whom he loved best of all; for it is the peculiarity of Irish parents to give to God the best that they have, and to give it cheerfully; because "God loveth the cheerful giver." I have seen in other lands—in France and Italy,—young men asking to be admitted to the priesthood, and the father

and mother saying, "How can we give him up? How can we sacrifice our child?"—trying to keep him back, with tears and entreaties. Oh, my friends! when I witnessed that, I thought of the old woman, in Galway, who had no one but me,—her only son: I thought of the old man, bending down towards the grave, with the weight of years upon him; I thought of the poverty that might stare them in the face when their only boy was gone; and yet no tear was shed; no word of sorrow was uttered; but, with joy and with pride, the Irish father and the Irish mother knew how to give up their only son to the God that made him.

Laurence bade adieu to his father and brothers. They bent their steps down the slopes of the neighboring hills, unto their own principality; and he took possession of the monk's cell, at Glendalough. For thirteen years he remained, a model of the most exalted sanctity, even to the aged ones who were versed in sanctity. They knew what was demanded of the monk and the consecrated Priest; they knew by old-time experience—the experience of years,—how complete the sacrifice of the heart must be. But the presence of the young prince amongst them, as he came forth in his monastic habit, with his eyes cast to the ground, and his face radiating and shining with the love of God, that, borne forth from his heart, came like rays from the brightness of Heaven falling in light around him;—they saw in that holy youth, kneeling, hour after hour, before the presence of God, upon the altar;—they heard in that voice, ringing clear and high, in its tones of praise, above and beyond the chorus of voices of those who praised the Lord, as if it were an angel from Heaven in the midst of them striving to uplift his angelic spirit, totally and entirely, upon the wings of song;—they saw, in all this and more, an ideal of sanctity, an embodiment of holiness, a whole pentecost of love of God such as they had never conceived before; and they all declared that God had sent them a saint in the young Irish prince. Silent as the grave, he spoke only with God or of God. Hour after hour, spent in prayer and study, made him grow in every knowledge of the age, even as he grew in divine love. His food, a morsel of brown bread, with a cup of water from the lake; his bed, the bare earth; his pillow, a stone;—he mortified his body until he impressed upon every sense and upon his whole frame the mortifica-

tion of the Cross of the God whom he learned to love. And, so, in his twenty-fifth year, Laurence,—the monk Laurence,—was recognized as the most enlightened and the most holy man in the Island, which still claimed the title of the “mother of saints and of scholars.”

The Abbot died and the young monk was elected Abbot of Glendalough, and placed at the head of his brethren. There he remained for five years; and the old Irish chroniclers tell how every poor, stricken creature in the land, even to the farthest ends of Ireland, made his way to the glens of Wicklow, that he might get relief, food, and clothing from the bounty of the Abbot Laurence, and the blessing of God from the touch of his sacred hand. We are told that; while he was Abbot of Glendalough, there came, through the visitation of God, a terrible famine upon the land. Laurence arose, gathered together all that the monasteries possessed of clothing and of food; he took even the sacred implements of the altar,—the very chalices of the sacred services; he opened the treasures his father had deposited with them; away went everything to feed and clothe the poor and the naked. So, in that year of famine, when the Angel of Death had spread himself in desolation over the land, the people in these years were fed and clothed and saved through the wonderful charity of the Abbot of Glendalough. O, saint in Heaven! where wert thou in '46 and '47! O, Irish heart! O, Irish sainted soul! where were thy hands! Why didst thou not burst the cerements of the tomb, and rise out of thy far distant grave in Normandy, to break bread for thy countrymen in the year of their dire trial! Alas! no saint was there! If Glendalough had been, the people would not have died. But Glendalough was swept away, and the infernal spirit of Henry VIII., and of England's supremacy, was upon the land to let us perish.

Now, after five years of this glorious rule of the Abbot of Glendalough, in the year 1161, the Archbishop of Dublin died. The people, long accustomed to the sanctity and the glory of their great Abbot of Glendalough;—long accustomed to contemplate the shining light that was before them;—all, with one accord, cried,—and their voice rang from end to end of the land,—“We must have the Prince and Abbot, Laurence, for our Archbishop.” One man only was grieved; one man only refused; and for twelve long months he fought

against this dignity sought to be forced upon him, with so much energy and success, that it was only in the following year,—1162,—that, by main force, he was obliged to allow himself to be consecrated Archbishop of Dublin. Archbishop of Dublin!—Laurence O'Toole, in whose veins blended the royal blood of two of Ireland's chief houses; Laurence O'Toole, was the last man of the Irish race who sat,—recognized,—upon that glorious throne. For, seven hundred years have passed away; and from the day that St. Laurence died, there has been no man of Irish blood, or Irish race, recognized as Archbishop of Dublin. For four hundred years after the death of St. Laurence, the Archbishops were Catholics; but they were all Englishmen. For three hundred years after that,—for the last three hundred years, the Archbishops,—the so-called Archbishops of Dublin,—were all Protestants; and they, too, were all Englishmen.

Now, my friends, we come to contemplate the monk in the Archbishop. He entered the city of Dublin, and took possession of Christ Church, in the year 1162. How did he find his people? I am grieved to be obliged to tell the tale. It was now sixty years since the Danes had been banished from Ireland, after they had remained in the country for three hundred long years. During these three hundred years, there never had been a day's peace throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but constant war. Every year brought its campaign, every month—every week—its pitched battle, between the soldiers of Ireland and the Danish invaders. Let this sink into your minds. Consider it well. There is not a nation on the face of the earth that can stand three hundred years of constant war without being destroyed. The churches are burned, the priests put to the sword; everything is in confusion; the sacraments neglected, the schools shut up. A people compelled to fight for their lives begin to forget God the moment the demon of war comes upon them. You have had the proof of it in the four years' war from which you have just come forth. Now realize all this if you can. For three hundred years,—a term nearly as long as from the day Columbus discovered America to the present hour,—there was not a hill-side nor a valley in Ireland that did not resound, year after year, to the various war-cries of the Dane and the Celt. Their bodies cov-

ered the land; six thousand of these Danish invaders were left dead upon the field in the glorious day when Malachi the Second drew the sword of Ireland and smote them in the valley of Glenamada, near the Vale of Avoca. The sea around the coast of Ireland, for many a day and year was covered with the corpses, and the rivers ran red with the blood of the Celt and the Dane. Thus it was for three hundred years. What wonder, my dear friends,—what wonder is it, that the history of our land tells that, by the time Ireland finally conquered her Danish enemies, after three hundred years, every vestige almost of holiness, learning, and piety had disappeared from the land. Nothing remained except the faith which the Irish race still held dear as their life, and that love for Ireland that had nerved their arms during these three hundred years of bloodshed and war. But the moment that the Danish invasion was ended, and that the Irish nation breathed freely for a time, that moment the bishops and priests and the people put head, heart, and hands together, to build up the ancient edifice of Ireland's learning and Ireland's sanctity. It is a well-known fact, that although disorder, confusion, and iniquity had crept into the land, and abounded,—that neither the priesthood nor the people reconciled themselves to it; but immediately upon the departure of the Danes, set to work. The bishops and priests met in council; the schools and the colleges were reopened; and Ireland's sanctity and holiness was fast returning, at the very time that St. Laurence O'Toole took possession of the See of Dublin. Still he found the chieftains of Ireland divided amongst themselves. He found every province in the land, every sept or clan in the land, fighting amongst themselves and disputing. Not content with having shed their blood generously for Ireland, during three hundred years, they would now fain flood the land again with Irish blood shed in domestic broils and contentions, unworthy of a people who had passed through such an ordeal. And then, moreover, amongst the people incorporated in his own city of Dublin, the marriage-tie was not sufficiently regarded. And I verily believe that the reason of this was that the greater part of the people of Dublin, at the time, were descendants of the Danes, and not pure Irish; for I can scarcely imagine the pure stock of Ireland renouncing, under any pressure, the virtue with which the Almighty

God endowed them at the hands of Patrick, both men and women. That virtue—the virtue of purity, crowned by sacramental love, and, through it alone, crowned by their conjugal fidelity—has been the first and grandest boast of the Irish race.

Grieved and excited to indignation by what he beheld, the solitary from Glendalough, accustomed to silence, retirement and communion with God, as soon as he came, a mitred Archbishop, to his people, ascended the pulpit of Christ Church, in Dublin; and there, in the Irish language,—so grand, so poetic, so vigorous and so majestic in its expression,—he hurled his denunciations against every form of impiety and of iniquity around him. He sent forth his voice, as a prince as well as an Archbishop, unto the ends of the land, and said to the chieftains of Ireland: “Unless you cease your unworthy contentions, I tell you, in the name of the Lord God, that God will punish this bloodshed and this unworthy contention by sacrificing the liberty of your country.” Clear and terrific was the voice. Clear as the angel’s trumpet announcing judgment, the voice of the great Irish prince-archbishop went out upon the land, and fell upon the unfortunately heedless and unwilling ears of the Irish chieftains. Their dissensions continued. The kings of Ulster, retreating into their own dominions, took no share in the affairs of the rest of Ireland. The clans of Munster made war, under the leadership of the O’Briens, against the royal house of O’Conor, in Connaught; while Ulster itself was divided by a hundred different feuds which separated the whole country into so many battle-fields.

Thus was Ireland in the day when the news was brought the Archbishop of Dublin that the Norman forces had come upon the shores of Ireland; that the invader’s accursed foot was once more upon the soil of Erin. It came to him as though it was the knell of his own doom; it came to him as though it was the judgment of God, which he had foreseen, for the sins and dissensions of his own people. And yet, even thus coming, it roused within him all the zeal of the prelate, and all the fire of the prince of Irish royal blood. It roused the lion spirit in the chaste bosom of the Archbishop; and when Laurence came forth amongst the people, they scarcely knew him. There seemed to be a new spirit in the indignation which came from him. The eye accus-

tomed to be cast down upon the earth, with virginal modesty, now glared around with a fiery glance, because the sacred cause of Ireland was in danger, and the invader was upon her soil. The voice that was accustomed to speak only words of peace and benediction, now sounded forth in its clarion notes, "War! War! Let slip the spirit and the dogs of war! Draw the sword of Erin! Let your blood flow as rivers in the land, until the accursed and detested invader shall be driven into the sea." He went out from Dublin: he left his city, his cathedral, his people behind him; he went straight down into Connaught, the seat of Ireland's monarch; and he said, "Oh, my High King, arise; gather up the forces of Ireland, and march with me to Dublin. I will be in the front ranks in the day when we do to the invaders what Brian did upon the plain of Clontarf, when he swept them into the sea." His voice went out in Ulster, and called O'Melaghlin, King of Ulster, from his ignoble repose, to arise, gird on his sword, and draw it for Ireland. His voice penetrated into the South, re-echoed upon the shores of the Shannon, and swept like a trumpet-blast through the ruined halls of Kincora, rousing the McCarthy Mor and the O'Brien. They rallied; they came together; they stood between the Norman and the walls of Dublin, the Archbishop in the midst of them. But, with all his power, with all his love of country, with all his spirit of devotion, he was unable to keep them together. Domestic feuds and dissensions sprang up amongst them. Oh! the accursed spirit of dissension, that has kept us divided for so many years, and that keeps us divided to-day! We have heard of *united* Ireland; we have heard of those brave hearts who took that name; but when were Irishmen united? The very last time that Irishmen were united was on that Good-Friday morning, eight hundred years ago, when the plain of Clontarf was covered with the dead bodies of the Danes, and when Dublin Bay was filled with their floating corpses. From that day to this, our united Ireland is but the dream of the poet and the inspiration of the lover of his native land.

Dublin was taken. Roderic O'Conor, King of Connaught, retired into his own kingdom; the Ulster men went home across the Boyne; the septs of Leinster were obliged to make their submission. Two or three years later, the Eng-

lish monarch himself arrived; and every prince in Ireland made a nominal submission to him, save and except the glorious, the immortal O'Neil, who still upheld the oriflamme of Ireland—the national flag of Erin. When Dublin was taken, the Archbishop Laurence interceded for his people in this fashion: When the Normans laid siege to the city the first time, the people felt that resistance would be useless; so they called on their Archbishop to go out and meet Dermot MacMurrough, the adulterous traitor, and the celebrated Richard, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed “Strongbow.” The Archbishop went out to make terms for his people; and whilst he was thus engaged, on one side of the city, Miles de Cogan entered the city on the other side and began to slaughter the people. Their cry of horror reached the Archbishop's ears as he stood in the presence of the Norman victors. The moment he heard the cry of his people, which resounded in his ears as the cry of the first-born babe in danger resounds in the heart of the mother that bore it, he fled from their presence and rushed forth, and found that the blood of his people actually flowed in the streets of the city. Then, forgetful of his safety or his life, he threw himself between them and the assailing army, and to the invaders he said: “Hold! hold! Not another son of Ireland shall be slain; not another drop of my people's blood shall be shed until you have first pierced my heart; for I am their father and their bishop.”

The city was surrendered. Now, what did the Archbishop do? Did he give up the cause of Ireland, like a faint-hearted man? He saw the Irish kings actually fighting with each other,—shedding each other's blood at the very time the invader took possession of their capital. He saw that no two of them could agree to obey one common head, or adopt one common line of policy. He had labored in vain. Did he give up the cause? No! No faithful Irish bishop or priest ever did or ever will give up the cause of Ireland. He went out from Dublin once more; he went again to the court of King Roderic, shook him once more into courage and hope for Ireland, and rallied his people. He called the Ulster men again from their fastnesses, rallied the men of Munster, the McCarthy Mor, the O'Donnells, and the O'Briens. He roused all Ireland. And the Archbishop marched at the head of sixty thousand men, in

order to lay siege to Dublin, vowing that as long as an English invader remained on Irish soil, he could never know a moment's rest.

Dublin was besieged. The Irish forces, to the number of sixty thousand, lay around it. O'Melaghlin, of Ulster, took possession of the Hill of Howth; on the plain of Clontarf Roderic O'Connor, with his large army, spread over to the site of the present Phoenix Park. On the other side, east of the hill, lay the O'Briens of Munster; the passes by the coast of Dalkey and Dunleary were held by the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes of Wicklow. They pressed the siege until the Norman knights were almost famished in the city; and driven by desperation made one desperate sally, broke through one portion of the line of the King of Connaught's army, and so liberated themselves. The Irish host, instead of closing around them and destroying them, lost courage and heart. Divided for so many years, they separated once more. The O'Connor withdrew into his western province; the O'Neil and the O'Donnell withdrew again from the town; and once more, despite the tears, the prayers and the devotion of Laurence, the land of Ireland was left at the mercy of its ruthless and tyrannical conquerors. If we credit the evidence of the historian, Leland,—one of the most ancient and respectable of our historians,—he tells us that, in that siege of Dublin, the Archbishop was seen passing from rank to rank animating the men, speaking to them in the ringing tones of their native Irish language, appealing to them by all that they held most sacred upon earth, and by their hopes of Heaven, to do battle, like men, for their native land, and to destroy its invaders. Leland goes further: he tells us (upon what authority I know not), that so carried away was the Irish prince-archbishop—when he saw the day darkening for Ireland; that he laid aside his episcopal station for an hour, girded on the sword, and led on the Irish forces, charging into the midst of their enemies as became a prince.

And, now, the heart of the man was broken; his high hopes were crushed forever. Perhaps, with his prophetic eye, illumined by the spirit of sanctity that was within him, he foresaw and caught a glimpse of the ages that were to come. Perhaps he saw his country enslaved, century after century, until her very name went out amongst the peoples

of the earth as "the Niobe of nations," the most stricken and heart-broken of peoples. Certain it is that the heart of the man was broken within him. In the year 1171, all the princes of Ireland, excepting Ulster, having made their submission, nothing remained for the holy prince-archbishop but to do all he could for his people. One of Henry's pretexts for conquering Ireland was that they were so wicked a people, and he was so good and holy ! that it was necessary that he should conquer the country to preserve the faith. How did he begin to make himself so good and holy ? He shed the blood of St. Thomas of Canterbury. That blood was upon his hand,—the blood of a holy archbishop, slaughtered at the foot of the altar, in the very presence of Christ, by the order of the tyrant ! That blood was red upon the hands of the man who came to teach the Irish people their religion ! Before him came the Archbishop of Dublin, fearless, although his fellow-prelate had been slaughtered. He demanded terms for his people. He spoke as a prince of the people that spoke with authority, and in the name of God. He frightened the tyrannical English monarch, who was of that race of which St. Bernard said : "They came from the devil, and to the devil they will go." Those were the words of St. Bernard of that very house of Plantagenet of whom Henry the Second was one of the great founders,—the man who invaded Ireland.

Now, my friends, twice did the Saint cross the sea to intercede for the Irish people, to make treaties of peace for the Irish kings with the English monarch ; and to obtain the recognition of Ireland's freedom and Ireland's nationality. And history tells us that it is to the last of Ireland's Saints we owe that treaty of peace which was concluded between Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught, and Henry II., King of England, and which recognized Ireland's nationality, Ireland's existence as a distinct nation, embodied in the person of her monarch. You may say to me it was a small thing for him to recognize Ireland's nationality when he had his foot upon her neck ; but I say it was a great thing that, for seven hundred years of war and persecution, through the action and the spirit of the last of Ireland's Saints, we are—I thank my God in Heaven—we are a nation still. We are not a province : Ireland was never a province of the British Empire. To-day, the Queen of England calls herself

"Queen of Great Britain and Ireland." To this day she sends to Ireland her Viceroy, which means one who takes the place of the King. A Viceroy is not sent to a province but to a nation. But you will ask what does all this serve? I answer, a noble idea always serves; a noble idea, maintained and upheld by the hand of priest and layman, and upheld by the hand of the martyr;—a noble idea, upheld by a worship, recognized for ages as the rallying point of a people, when the hour of their destiny arrives;—such shall Ireland's nationality be for Irishmen. You have all often heard that, when the English King invaded Ireland, he came in virtue of a Bull which he received from the Pope. Writers of English history assert this, and many amongst them bring their proofs of it. Now, I have my doubts whether he got that rescript at all. I have studied this question as well as I could, and I don't believe that the Pope ever gave the English monarch a commission to invade Ireland. It is singular that of Irish archæologists, the greatest now living,—the present respected Bishop of Ossory—Dr. Moran—who has studied for years at the fountain-head, in Rome, gives his conclusion, deliberate and calm, that he does not believe one word of the story of Adrian IV. making a present of Ireland to the English King. It may be so. It may be that such representations were made to the Pope that he inferred this; it may be that the English monarch sent his ministers there, who told the Holy Father that the Irish were such terrible people, and had given up legitimate marriage altogether; and their priests were a bad lot; and if the Pope would give him leave to go over, he would set everything to rights; for English historians tell us that was the case; and that, when Henry II. came to Ireland, he had in his hand a letter from the Pope, authorizing him to go and take possession of the Island. Now, I answer, if he had that letter, why did he not show it? He never showed it. When he came to Ireland, he never said one word about that letter—that permission from the Pope. He called all the Irish Bishops together (St. Laurence O'Toole was there), at Cashel, in 1171; he had them all, except a few from Connaught, and some of the Ulster Bishops, who held aloof because they were not yet conquered; and when all the Bishops and priests were there, Henry came and said to them, "Now you must make laws and set everything to

rights." He never said one word about the letter of the Pope. When Henry II. came to Ireland, all the historians tell us, the only man in Ireland of whom he was really afraid was St. Laurence O'Toole; because there was no man in Ireland who had such power to bind the people together; no man that loved Ireland as he did; not a braver man on that battle-field of Clontarf, than that man whose Irish heart beat beneath the cope of the Archbishop of Dublin. The English King was so much afraid of him that he endeavored by the use of every means in his power to gain him over. Now, the English King knew well that if St. Laurence O'Toole knew he had a letter of that kind from the Pope, like an humble and obedient man, he would cease his opposition; he would not be bringing sixty thousand men against him; and yet he never showed that letter to St. Laurence O'Toole. He waited until Pope Adrian IV. was ten years dead and in his grave; and then he produced the letter. And so I say that, although there be grave and weighty arguments on one side, I have such doubts as to the authenticity of that Bull of Adrian IV., that I don't believe one word of it. Nay more, seven years later, when St. Laurence went to Rome to the Council of Lateran, Alexander was then Pope; and of all the Bishops that came to that Council there was not a single man that received so much honor as the Archbishop of Dublin did, from the Pope, because of his sanctity. He put him in the highest place, gave him the pallium of Archbishop, ordered the Bishops of Ossory, of Leighlin, and others to be subject to him, made him his own Legate-Apostolic, and, crowned with glory, sent him back to Ireland. Now, if the Pope had really given permission to Henry the Second to go and take Ireland, and the Archbishop should in the face of that, have, as it were, taken Henry II. by the throat;—if that Bull of Adrian IV. was shown, you, Laurence O'Toole, Saint in Heaven to-night, you would have gone to Rome as a man under a cloud, a man who forgot where he owed his obedience, a man who dared to excite the people after the head of the Church had declared they should submit. But he did not go to Rome in that capacity; he went to receive more honor than any other Bishop; therefore, I conclude that he never saw this letter of the Pope, because I believe the Pope never wrote it.

In the year 1180, Roderic O'Conor, King of Ireland, was

again in trouble with the English monarch; and he had to send one of his sons as a hostage to Henry. St. Laurence took charge of the boy, and brought him over to England to put him into the hands of the English monarch, thinking, perhaps, with sorrow of the day when he himself, a young prince, was put into the hands of a cruel, heartless tyrant. The King of England was not in the land; he was in France at the time; but before he went to France he left orders that, if Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, came over to England, he was to be kept prisoner, and not to be allowed to return to Ireland any more. This was the man who came to reform the Irish Church and teach the people how to be good! No Irish king was ever known to lay hand on a Bishop. The first monarch that came, as Cromwell came in after years, with the words of God's holy Scripture on his lips,—he who had shed the blood of St. Thomas à-Becket,—laid hands upon and bound the Irish Archbishop in England. But the Irish blood, the spirit that can never bend, though it may be broken, revolted against this treatment. When he found he was going to be detained as a prisoner, he instantly arose, took the young prince and went over to France, to stand before the English monarch and beard him to his face. He arrived in France; but soon after he touched the soil of Normandy, and had travelled a little into the country, the heart-sorrow that weighed upon him became too great. What! An Irish prince, an Irish archbishop,—the son of an unconquered race, of a people that had never known serfdom or slavery,—has the eldest son of Ireland's monarch, Roderic O'Conor, and is bringing him, a prisoner, to put him into the hands of the tyrant that had shed the blood of his people! It was too much for him, because he thought of Ireland. He saw his country invaded and enslaved, the chieftains divided, the holy work in which he was engaged broken and ruined, the sanctuaries of St. Mel, at Armagh, in flames, the churches destroyed, Columba's saintly monasteries sacked and burned! His heart was broken within him. He turned aside to the Abbey of Eu, in Normandy, and entering in he said to the Abbot: "Give a dying man a place whereon he may lie down and die." Because of his high dignity as Archbishop of Dublin, they received him with all honor. Now, the Angel of Death was approaching. With his dying breath the Archbishop commissioned his secretary,

the Irish priest that was with him, to take the young prince and carry him to Henry, and tell him that, "When the agonies of death were upon me, I charged him, in the name of the God, before whom I am about to appear,—with my last words I charged him, in the name of Almighty God, to treat this prince as the son of a king; not to forget that this prince's father is a king, and that his people are still a nation having a king at their head." Then, as he lay upon his humble bed the monks came around him, and they heard him pouring forth his soul to God in prayer; and they said to each other: "This man must be very rich; he is Archbishop of the richest diocese in the world; perhaps he has not made his will." They did not know St. Laurence. While he was Archbishop of Dublin he fed five hundred poor people every day at his own table; he clothed and fed four hundred others outside; and constantly provided for two hundred orphans. And when they came to him and said to him: "Will you not make your will?" he looked up and said: "I declare to my God that I have not a single coin in this world to leave behind me." Then the agonies of death came upon him. There he lay, communing with his Divine Lord. And, now, at last, in this last moment, the patriot must be lost in the saint, the prince forgotten in the dying Christian. No thought can come between the man of God and that God whom he is about to meet. Hark to his words: "Into Thy hands, O Jesus Christ, I resign my spirit. O strong Son of God, take me. I have now known I will see Thy face and rejoice forever." Then the French monks, praying around him, heard strange words from his lips: they did not understand them, for they were spoken in the Irish language. His last words were: "O foolish and senseless people! what will now become of you? Who now will relieve your miseries? who will heal you now that I am going away?" With these words he died. He is canonized by the Church of God; his Christian soul passed straight to the high throne, which he had earned, in Heaven; and his last words upon earth proved that he cherished the most sacred love for country that ever filled the heart of man. Next to the love of his God, was his love for the land that bore him, and the people of his own blood.

This was the last of Ireland's canonized saints. He was canonized in Rome by Pope Honourius III., in the year

1226. His body is enshrined in the Abbey church in which he died; and his name has gone forth,—Saint Laurence O'Toole,—as the last of the great prelates the Irish Church produced; and she was the mother of many saints and of great prelates. The spirit that animated his love for home,—the love that broke his heart,—has survived in the hearts of those who came after him, inheriting his priesthood. It was the spirit of Laurence that kept the Irish people faithful to their priests, and the Irish priests faithful to their people, when every power of earth and of hell was raised up against them. When all the might of England declared that it must separate that priesthood from that people—corrupt that priesthood and destroy the Catholic faith in Ireland,—the priesthood, animated by the spirit of Laurence, the Irish people, animated by the spirit of their holy faith, joined hands in that day, and answered, “Those whom God hath joined together no man can sever.” Never did the Irish people separate themselves from their clergy, nor the Irish priesthood from their faithful, loving people. When the Prophet Elias was taken up to Heaven Elisais cried out to him, “Let me have thy two-fold spirit. Leave thy spirit upon me.” And he who was borne along on the chariot of fire, let fall his mantle, and with it his two-fold spirit upon him. Laurence, ascending to Heaven, must have heard some great, some faithful bishop in Ireland:—“Oh, chariot of Israel and its charioteer, leave behind thee thy two-fold spirit—the love of God and of thy country. Leave that two-fold love to be the inheritance of Irish priests and Irish bishops.” The prayer was answered, the mystic mantle has fallen. Ireland is bound to-day, as of old, as one man, the priests to the people and the people to the priests, by the golden fillet of a common faith, and the silver cord of a common love for their motherland. Let me conclude. O, may the spirit of Laurence be still upon us,—at home and abroad. Thousands of miles of ocean lie between me and the land of my birth; between you and the land of your best recollections, your truest aspirations and your strongest love. But, whether at home or abroad, whether upon the green hill-side, with its shamrocks covering the graves of the saints, or upon the splendid shores of this mighty Continent, O may the spirit of Laurence be still your inheritance and mine, and that we may sanctify ourselves in our love for our

religion and for our faith, and that we may sanctify ourselves before God and the world, in our love for the green land that bore us, and that holy religion handed down to us, —the most magnificent history that ever yet was the heritage of an afflicted people.

"THE VOLUNTEERS OF '82."

(Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in the Academy of Music, New York, October 17th, 1872.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Before I proceed to the subject of my lecture, which is one of the most glorious in the history of Ireland—namely, the "Volunteer Movement of 1782"—circumstances oblige me to make a few preliminary remarks. I have known, in Ireland and out of Ireland, many Englishmen; I have esteemed them; and I have never yet known an Englishman who lived for any length of time in Ireland without becoming a lover of the country and of its people. Their proverbial love for Ireland was cast in their faces in olden time, as a reproach. It was said of the English settlers that they were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Now, an English gentleman has come amongst us, great in name, great in learning, and also professing a love of our Irish nation and our Irish people. But there is an old proverb that says: "No man can tell where the shoe pinches so well as the man that wears it." I would not mind or pay much attention to an old bachelor's description of the joys of matrimony; nor would I pay much heed to the description of the sorrows of a man who had lost his wife, as described to me by a man who never had a wife. And so, in like manner, when an Englishman comes to describe the sorrows and miseries of Ireland, or when he comes to impute them to their causes, the least that can be said is that he must look upon this question from the outside; whilst a man of Irish blood, of Irish name, and of Irish birth, such as I am, looks upon them, and is able to say: "My fathers before me were the sufferers, and I myself have beheld the remnants of their sorrow."

With the best intentions possible, a public lecturer may sometimes be a little mistaken, or he may be reported badly, or his words may convey a meaning which, perhaps, they were not intended to convey. I read, for instance, this

morning, that this learned and, no doubt, honorable man, speaking of the "Golden Age" of Ireland, said that we Irish were accustomed to look upon the time that went before the English invasion as the "Golden Age" of Ireland; and then, he is reported to have gone on to say: "And yet, for the two centuries that preceded the English invasion, all was confusion, all was bloodshed in Ireland." It is perfectly true; but the "Golden Age" of Ireland is not precisely the two centuries that went before the English invasion. Irish history is divided into three great periods, from the day that our fathers embraced Christianity, when St. Patrick preached to them the Catholic faith, early in the fifth century, and Ireland embraced it. For three hundred years after Patrick's preaching, Ireland enjoyed a reign of peace and of sanctity, which made her the envy and the admiration of the world; and she was called by the surrounding nations, "The Island home of Saints and of scholars." Peace was upon her hills and in her valleys. Wise Brehon laws governed her. Saints peopled her monasteries and convents; and students, in thousands, from every clime, came to Ireland to light at her pure blaze of knowledge the lamp of every art and of every highest science. This is the evidence of history; and no man can contradict it. But, at the close of the eighth century, the Danes invaded Ireland. They swept around her coasts, and poured army after army of invasion in upon us. For three hundred long years, Ireland had to sustain that terrific Danish war, in defence of her religion and of her freedom. She fought; she conquered; but the hydra of invasion arose again and again, in the deadly struggle; and for the nation, it seemed to be an unending, unceasing task. An army was destroyed to-day, only to yield place to another army of invasion to-morrow. What was the consequence? The peace of Ireland was lost; the morality of the people was shattered and disturbed by these three hundred years of incessant war. Convents and monasteries were destroyed, churches were pillaged and burned; for the men who invaded Ireland were Pagans, who came to lay the religion of their Pagan gods upon the souls of the Irish people. What wonder if, when Ireland came forth from that Danish war, after driving her invaders from her soil,—what wonder if the laws were disregarded, if society was shaken to its base, if the religion of the people was

greatly injured and their morality greatly influenced for the worse by so many centuries of incessant war. When, therefore, the historian or lecturer speaks of the time preceding the English invasion as the "Golden Age" of Ireland, let him go back to the days before the Danes invaded us. No Irishman pretends to look upon the three hundred years of Danish warfare as the "Golden Age;" for, truly, it was the age of blood. The confusion that arose in Ireland was terrible. When the Danish invaders were, at length, overthrown by the gallant king who was slain upon the field of Clontarf, the country was divided, confusion reigned in every direction; and her people scarcely yet breathed after the terrific struggle of three hundred years. Yet, in the brief period of sixty years that elapsed from the expulsion of the Danes, before the landing of the Anglo-Normans, we find the Irish Bishops assembled, restoring essential and salutary laws to the Church. We find St. Malachi, one of the greatest men of his day, Primate of the See of Armagh; and on the Archbishopal throne of Dublin, the English invading tyrant found an Irish Prince, heart and hand with his people, who was ready to shed his blood for his native land; and that man was the great St. Laurence O'Toole.

It has been asserted also that the Danes remained in Ireland. It is true that they founded the cities of Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin. The Danes remained there; but *how* did they remain there? They conformed to the manners and customs of the Irish people; they submitted to the Irish laws; they adopted the Catholic religion, and became good and fervent Christians. On these conditions they were permitted to remain in Ireland. It is all nonsense to say that they remained by force. What was easier for the victor of Clontarf,—when he had driven their Pagan fellow-warriors into the sea,—what was easier than for him to turn the force of the Irish arms against them, and drive them also into the sea that lay before him? No; the Danes remained in Ireland because they became Irish; aye, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Who were the men whose brave hearts so loved Ireland that in her cause they forgot all prudence and all care for their lives? Who were the men of '98? They were the fighting men of Wexford and of Wicklow; they were the men of Danish blood and

name, the Roaches and the Furlongs; but they loved Ireland as well, if not more, than our fathers did.

It has been asserted, also, that,—such was the confusion, and such the disruption of society,—that “there was one man above all others necessary: and he was the policeman!” Well, now, the policeman is a very ornamental, and, sometimes, though perhaps rarely, a very useful member of society. And according to the statement as reported, the Pope selected a policeman, and sent him to Ireland; and Henry the Second, of England, was the Pope’s policeman. Well, my friends, let us first see what sort of a policeman he was, or was likely to make. Henry came of a family that was so wicked, that it was the current belief in Europe that they were derived from the devil. St. Bernard does not hesitate to say of the house of Plantagenet, from which Henry the Second came—“They came from the devil, and they will go to the devil.” This man, who is put forth as the “Pope’s policeman,” was just after slaughtering St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the steps of the altar. Three knights came straight from the King, and at the King’s command slaughtered this English Saint,—this true Englishman,—for Thomas à Becket was not only a Saint, but he was a true Englishman, as Laurence O’Toole was a Saint, and the heart’s blood of an Irishman. St. Thomas of Canterbury stood up, bravely and manfully, with English pluck and English determination, for the liberty of the Church, and for the liberty of the people. And the tyrant king,—this “Pope’s policeman,”—said, stamping his feet and tearing his hair:—“Will no man amongst you,”—(and, mind you, these knights were standing around him,) “will no man have the courage to rid me of that priest!” Three of them took him at his word, and went down to Canterbury. At the altar they found the Saint; and, at the foot of the altar, with their swords, they hacked his head and spattered his blood upon the very altar. That blood was red upon the hands of the English tyrant. And is that the man, I ask you, that the Pope, of all others, had chosen to send to Ireland to restore order? Oh! but men will say: “The Pope did it: there is the document to prove it; the Bull of Adrian the Fourth.” Well, now, my friends, listen to me for a moment. If a sheriff’s officer came into your house to turn you out on the street, would not the first question you

would put to him be,—“Sir, show me your warrant.” And, if he said, “I have no warrant;” the next thing you would do would be to kick him out. Henry the Second came to Ireland;—men say to-day that he came upon the Pope’s authority,—with the Pope’s Bull in his pocket. If he did, why did he not show it when he came to Ireland? If he had that document, he kept it a profound secret. If he had it in his pocket, he kept it in his pocket; and no man ever saw it or heard of it. There was only one man in Ireland, on that day when the English invaded us;—there was only one man in Ireland that had a mind and heart equal to the occasion; and that man was the sainted Archbishop of Dublin, Laurence O’Toole. He was the only man in Ireland that was able to rally the nation. He succeeded in bringing sixty thousand Irish soldiers before the walls of Dublin. Henry the Second was afraid of him; and so well he might be. He was so much afraid of him, that he left a special order that, when St. Laurence should come to England, he was not to be let go back to Ireland any more. Now, if Henry had the Pope’s brief or rescript, why did he not take it to the Archbishop of Dublin, and say to him: “There is the Pope’s handwriting; there is his seal;—there is his signature?” If he had done this at that moment, there would not be another word said; he would have run no risk; the saint would have never moved against the Pope; and Henry would have paralyzed his greatest and most terrible enemy; but, no; he never said a word at all about it; he never showed it to a human being; St. Laurence died without ever knowing of the existence of such a document. Henry came to Ireland; but he had no warrant; and the very man, who, if Irishmen had been united, would have succeeded in kicking him out, did not see it. When did Henry produce this famous document or Bull, which he said he got from the Pope? He waited till Pope Adrian was in his grave;—the only man that could contradict him. There was no record, no copy of it at Rome. He produced it then; but it was easy for the like of him. How easily they could manufacture a document and sign a man’s name to it. He waited till Adrian was years in his grave before he produced it. And I say, without venturing absolutely to deny the existence of such a document,—I say, as an Irishman and as a priest; as one who has studied

a little history,—I don't believe one word of it; but I do believe it was a thumping English lie, from beginning to end.

It has also been asserted that our people lived in great misery; that they burrowed in the earth like rabbits. That is true. Remember; three hundred years of war had passed over the land. Remember, that it was a war of devastation, that all the great buildings in the land were nearly utterly destroyed by the Danes. Convents and monasteries, that were the homes of hundreds and thousands of monks, were levelled to the ground. It is true that the Irish were in misery. It has been asserted that there is no evidence of their ancient grandeur or civilization, "except a few Cyclopean churches, and a few Round Towers." I would only ask for one: if there was only one ruin in Ireland, of church or Round Tower, I could trace that ruin back to the first day of Ireland's Christianity; and I lay my hand upon that one evidence, and say: "Wherever this was raised, there was a civilized people that knew the high art of architecture." What nonsense to say, "there were only a few Round Towers." Surely, they could not have built even one, if they didn't know how. If they were ignorant savages they would not have been able to build anything of the kind. But, if they were "burrowing in the earth," how were their English neighbors off? We have ancient evidence, going back nearly to St. Patrick's time, that the Hill of Tara was covered with fair and magnificent, though, perhaps, rude buildings. On the southern slope of the hill, catching the meridian glory of the sun, there was the Queen's Palace. Crown-ing the summit, was the great Hall of Banqueting; within the enclosure was the palace of King Cormac. Four magnificent roads led down the hillside, to the four provinces of Ireland; because Tara was the centre and the seat of the dominion. About two or three hundred years later, when St. Augustine came to preach the Gospel to the barbarous, pagan Saxons in England, how did he find them? We have one little record of history that tells us. We are told that the king—one of the kings of the Saxon Heptarchy—was sitting in his dining-hall; and one of the lords; or attendants, or priests, said to him: "Your Majesty, life is short. Man's life, in this world, is like the bird that comes in at one end of this hall and goes out at the other." Why, were

there no walls? Apparently there were not. Surely it was a strange habitation or house if it had no walls; for, even if it was a frame house, a bird could not come in at one end of the dining-room and go out at the other. All these things sound beautifully until we come to put on our spectacles and look at them. It is true that the Irish, after their three hundred years of war, were disorganized and disheartened, and that they burrowed in the earth like rabbits. Ah! to the eternal disgrace of England, where has the Irishman in his native land to-day, a better house than he had then? What kind of houses did they leave our people? Little mud cabins, so low that you could reach the roof with your hand, scarce fit to "burrow a rabbit." For century after century, the people that owned the land—the people that were the aboriginal lords of the land and soil—were robbed, persecuted and confiscated in property and in money; hunted like wolves in their own land; until, to this day, the Irish peasant has scarcely a much better house. I have seen in my own day, the cabins which the English historian tells us of. And whose fault is it that our people are in that position?

We are told, moreover—at least it is so reported in the papers—that, "for nearly five hundred years, England had not more than about fifteen hundred men in Ireland," and that they were able to keep down the "wild Irish" with fifteen hundred men. There are some things that sound so comical that all you have to do is to hear them. When Hugh O'Neill was at the Yellow Ford, and the English Field Marshal was advancing against him, was it fifteen hundred men he had? And if it was fifteen hundred, how comes it that the Yellow Ford, on that day, was choked and filled up with the Saxon soldiers' corpses? Our history tells us that Queen Elizabeth had twenty thousand men in Ireland, and that she had work enough for them all. Aha! she had, this sweet English Queen! She found work for them all; there was Catholic blood enough in the land to employ twenty thousand butchers to shed it. Moreover, we are told that the Catholics of Ireland, at the time of America's glorious revolution, were all opposed to America's effort to achieve her independence; and that the Protestants of Ireland were all helping America. Well, listen to this one fact. The King of England demanded four thousand men—Irishmen—to go

out and fight against America. The Irish Parliament gave him the four thousand men; and there was not a single Catholic in that Parliament. No; they were all Protestants. When these men returned, covered with wounds, and began to tell in Ireland what kind of treatment they got from Washington and his people, they were hailed by the Catholic people of Ireland as the very apostles of liberty. Amongst them there were men that went out in that four thousand, but don't imagine that they went out to enforce the slavery of Ireland upon the American people. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was one of the four thousand. Was he ever an enemy of the people? No! he died for Ireland and for her cause. When these four thousand men were called for by England, we may readily believe that the majority of them were Protestants, because the English were not fools enough to be putting arms in Catholic hands, as we shall see in the course of our lecture. When they came to this country, who gave them the warmest reception? It was the Catholics of North Carolina. It was Catholic America that met them foot to foot and drove them back; until Burgoyne, the famous English general, had to go down on his knees and give up his sword to the subordinate of the immortal and imperishable George Washington:

Out of that very American war,—the uprising of a people in a cause the most sacred, after that of religion,—the cause of their outraged rights, their trampled liberties,—out of that American war arose the most magnificent incident in the remarkable history of Ireland. It is the subject of this evening's lecture.

My friends, one word, indeed, is reported in this morning's papers, which tells a sad and bitter truth. It is that "the real source of England's power in Ireland has always been the division and disunion of the Irish people." There is no doubt about it,—it is as true as Gospel. Never, during these centuries, never did the Irish people unite: I don't know why. The poet, himself, is at a loss to assign a reason.

" 'Twas fate, they'll say, a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants joined in hate,
You never joined in love."

No; the Irish people were not even allowed to gain the secret of union. From the day the Saxon set his foot upon Irish soil, his first idea, his first study, was to keep the Irish people always disunited. The consequence was, they began by getting some of the Irish chieftains, and giving them English titles; giving them English patents of nobility;—confirming them in certain English rights. On the other hand, all the powerful nobles who went in among the Irish people, who assumed all their forms, gained the secret, and became, as I have said, “more Irish than the Irish themselves.” We find that, as early as 1494,—about the time America was discovered,—England was making laws declaring that no Englishman coming to Ireland was to take an Irish name, or learn the language, or intermarry with an Irish woman. They could not live in a place where the Irish lived, but drew a pale around their possessions, intrenching themselves in certain counties and in certain cities in Ireland. We find a law made, as early as the period in question, commanding the English to build a double ditch, six feet high, between them and the Irish portion of the country, and, at the peril of their lives, not to go outside that ditch. To keep the natives divided seemed to be the policy of England, from the first day up to this hour. It must have been very difficult; because the Irish, from the evidence of history, seemed to say of the English, although they came as enemies the Irish were most anxious or inclined, to use a common phrase, “to cotton to one another,” and become friends. They seemed very anxious to join hands. The Irish had appeared very often, in many periods of their history, to say to the English—“Although you have come as enemies, since you are here, now, stay, in the name of God, as friends; the country is large enough for us all.” But, no: the English laws did not permit it at all. The English Lord Deputy (as the Lord Lieutenant was called in those days) was constantly striving to keep his people from the Irish; teaching them to hate the Irish; teaching them in all things to abominate and detest the original people of the country. And yet, whenever an Englishman escaped from the “Pale,” and got in amongst the Irish, in a few years he became the greatest rebel in the country.

Then, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, among the many other *salutary* laws that that good lady made for Ireland,

she made a law that no cattle or produce were to be exported from the land. Ireland, at that time, was prosperous; moreover, if not prosperous, it was at least able to export a large quantity of cereals and of cattle. It was a source of comfort to the people, and a source of revenue. But the "good Queen Bess" couldn't see that; so she made and passed this law, that there was to be no more exportation from Ireland; and she condemned the people at once, to a life of inactivity and of misery, before she let loose her terrible army upon them for their extermination.

The Irish, thus turned aside from agricultural pursuits, because they had no vent for their agricultural productions, turned their attention, with their genius and their nimble fingers, to manufactures,—to the manufacture especially of woollens; and soon Irish poplins, Irish laces, Irish woollen cloth, were well known in all the markets of Europe, and commanded large prices. Yet, we read that, after the treaty of Limerick, William of Orange, breaking every compact that he had made with the Irish people, actually laid such a tax upon the Irish woollen trade, that he completely destroyed it, and reduced all the manufacturers, and all the tradesmen of Ireland, to beggary and ruin.

But the question does not deal so much with individual acts of any tyrannical prince as with the great parliamentary question. We read that, from the first days of the English settlement in Ireland, they were accustomed, from time to time, to call what was called the "Council of the Nation," that is to say, the great English Lords, who came over and settled within the "Pale," on their large possessions, were called into council, to make laws and devise certain regulations for the people. Thus, in the reign of King John, these Councils were held; in the reigns of the Edwards these Councils were held; and so on, until the first great Parliament of the whole Irish Nation was called, in the year 1612. But you must know that, before a Parliament of the whole nation was called, there was a "Parliament of the Pale." Now, in the time of Henry the Seventh, the English possessed in Ireland only four counties;—the counties of Dublin, Louth, Kildare, and Meath. These held their own Parliaments. What kind of Parliaments were they? Year after year they came together only to pass laws against their Irish fellow-citizens; only to execute every wicked and bru-

tal mandate that they received from England; only to perpetuate divisions and divide the people of Ireland more and more. They were not only tyrannical at home, these Parliaments, but they were also rebellious against the English monarch and Parliament. My friends, we might as well tell the truth: loyalty does not seem to have been a very prominent virtue among them. For instance, when Henry the Seventh was declared King, in England, two impostors arose to dispute his crown,—Simmel and Warbeck. The Anglo-Irish Parliament took up both of them. Simmel was crowned King in Ireland,—in Christ Church, in Dublin. Then they sent him to England, and some soldiers with him; and, after fighting a battle, he was taken prisoner; and the King made him a scullion in his kitchen. Scarcely was the pretender Simmel promoted to the kitchen, when another pretender arose, who said he was the youngest son of Edward IV., who was supposed to have been slain in the Tower. His name was Perkin Warbeck. The Irish Parliament,—that is to say, the Parliament of the English people in Ireland,—took him up; and they avowed their allegiance to him. King Henry the Seventh got angry; and he sent over to Ireland a gentleman, Sir Edward Poyning. This man came to discover what was the cause of the agitation in the English portion of Ireland. It is all very well to talk about the savagery of the Irish; it is all very well to say that amongst them, there was nothing but violence going on. Now, here is what the English Commissioner and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland says; when he came, he says, that he found the whole land was full of murders, robberies, and other manifold extortions and oppressions. By whom were they committed? By the Barons, the English Barons, and settlers in the "Pale." Therefore he came to put an end to that state of things. Secondly, he tells them that they should build a double-ditch, six feet high, between themselves and the Irish. Considering the state of affairs in the "Pale," I think that the Irishmen that were outside were likely to gain a great deal more in morality, in virtue, and in religion by the building of that ditch than the English who were within. The building of that great dyke, that passed from the Anna Liffey on to the base of the mountains of Kildare, on the one side; and, on the other side, passed up near the town of Trim, in Meath,—embracing the

two counties of Meath and Kildare,—the building of that dyke to keep out the Irish, reminds me of a story told of a poor man down in my own province, who was building a wall around a field, about an acre or an acre and a half, of nothing but limestone, where there was not a single blade of grass. A gentleman who was passing said to him: “What on earth are you doing that for?—is it to keep the cattle in?” “No, your honor,” replied the man, “but to keep the crathers out, for fear they might have the misfortune to get in.”

The third law that Poyning made was the most important of all. It was to this effect: that no Parliament in Ireland was to have any right to make laws, unless they first submitted these laws to England. They had no right to assemble in Parliament without the Lord Lieutenant’s permission. If any man had a measure to propose in Parliament, it had to be sent over to England to get the permission of the English King, before it could be laid before the Parliament. This law completely subjugated Ireland to England. The Parliament, of course, passed whatever laws they were commanded to pass. And so it went on,—one law worse than another; the very vilest ordinances of Queen Elizabeth were recognized in the form of law by the Irish Parliament. When Charles the First encroached upon the liberty of the people, his best man, Wentworth, found his help in the Irish Parliament; and England, in the days of Charles the Second, took the money of Ireland,—the money that was to pay the interest of the National Debt,—and put it into the pocket of the profligate King; and the Irish Parliament had not a word to say. And why? Because they did not represent the Irish people at all.

In the year 1753,—the year that George the Second died,—Ireland was practically governed by a vagabond, the Protestant Bishop of Armagh,—his name was Hugh Boulter. He was Bishop of Bristol, in England, and had been promoted to be Primate of Ireland. Do you know what that ruffian did? He brought a law before the Irish Parliament disfranchising every Catholic in Ireland, and passed the law without the slightest murmur. There was not a man in that House that spoke or offered an argument for the Catholic Irish, who were thus deprived of all voice in their National affairs.

At length the divided nation united upon a most strange question. They ran short of copper money in Ireland. There were no pence, or half-pence, or farthings; and the people began to complain; they had not the currency wherewith to buy and sell. So the King of England, George the Second, under his own hand, gave command to an Englishman, a coiner named Wood, to coin one hundred and eighty thousand pounds in copper coin. After the Englishman had taken the contract, mark how he fulfilled it. He bought six thousand pounds worth of old brass, and he coined one hundred and eighty thousand pounds worth of money for Ireland out of the six thousand pounds worth of old brass. There is an old name for a bad penny or a bad half-penny in Ireland: they call it a "tinker." Well, the "tinkers" arrived in Ireland,—the English "tinkers,"—Wood's "tinkers;" and, when the Irish people looked at them,—tossed them up and caught them again—they got mad; and every man in Ireland, gentle and simple, united, for the first time in our history, in resisting a few bad half-pence. It is a singular, and, indeed, a droll fact. The people that never united on the question of their national independence, were united, like one man, in resisting a few bad half-pence that were sent over from England. This was the first stroke at England. It was two hundred years ago, in the days of Dean Swift,—and the Dean hated bad money. The moment that the Irish were united, and said to England: "Take back that money; we won't have it," that moment the English King was obliged to take back his own commission; and Mr. Wood got back his bad money. It was a small thing, but it taught the Irish people a lesson,—a glorious lesson,—a lesson that every true-hearted Irishman should preach,—the glorious lesson of union and concord amongst all classes of Irishmen. It was very unwise of England to afford us such an opportunity of uniting. So long as it was a question of race she could keep us apart: so long as it was a question of Nationality she could keep us divided; but no man,—be he Protestant, or Methodist, or Quaker, or Presbyterian, or Catholic,—no man likes to have a bad penny thrust upon him when he ought to have a good one. The moment the Irish found that, by uniting upon any question they could gain whatever they wanted, they discovered the grand secret of national success.

Events followed each other quickly. There was, at this time, an Irishman named Molyneaux, who wrote a book called, "The Case of Ireland Stated," that proved so clearly the claims of Ireland to National freedom, that the book was burned in London by the common hangman. The eventful year of 1775 came. America was up in arms. England dealt with her the way she dealt with Ireland. She was accustomed to impose taxes upon us without asking our leave. She laid an embargo upon our commerce; she destroyed our trade; and she thought she had nothing to do but just do the same thing to Brother Jonathan, over the water, that she was doing to poor Paddy at home. But Jonathan was a man of other mettle,—more power to him! The Colonists of North America rose in arms. England would not give them tea to drink without laying a tax upon it; and when the tea arrived in Boston, they took it out of the ships and flung it into the sea. At first, as we know, America had no idea or wish to separate from England: they only wanted to assert their rights, fairly and conscientiously; and they appealed to the British Constitution,—just as Grattan did in Ireland, when he said: "I am ready to die for England; but I must have her charter in my hand, even when I am dead!" They only asked the law that England's glorious Constitution has provided for her subjects, if that law were fairly administered: for the law is just; the charter is grand; the Constitution is, perhaps, the grandest thing in the world after the Catholic Church. But the Constitution has been warped; its benefits have been denied, over and over again, to the people; and the law has been administered in a partial and unjust spirit. Well, my friends, 1775 saw America in arms. England was obliged to send every available soldier that she had here; and not only this, but, to her eternal disgrace, she poured her Hessian mercenaries in upon America; and she hired the North American Indians to cut the throats of the Colonists and scalp them. I don't know, I confess, why there should be this great friendship,—this great "cousinship," and all this talk about "blood thicker than water," which you always hear between England and America. When an Englishman speaks in America, of "blood thicker than water," you may ask, if it was so very thick, why did England hire the Hessians to shed it? Why did she hire the Indians to

shed it, if it was so very warm, so very friendly? It suits England to-day, in the hour of her decline and weakness, to be constantly talking to Americans about the "same race" and "a common origin;" but it was a pretty manner in which she served her own race in the American Revolution.

A call was made upon Ireland for four thousand troops. The Anglo-Irish Government said: "Give us the Irish soldiers, and we will give you four thousand Hessians to keep Ireland quiet; and it was added, by way of inducement, that all the Hessians were the very best of Protestants. Now, mark how significant that is. We are told that the Irish were men unable to fight; told that they never made a good battle in any cause; we are told that the attribute of bravery in the Irish character is a doubtful one, and, in a word, scarcely due to us. Now, may I ask, if England thought that four thousand Irishmen would not fight as well as four thousand Hessians, why did she ask for the Irishmen and ignore the Hessians? Why did she not send the Hessians to America instead of sending them to Ireland and taking the poor Irish? It was because she knew well that perhaps the Hessian might turn his back, but the Irishman would fight till he died.

Well, my friends, the Irish Parliament gave them four thousand soldiers; but, for once in their lives, they had a ray of the grace of God upon them, and refused to take the Hessians. They said: "No; we will not take any foreign mercenaries into Ireland; but we will tell you what we will do: If you will give us arms, we will organize volunteers for the defence of the country." The moment the word was mentioned in Belfast, in the north, Irish volunteer companies were formed. Irishmen stood again shoulder to shoulder. The Government, reluctantly, in 1779, gave them arms; and Ireland, in six months, beheld a native army of fifty thousand men, as well organized and drilled as any army in the world. The Volunteer organization spread; the nation made them presents of artillery; the first ladies in Ireland wove their flags. They were of all classes of men, officered by the best nobility in the land. Lord Charlemont, Henry Grattan, and the Duke of Leinster, and Henry Flood—all the highest intellects in Ireland—the noblest and best blood of the country, were at the head of the "Volunteers." In 1781, according to Sir Jonah Bar-

rington, their numbers had swelled into eighty thousand, perfectly drilled and perfectly organized men. The originator of all this was the famous Henry Flood, a man intolerant in his religious ideas,—for he hated us, Catholics, “as the devil hates holy water.” But, although intolerant in religion, he was a man of great mind and of great love for Ireland. So soon as the English Government saw the willingness of these men, springing up all over the land; under the Earl of Clanricarde, in Galway and Mayo; in the south, under O’Brien; in the north, under other chieftains; in Leinster, under the Earl of Kildare, Lord Charlemont, Henry Grattan, Flood, Hussey Burgh, and others, the English Government got afraid of their lives and wanted them disbanded, and to get their arms back. But Ireland was armed; and then the immortal Henry Grattan assembled their leaders. Flood was amongst them, Lord Charlemont and other distinguished members of the Irish Parliament. When they all met together, they asked the significant question: “Now that we have fifty thousand men armed, what are we going to do with them? The answer to the question came from the fiery soul and the great head of the immortal Grattan. He said:—“Now that we have them at our back, we can speak as an united nation. We will not allow them to lay down their arms until we have achieved legislative and religious independence for Ireland.” Accordingly, in 1779, as soon as ever the “Volunteers” were got together, Grattan brought into the Irish House of Commons a proposition to abolish Sir Edward Poyning’s Law, which declared that the Irish could not make laws for themselves, unless they first got permission of the English King. He proposed this in the Irish Parliament. All the weight of the English Government was against him; all the rottenness of the country was against him; but the streets of Dublin were lined with the “Volunteers;” they had their cannon drawn up in the square before the House of Commons; and they had cards around the mouths of the guns, inscribed—“Justice to Ireland; or else—.”

Poyning’s law was repealed. The English King was only too glad to say: “Gentlemen, Ireland has a right to make her own laws; make them for yourselves.” A few weeks later, Grattan brought in another bill; and it was that there was no more restriction to be laid upon the trade

of Ireland. He said: "You have ruined our woollen trade. You are ruining our linen trade with excessive taxation." It was just when the American revolution had broken out, and England had such a regard toward the people of America, she made a law prohibiting the Irish to send any cattle or food of any kind to America. It is easy, to-day, to say that the Catholics were all opposed to America. If the Catholics of Ireland were always opposed to America, and to her cause, why did England make a law to oblige us to send no help or succor in the way of food to America? The law had crushed our commerce and trade. Grattan brought in his Bill, in April, 1779. Once more the Government of England was opposed to him. Once more the King wrote over to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: "Don't send me any bill that will release Ireland. I will not hear of it. I won't sign it." Grattan proposed his bill in the House of Commons; and the slavish House was afraid to pass it. They tore it, before his eyes; it was thrown at him; but Grattan fell back upon his fifty thousand men, and said: "Here—here are the men with arms in their hands, with flags tossing and waving for Ireland. You must give her commercial freedom." An united, an armed nation spoke these words, and they were obliged to suspend and to repeal every law, and to declare, with the sanction and signature of the English King, that Ireland was free to trade in her woollen manufactures and all her exports with the West Indies, with America, or, in fact, with any nation.

Then Grattan made this memorable remark in his speech to the Irish Parliament; he said: "Gentlemen, your forefathers, sitting in this House, sold and destroyed the trade and liberty of Ireland. Now, I have returned to her her trade, and now I demand that you return to Ireland her liberty." The fifty thousand by this time were become eighty thousand; and on that glorious April day of 1782, Henry Grattan proposed in the Irish Parliament, and it was passed and sanctified as a law, that Ireland was a free nation, wearing an imperial crown; in these memorable words:

"It is enacted that the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, and inseparably annexed to Great Britain, on which connection the interest and happiness of both nations essentially depend. But that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a Parliament of her own and legislative

power; and that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, except the King, the Lords and the Commons of Ireland."

The crown of Ireland was an imperial crown. She was a nation, with her own Parliament, her own laws, her own genius, her own influence over her own resources and her own debts; with her own right to tax herself; her own laws to execute, and every other right; and she merely acknowledged the union with England in the interest and for the well-being of both countries. That was the declaration of Henry Grattan; and it struck terror into the heart of England. It was the most magnificent declaration that Ireland ever made of her nationality and her claim to full and imperial freedom as a nation and empire. Grattan had eighty thousand men at his back; and in one month his message was sent to England. "I send this law," he said, "to England; I give England one month to decide; and if she decide not in one month—there are the men!" That was on the 17th of April, 1782. Before the month was over,—before the 17th of May,—it came back acknowledged by the English Parliament, and signed by the English King;—acknowledging that Ireland's crown was an imperial crown—that Ireland was a nation, united, and, in truth, perfectly equal with England;—that the English Parliament had no right or title under Heaven to govern Ireland, but only the Irish Parliament, submitting to the English crown. Then Grattan made his famous speech in the Irish Parliament. He said: "I found Ireland upon her knees. I lifted her up. I watched her as she took her place amongst the nations; I saw the crown upon her head. And, now, all that remains for me is to bow before that august form, and pray—'*Esto perpetua*,'—be thou perpetual."

This was the climax of the triumph of the "Volunteers." They had gained all they asked or sought for Ireland. One year later, they met in convention; and I regret to have to say what I am about to say. Their Generals and officers met and took measures for the reformation of the Irish Parliament, and to consider the representation of the people. When it was proposed to these officers and Generals of the "Volunteers" to demand the emancipation of three millions of Catholics, in Ireland,—to my heart's regret I have to say it,—they refused to grant to these emancipation, or to peti-

tion for it. They refused to give to their Catholic fellow-countrymen the liberty which they had won for themselves. And Catholic Ireland felt her heart within her growing faint, and breaking,—to see the very force in which she had put her trust, now wanting in the hour of her danger and of her strength. At the same time, deserted by their brethren, their Catholic countrymen lost heart in them. When they were organized no Catholic was allowed to enter the ranks of the "Volunteers," or to carry arms. The poor Catholics of Ireland collected and sent money to Dublin; they sent £100,000 to provide uniforms for their Protestant fellow-citizens. After a time, as the American war went on, and the Colonists waxed stronger, England got more fearful. And, when Burgoyne was taken prisoner, and when Clinton retired before the unconquerable sword of Washington, England was obliged to permit the Catholics to join the "Volunteers." Instantly the Irish Catholics sprang into the ranks, and took their arms into their hands. Without one feeling of rebellion or disloyalty, but only the pure love of Ireland, they stood prepared to die for the liberties of their fellow-countrymen, as well as their own.

Then came the sad dispersion. The English Government had introduced the element of disunion even among the "Volunteers." Some were in favor of emancipating the Catholics; others were not. A fatal division was introduced, and then a law was quietly brought into the Irish Parliament, that it would be better to increase the regular army to twenty thousand men,—not fifteen hundred, but twenty thousand men. It was also passed that they should give twenty thousand pounds towards arming the militia; and in three or four short years the "Volunteers" were dispersed; their arms were taken from their hands and put into the hands of a militia entirely controlled by military officers, who were all English. The last hope of Ireland died for a time.

Then began the series of bad laws. The "Convention Act" was passed. As soon as they found that the "Volunteers" were disbanded, they knew that they could do as they liked with the liberties of Ireland. One of the first laws they made was that it was not lawful for Irishmen to hold political conventions, or any other kind of conventions, or nominate delegates who were to speak on any occasion, on any subject. One injustice followed another; until the

country, inflamed by the maxims of the mighty French Revolution, goaded to desperation, made the ineffectual effort of '98. Then, crushed, wounded, bleeding, deceived and degraded, nothing remained but for the accursed Castlereagh to walk over the prostrate ruin, and over the bodies of his countrymen, and in spite of oaths and treaties—in spite of the signature of the King, declaring that Ireland alone had a right to make her own laws—in the year 1800 they took the Parliament from us; and from that day to this our laws are made for us by Englishmen.

Thus ended the movement of the "Volunteers;" but the lesson which it teaches has not died with the glorious effort. My friends, it is not a lesson of revolution or of rebellion that this glorious movement of '82 teaches; it is the higher lesson of union among Irishmen. It was not the "Irish Volunteers" that the English feared, so much, though they were a powerful army, it is true; but their main strength lay in the fact that they had three millions of their Catholic fellow-countrymen united to them heart and soul. It was not Ireland armed, but Ireland united, that made the tyrant tremble, and made the English Government sign every bill as soon as it was put forth. A singular example of the union which bound up all these men was given at that time. Some of the Belfast and Antrim "Volunteers" were Protestants,—all Orangemen to a man; yet, so united were they in that day, with their Catholic fellow-countrymen, and all classes of men, in that perfect union, that they actually marched out, one Sunday, and heard Mass. Ireland was united. Of course, there must be religious divisions where there is difference of religion. If I can't unite with my fellow-countryman in believing what he believes,—or rather to pare down my belief till it comes to nothing to suit him,—am I, therefore, to say to him, "Stand aside?" am I therefore, to say to him, "We have no common country: I have nothing in common with you?" Oh, no! The most glorious battles of modern times have been fought in the trenches where the Protestant and Catholic stood side by side. And England, who knows so well how to divide us on the religious question at home, knows as well how to unite us abroad, in the ranks of her army. The 88th "Connaught Rangers" were Catholics to a man; and they were side by side, on the field of Waterloo, with the Protestant soldiers of the north of Ireland

and of England. There are questions second only in their sacredness to that of religion, which is first. The question of Nationality is second only in importance to the religious question; because on that great National question depends what Catholic and Protestant alike hold dear,—public liberty. On this great question, thanks be to God, every man can be united with his fellow-man, no matter what shade of religious division may exist between them. I accept the word of the English historian who has come amongst us, in the case of Ireland,—I accept the word that he has said. If he be reported rightly, he said, that, in the day that Ireland is united, Ireland shall be invincible. Away, then, with all religious animosity that would interfere with man's co-operation with his fellow-man for native land! Away with that fatal division that would fain make one Ireland for the Protestant Irishman and another for the Catholic Irishman,—whereas the "Green Island" is the common motherland of all! My Catholic countrymen, at the peril of your eternal salvation, be as firm as the granite rock upon every principle of your Church and your religion; be as conservative of that faith as you are of your immortal souls, else you will lose that faith, and those souls with it. But, I say to you, just as you are to be as conservative in your faith as you can be, so, upon the grand question upon which the freedom and happiness of the dear old land depends, be as liberal, as large-hearted, as truly united upon it as you are to be strong and united upon the question of your own religion. Then shall the future, seen by the prophetic eye of Grattan, when he hailed his Ireland as an independent nation, be realized by the men of to-day. Then shall the dream of the lover and the aspiration of the patriot shine forth in the glory of its fulfilment; when domestic laws, made by Irishmen, for Ireland and for Irishmen, shall govern the state affairs of Ireland; when every want of Ireland shall be the best forethought of Irish-loving minds and intellects; when every Irish question shall have the first place paramount in the deliberations of an Irish Parliament; when, from out the intellect and the fulness of the heart of Ireland, in the future day, shall beam around my motherland, and realize the glories of days long past, the sun that has set for so many years, in clouds of blood,—but which shall rise serenely in the new Orient of freedom, for dear old much-loved Ireland.

“RODERIC O’CONOR, THE LAST MONARCH OF IRELAND.”

*(Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in the
Academy of Music, Brooklyn, November 3, 1872.)*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Generally speaking, when a man comes to speak on an Irish subject, he has some room, some scope, some opportunity of making his audience laugh, or, at least, smile; there is so much of humor, or, if you will, fun, in the national character, that it is almost impossible to avoid laughter in the discussion of an Irish subject. I regret to say that I will not create a single smile on your faces to-night. I am come to discuss the history of a dying Nationality, and its last King. I am come to tell you of your own fathers and mine,—how they lost the last greatest gift of God, after that of divine faith, namely, the gift of their freedom and of their national liberty. The theme which I am come to discuss before you this evening is the life and the times and the character of Ireland’s last king, Roderic O’Conor;—as brave a man, perhaps, as ever drew a sword for God and for fatherland;—as unfortunate a man as ever was doomed to preserve his dignity, and to go down to his grave in the midst of misfortunes, but without a taint of dishonor.

Now, in order that we may understand the times and the life of this man properly, I must invite your attention to the close of that dreadful contest which took place between the Irish and the Danes. For three hundred years, Ireland was peaceable and happy,—the home of saints and of scholars,—the university of the Christian world, and the light of the ages, from the fifth down to the close of the eighth century. For three hundred years the whole world beheld her light, and gloried in the brightness thereof. Her Saints went forth from her green bosom, and evangelized the whole world. Every nation in Europe,—aye, down even to the South of Italy,—preserves the memory of the Irish Saints, and loves to dwell, year by year, upon the virtues and the

grandeur of character of the men who came from the fair isle of the Western ocean, to preach to them the Gospel of Christ, and His sanctity.

Then came that fearful invasion that swept simultaneously over Ireland, over England, and over France. The Northmen,—those fierce, tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired warriors of the North,—pagans, who adored Odin and Thor, and the Scandinavian gods,—zealous for the cause of their false divinities,—zealous, because of the bravery of their spirit, and their indomitable heart,—they swept over all the North-Western countries of Europe; they subdued England, fixed themselves in the North of France, and invaded Ireland. For more than two centuries, every year beheld a new army of the Danes poured into the land. Still the Irish Gael met them, hilt to hilt, and foot to foot, and disputed every inch of Irish land, and fought them as only men can fight who are animated by a true love for God, for the altar of God, and for their native land. Sad and weary was the contest. An army was defeated on one day, only to reproduce itself on the morrow in the shape of a new army landed from the Northern Seas.

Finally, towards the end of the third century of the Danish invasion, Almighty God gave to Ireland one of His grandest and highest gifts, namely, a man, heroic in mind, heroic in heart, capable of comprehending the situation, capable of understanding the wants of his age,—a man who was able to bind up all the incoherent elements of the nation, to make them as one man, and then, united, to lead them against the common foe; and that was the illustrious and immortal Brian, King of Munster, commonly called Brian Boroimhe. History acknowledges that, amongst its heroes, amongst the men of that twelfth century, amongst all those that figured in the various lands of Europe,—the greatest and most massive character that shines out, is the character of the Irish monarch and hero, who was able to lead an army of united Irishmen into the plains of Clontarf, and to vanquish the Danes. And yet, my friends, if we reflect upon it, this man,—the grandest figure in our history,—was still an usurper of the National crown. You know, the ancient constitution of Ireland, under the Brehon laws, and under the system of tanistry, was that each province of the four provinces of the empire, had its own monarch or king.

There was a King of Munster, a King of Leinster, a King of Connaught, and a King of Ulster. Four great leading families governed these four Provinces for two thousand years and more, under the ancient Milesian constitution. The O'Conors, of Connaught; the O'Briens, of Munster; the O'Neills and O'Donnells of Ulster; McMurroughs, O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, of Leinster. Two thousand years before Christ was born, the sons of Milesius landed in Ireland from the coast of Spain. The ancient Druid or prophet of their race, foretold to them that it was their destiny to land upon and to colonize the green island of the West; and the poet describes their arriving on the coast of Ireland dreaming of their destiny,—hoping even in their day-dreams, to behold the Island that was to be theirs:—

“They came from a land beyond the sea;
And now o'er the Western main,
Set sail in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
'Oh! where's the isle we've seen in dreams,—
Our destined home or grave?—'
Thus sang they, as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

“When, lo! where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in the deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the waves was seen.
'Tis Innisfail! 'tis Innisfail!
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While bending to Heaven, the warriors hail
The home of the brave and free.

“Then turn they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their day-god's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
No cloud was seen o'er earth or sea,
No tear on leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.”

They brought with them that peculiar constitution, the grandest, perhaps, of any ancient form of government that existed,—the most like to that grand Republican government under which you citizens of the United States live to-day. There was no serfdom amongst them. No Celtic man was ever born, or ever lived, or ever died as a serf or slave. It is a remarkable fact, my friends, that nearly every country,—aye, *every* country in Europe began under the system of serfdom and slavery. The common people, as they were called—the *vulgus*—were mere serfs attached to the soil. If a nobleman, a great man, or prince, wished to sell his estate, he not only sold it, but he also sold the people. If he had five hundred families on his estate, he sold them all: they were transferred from him to another man; and they had to serve that other man, as they served their former master. This system of serfdom or slavery was the original condition of every nationality in Europe,—as it was in Russia down to our own days,—with the sole exception of Ireland. In Ireland, certain great families ruled the land; and they were all “Mac’s” and “O’s.” To this day, let me know your name; and if you be a “Mac” or an “O,” I can tell you what part of Ireland you or your fathers came from. Some time ago, in New York, a poor fellow came to me, asking me to give him a letter, to get him a situation as porter or something, in some establishment. When I sat down to write the letter, I asked him: “What is your name?” “Well, your Reverence,” he said, “I am a McGuire.” “And what made you leave the county Fermanagh?” “Oh, then, God knows,” said he; “I left it through misfortune!” If you hear the name of an O’Reilly you at once say: “Oh! he came from the county Cavan.” If, on the other hand, a poor fellow comes into the store to you, and says: “I come from Ireland, and my name is McDermott,” you at once say: “Oh, you are a Connaught man.” If, again, a tall, square-shouldered, dark-haired, hazel-eyed man steps in like a giant, and stands before you, and says: “I came to this country; and I am one of the O’Neils;” then you say: “Ah! then you came from Ulster, my friend—from the county Tyrone.” There is no mistake about it; even our Norman name of Burke is altogether Connaught.

Well, my friends, in the constitution of Ireland there was

no such thing as slavery,—every man was free; every man was of the same blood, the same family, the same name with his chieftain. They elected their chieftains; they elected not only the princes of the name and of the line, but also the “tanist,” or man who had the right to succeed him. If the King of Ireland died, his son did not succeed him, as the Prince of Wales would succeed Queen Victoria. Not a bit of it. They elected the best man, the bravest man, the man fitted to govern; and they made him their chieftain; and he was called, during the life of his predecessor, the “tanist,” according to the law of tanistry. Accordingly, when a time of war or trouble arose, the chieftain blew his horn and drew his men around him. He was called The McMahon, The O’Neil, The O’Dwyer, The O’Rourke, The O’Donnell;—he blew his horn and rallied his men around him; and these men came, the blacksmith from his forge, the thresher from the threshing-floor, the ploughman from his plough; they took their battle-axes and spears, and went out to fight with their chieftains as man to man, not as slaves under their ruler. This being the constitution of ancient Ireland, it happened that, towards the close of the Danish invasion, the King selected as “Ard-righ,” or High King, was a Meath man, Malachi McLaughlin, one of the bravest and best kings that ever ruled in Ireland. It is written of him that his delight was to take a young horse that never was broken in, and placing one hand upon the animal’s neck, he would bound to his back, draw his sword, and dash with the unbroken animal into the midst of the enemy—slashing right and left, and cutting his way right through them. Wise in council, holy in his life was this grand and magnificent Malachi; and he was the man whom the poet commemorates when he says:

“Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from the proud invader.
When her Kings, with standards of green unfurled,
Led the ‘Red Branch’ Knights to danger;
Ere the Emerald Gem of the Western world
Was set in the crown of the stranger.”

In the glen of Glenamada, in Wicklow, near to that lovely vale where the two rivers meet,—where their waters blend together, near that wonderful vale of Avoca, Malachi, the King of Ireland, at the head of his troops, met a great army of the Danes. They joined in battle, the Danes with the cry of their heathen gods—McLaughlin and his men with the cry, “For God, His Christ; and His holy Church;” and before the evening sun set, six thousand Danes were stretched dead upon the green hillsides of that valley of Wicklow. Thrice did this glorious king meet a Danish warrior in single combat, and after striking him dead with his battle-axe, he tore the golden collar from his neck and hung it around his own as a trophy of Celtic victory over the Scandinavians.

And, yet, brave and wise and holy as he was, there was another man in Ireland braver, wiser, and holier than Malachi the Second; and that was the illustrious Brian, of the house of Kincora, by the Shannon, in Munster. This man saw the evils that were on the land; he saw the Danes on every side, around the sea coast; he saw the people divided,—the very chieftains divided amongst themselves; and he saw at the head of the nation a man whose bravery he acknowledged, whose wisdom and goodness he was the first to acknowledge, but who was not equal to the occasion. He seized the reins of government in his own strong hands; he gathered his armies around him; he rallied the grand old race of the O'Briens; he advanced from the banks of the Shannon; he received the fealty of Connaught on his left hand and of Leinster before him; and with these three Provinces around him he attacked the Danes on Good Friday morning. With the Crucifix in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, the man over whose head eighty winters had passed, rode before his Irish troops and cried out from his war-horse, “Behold this sign, O Irishmen! Remember that this is the day on which your God died for you; and for that God strike a blow!” And under his hand the Irish struck such a blow, that on that day at Clontarf they achieved what England was never able to do,—what glorious France was unable to do;—Ireland shook the Danes from her bosom, right into the sea, even as Saint Paul shook off the venomous serpent from his hand, in the island of Melita.

Ah! how sad was the evening of that day! The sun set

over the Western coast of Ireland; the nation was rejoicing, —the soldiers, resting upon their swords and spears, were telling each other of the events of the day. But there were three corpses upon that field of Clontarf; and with these three the hopes of Ireland perished. Brian was stretched a corpse there. The old man had retired into his own tent, in the evening, and he was absorbed in prayer before the image of Christ, when a Danish fugitive chanced to pass that way. He peered in, and seeing the old King, entered his tent and transfixed him through the heart with his spear. Upon the field lay his brave son, Prince Murrough, and his grandson, Turlough, who was also a Prince. Three generations of the royal house of Ireland perished there; and, now, anarchy and confusion reigned in the land; until another man arose, second only in bravery, in wisdom, in piety to Brian Boru, and that man was Turlough O'Connor, Prince of Connaught. Brave in the field was Turlough; wise in council was he. He subjected all the various tribes around him to his own chieftainship; and they acknowledged him. The star of the house of O'Connor of Connaught rose to the nation that was sorrowing over the grave of Brian, with the bards who had sung over him:

“Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er—
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in his grave,
He returns to Kincora no more.”

Thus spoke the bard of Brian, and all Ireland wept. Yet still the hopes of the nation revived when the rising star of the Western race of O'Connor, the head of that race,—brave, as I said, in the field, wise in the council, holy before the altar of God,—assumed the sovereignty of the Western part of Ireland. He extended his sway all over the land of Erin, that only desired to see the character of the true Catholic and Christian shining out acknowledged in her brave King, Turlough O'Connor—that he was as holy as he was brave; and they all submitted to him. He lived until the year 1156,—thirteen years before the Norman and Saxon invasion of Ireland. Towards the close of his life, wearied with the battles and strifes of his manhood, he founded and endowed the royal convent of Clonmacnoise for the Cistercian

Monks and Canons Regular of St. Augustine; and he retired into the midst of them. Ireland's King retired; and the sanctity of the olden days was returning upon Ireland. The days of Columba and Columbanus;—the days of Keiran and the Saints of old were coming back upon the land. Malachi, a Saint of God, was Primate of Armagh; Laurence O'Toole, a Saint of God, was Bishop of Glendalough; St. Celsus was sitting on another episcopal throne in Ireland; and Ireland had the honor and glory of three living Saints ruling her church at the same time. The clergy and Bishops, in their council at Kells, laid down wise laws for the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs. The kings and rulers of the land were most anxious to give to the world and to their subjects the example of the holiness of the ancient days. The Danes had passed away; new hopes were blooming for Ireland; and the people looked, as a matter of course, upon the figure of their monarch, as he retired from their view into the cloister, and there lived and died in the odor of sanctity. He brought with him, as he came into the house he had endowed, royal gifts. History tells us that he brought with him forty thousand ounces of gold; history tells us that he adorned the altars, and built up the glorious shrine; and when he saw peace and calm around him, he glided quietly into that eternity which was before him; and, as was befitting an Irish hero, an Irish monarch, and a prince of the Irish people, he died, leaving to his people as an inheritance, the legacy of a memory that was hallowed by them as that of a Saint.

But speedily there arose from the same house, and from the line of Turlough, the young monarch, Roderic O'Conor. Young, splendid in figure, a prince, manly in heart and in bravery and in strength, he grasped the royal sword of Brian, and he waved over Ireland the sceptre of a monarch. He was scarcely installed in his royal dignity, when a great calamity fell upon Ireland, that looms over her and blights her like the dark shadow of a black cloud to this day. All Ireland acknowledged Roderic as "Ard-righ," or "High King." The glories of Tara had passed away; Tara was in ruins then as it is to-day; but there, upon the plains of Boyle, in Roscommon, rose the high towers and lofty palace of Ireland's King; and there Roderic held undoubted and undisputed sway over the whole of Ireland. The

O'Briens, the McCarthy Mor, the O'Sullivans, of the South, bowed before him; the proud O'Donnells and O'Neils, of the North, yielded their tribute and homage to him; the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes of the Wicklow Glens, and Kildare plains, of Leinster; the O'Rourkes, of Brefni, and Meath, acknowledged him as their King; whilst all the septs around him, in his own Province of Connaught, gloried in the name of their great and brave, valiant and puissant King, Roderic O'Conor, the King of Ireland. His name was known in the halls of the Plantagenets, in England. His name was known in the halls of the Princes and Kings of France and of Germany; his name resounded in the Vatican as the descendant of a Saint, and one who emulated the virtues as well as rivalled the bravery of his great ancestor, Turlough O'Conor.

Now, my friends, whilst St. Laurence O'Toole was on his Archiepiscopal throne of Dublin,—whilst peace reigned over the country,—whilst Ireland was healing the deep wounds which the Danes had left upon her stately form,—a man came to Ireland to reform the Church and State, and bring the barbarous Irish into a state of civilization; and that man was Henry the Second, the Plantagenet King of England. Let me tell you something about him. He was of a family so wicked that the great St. Bernard said of them—and it was believed all over in Europe—that they came from the devil. The words of St. Bernard were these—"From the devil they have come, and to the devil, their father, they will go." This man held all the Bishoprics of England in his own hands. He claimed the right of appointing and investing the Bishops. In those days the Church was very rich; and whenever a Bishop died, the *good* King Henry took the ten or twelve thousand pounds—that is to say, fifty, or sixty, or eighty thousand dollars,—and he kept it for three or four years in his own hands before he appointed a Bishop. He wanted the money; and I will tell you why. Irish ladies, bear with me. He was an immoral, an impure and debauched man. He wanted the money that belonged to the poor and the Church of God, to expend it upon his own vicious, impure and immoral pleasures. In order to show what manner of man he was, he sent three of his Knights—I say he *sent* them,—I don't care what history says—he sent them to shed the blood of Thomas à Beckett. Henry's three Knights entered the Cathedral at Canterbury;

they found the holy Bishop at Vespers, in cope and mitre, standing before the altar; and there, in the presence of God, they struck him; they broke his skull, and they shed his brains upon the altar of God. This was the man, saving your presence, that came over to reform the Irish! this was the man that came over to educate our clergy and teach them how to say Mass! this was the man who came over to teach St. Laurence O'Toole—one of the greatest saints that ever lived—how to behave himself properly as a Christian! According to Mr. Froude, the Pope wanted a policeman: and he selected a man that had violated every law of God; the man that had reddened his hands with the blood of a Saint—a man, that, having come from the devil, was going to the devil as fast as he could go;—a man that had married Eleanor of Aquitaine, another man's wife! he came and he found in Ireland a hero and a saint;—the saint was St. Laurence O'Toole, the Archbishop of Dublin; and Ireland's hero was the great and grand Roderic, King of Connaught, and High King of Ireland.

Then St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, cried out to the nation: "To arms! Draw the sword! The land is invaded!" No sooner did Henry's myrmidons land in Ireland,—no sooner was the voice of the sainted Archbishop of Dublin heard, than the sword of Roderic O'Conor sprang from its sheath, and waved, bright and glorious, over the land. From the shores of the Western ocean, he marched to the eastern coast of Ireland. He had around him his army; he rallied his chiefs, and they came. Strongbow, with his forces, landed on the coast of Wexford. Roderic knew the geography of his country; and he knew that, having taken Wexford, the probable course of the invader would be to march, over the hills of Wicklow and the plains of Kildare, on to the city of Dublin; and therefore he, with his army, stood, like a lion in the path, with their swords in their Celtic hands, and waited for the invader whom he expected. But there was a traitor in Ireland, in those days; and that traitor to Ireland was Dermot McMurrough, the King of Leinster. He had taken the wife of O'Rourke, Prince of Brefni, from her husband; and it speaks well for Ireland,—that Ireland which needed the Pope's policeman, according to Mr. Froude, to keep us in order, so that we required Henry II., the holy and immaculate, to

teach us how to say our prayers;—it speaks well for Ireland that, in the day that one man took another man's wife, the whole nation rose up against him; and all the manhood and womanhood in Ireland declared that the land of St. Patrick, the "Island of Saints," should not afford standing-room for an adulterer. Dermot, the accursed, was with the Norman and Saxon invaders; and well he knew that Ireland's lion prince was standing in the path, between the great capital of the nation and the invaders. He stole a march upon Roderic; he came around by the sea-coast of Wexford, and entered into Dublin secretly. To the amazement and indignation of the great King, his capital was taken before he was aware. Now, what remained for him? Suddenly he saw his friend, the holy Archbishop of Dublin, enter his camp. These two met; and never, perhaps, since the world was created, did two grander or greater souls meet than when Laurence, the Saint, met Roderic O'Connor, the Celtic King, both animated by one desire, by one passion, and that passion and desire was to drive the Norman and the Saxon into the same Irish sea that had swallowed up the Dane, the last of Ireland's invaders. Remember I am speaking to you of a Saint. Remember, O Irishmen! that if any man come and tell one of you that, in order to love Ireland, you must doubt or discredit Ireland's priesthood,—I am here to tell you, that I am speaking of the last of Ireland's Saints; and he came to the camp of the last of Ireland's Kings; and the burthen of his message was: "Give me a sword, that I may draw it in defence of Ireland's Nationality, and scourge her invaders forever from her soil!"

Accordingly, a short time after Dublin was taken, St. Laurence O'Toole, with Roderic O'Connor, the King, advanced upon Dublin, and, according to authentic records, with from forty to sixty thousand Irishmen with them. They invested the city. The O'Donnell and O'Neil, of Ulster, shut the invaders out from the sea by the side of Howth; the Munster men, under the O'Briens, and the O'Byrnes, held the sea-coast at Kingstown and Dalkey, and shut the invaders out from the sea on that side; the O'Kinsella and his men took up position at Kilmainham; and Roderic O'Connor occupied the site of the present Phoenix Park, or Castleknock. Unhappily, the investment was not complete.

Strongbow was a brave man, my friends; a man whom neither you nor I would wish to meet upon the open field; brave as a lion, and with the heart and hand of a Norman warrior. I do not say it because I am of their Norman blood myself. No! I had rather have one drop of my Celtic mother's blood than all the blood in my veins other than Celtic. But still it cannot be denied that these Normans,—clad in steel from head to toe; mounted upon their war-horses, also panoplied in steel,—were brave men; the bravest, perhaps, in the world. There were only six hundred of them in Dublin, reduced to starvation by the Irish army, lying silent, in grim expectation of the time when the invaders would be compelled to yield. St. Laurence O'Toole, according to the historian Leland, went through the ranks day by day, holding up the cross of Christ, and also girded with a sword, which he was prepared to draw as a prince amongst his people. Pressed with famine and almost exhausted with hunger, Strongbow called his Norman knights together and said: "The enemy is diffused about the walls; his line is slender, and we can easily break through it. Is it not better to die like heroes in the field, than to starve here like rats in a hole?" Arraying his men in full armor, he divided them into three bodies of about two hundred each; Raymond le Gros taking command of one, Miles de Cogan of another, and Strongbow himself leading the third; and they dashed right into the midst of the Irish army. The Celts scattered all around, taken completely by surprise. Not thinking of an assault, and having no previous warning, their lines were broken; and the Normans dashed right through the heart of the army, and again dashed back. Once again they charged, and the siege of Dublin was raised. The chieftains drew off their men and retired. Roderic sullenly and reluctantly withdrew at last, like a lion disappointed of his prey. The grand, royal heart of Ireland's monarch broke within him, when he heard from the lips of his friend St. Laurence, that the invaders were not to depart to-day or to-morrow, but were to remain for many a sad year. "They come," he said, in the language interpreted by Ireland's latest poet:—

"They come to divide—to dishonor;
And tyrants they long shall remain."

Oh! the vision that was opened before him by the saint of God was too much for his heart. What! Ireland dishonored! Ireland enslaved! Ireland losing her nationality! He could not bear it. His heart broke within him; and resigning crown and sceptre, he sought the cloister of Clonmacnoise, where his ancestor died in sanctity; and there, for twelve years, the man who had braved every disaster was to live as a Canon Regular of St. Augustine. For twelve years he spent his time in prayer with God, for Ireland's prosperity and safety. No longer a king, enthroned and crowned, he could do no more for Ireland. Wisdom and strength were vain; but he passed his days in sanctity; ending his life in an aroma of prayer to God for the land that bore him.

His eldest son he was obliged to send as a hostage to the English King; his dominions he was obliged to hold under him; not as under the power of a conqueror; for never will history admit that Ireland was conquered by Henry the Second. The most that Henry ever claimed was the acknowledgment of superiority, then called "*haut suzeraintie*,"—that Ireland, retaining her independence, kingship and nationality, acknowledged a nominal submission to the Crown of England. That was all that Henry the Second ever claimed. He treated with Roderic O'Connor as a King. Roderic O'Connor retired into the cloisters of Clonmacnoise and there lived as a king, though a monk. He died a king; and on the day when the royal tomb of Clonmacnoise was opened to receive him, he was buried with kingly honors.

If England, to-day, denies the right of Ireland to her nationality and independence, England denies it by the greatest injustice, lying, treachery and tyranny that ever one people exercised over another. If England, to-day, claims more than her first kings did from Ireland, she claims it without reason; and although she has welded a chain, dripping blood, over our land for seven hundred years, England has never been able to extinguish in the Irish soul the proud and heroic feeling that we are still a nation and shall be a nation till the end of time.

The body of Ireland's last monarch was laid in his royal grave. The nation wept over him; and never, since his day, have we seen his like, except, perhaps, in the passing vision of the heroic Hugh O'Neil, of Tyrone. Perchance

the spirits of the just in Heaven behold the things that take place on earth. If sorrow could enter there,—where the chastened spirit of Ireland's last monarch is crowned,—Oh! saddened would be his vision of blessedness, and chastened his eternal joy, to witness the centuries of agony, of persecution, of trial and of wrong that have passed over his native land. But one thing we know,—that the spirits of the just behold and appreciate the triumph of justice and of truth upon this earth. Roderic, brave was thine arm, now mouldered into the dust of Ireland; brave was the heart that throbbed in thy manly and kingly bosom with love for Ireland. Roderic, thou hast seen our sorrows; but I, an Irishman and a priest, proclaim, O Roderic, that thou shalt behold our resurrection, our triumph and our joy. It is coming. The day approaches. O sainted King! it approaches. The dawn is drawing near; for the sun of England is setting. Her political power is nearly gone; her military power is nothing; her commercial power is slipping fast from out her hands; the natural resources of her once fruitful bosom are beginning to fail; the mother of iron and coal is beginning to prove barren; and when England's iron and coal are gone, England's prestige already gone, her political influence now rapidly on the wane, what remains? What remains, O Celts? Oh, ye Irish Saints in Heaven! it remains for you to behold the resurrection and the glory of your race, who have kept your faith, held to your national love, and have never known how to resign the two most glorious ideas that can fill the mind and heart of man,—a love for God above him, and for the native land that bore him.

ST. PATRICK.

(A Panegyric delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, March 17th, 1872.)

“LET us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation . . . these were men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed. Good things continue with their seed. Their posterity are a holy inheritance; and their seed hath stood in the covenants; and their children, for their sakes, remain forever; their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken. . . . Let the people shew forth their wisdom and the Church declare their praise.” (Eccles. 44.)

WE are assembled to obey the command of God expressed in my text. One of the great duties of God's Church, to which she has ever been most faithful, is the commemoration of her Saints. From end to end of the year, the Saints of the Church are the theme of her daily thanksgiving and praise. They are her heroes, and therefore she honors them; just as the world celebrates its own heroes, records their great deeds, and builds up monuments to perpetuate their names and their glory. The Saints were the living and most faithful representatives of Christ, our Lord, of His virtues, His love, His action, His power; so that He lived in them, and wrought, in them and through them, the redemption of men; therefore the Church honors, not so much the saint as Christ our Lord in the saint, for in truth the wisdom of saintliness which she celebrates, wherever it is found, is nothing else, as described to us in Scripture, than “a vapor of the power of God, and a certain pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty God . . . the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness . . . and through nations she conveyeth herself into holy souls; she maketh the friends of God and prophets.”

Nor does the Church's honor of the Saints derogate from that of God, as some say; otherwise the Lord, who is jeal-

ous of His divine power and glory, would never command us to praise the Saints as He does in the words of my text, and in many other parts of the Holy Scriptures: "Praise ye the Lord in His Saints." "God is wonderful in His Saints," etc., etc. Nay, so far from lessening our love and praise of God, the Saints are the very channel through which praise is most acceptably given to Him: and if the Scriptures command us to praise the Lord in all His works, how much more in His Saints—the masterpieces of nature and grace. Let no one, therefore, suppose that we are assembled to-day to dishonor God by honoring His Saint; let no one imagine that we are come together to bless and praise other than Our God Himself, the Father of light, "for every best and every perfect gift" which He has given us through our great Apostle, St. Patrick. He was "a man of renown," for his work and his name are known and celebrated by all men; "and our father in his generation;" for he "begat us to God by the Gospel." He was, moreover, "a man of mercy," for, when he might have lived for himself and for the enjoyment of his own ease, he chose rather to sacrifice himself, and to make his life cheap and of no account in his sight; and this through the self-same mercy which brought the Lord Jesus Christ forth from the bosom of the Father, namely, mercy for a people who were perishing. His "godly deeds have not failed;" for the Lord crowned his labors with blessings of abundance. "Good things continue with his seed;" for the faith which he planted still flourishes in the land. "His posterity are a holy inheritance;" for the scene of his labors, grown famous for holiness, obtained among the nations the singular title of "the Island of Saints." "And his seed has stood in the covenants;" for it is well known and acknowledged that no power, however great, has been able to move them from the faith once delivered to the Saints. "His children for his sake remain for ever;" for he blessed them, as we read, that they should never depart from the fold of the "one Shepherd," into which he had gathered them; and his prayer in heaven has verified for fifteen hundred years his prophetic blessing on earth. "His seed and his glory shall not be forsaken;" for "they are the children of saints, and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from Him."

Seeing, therefore, that all the conditions of the Inspired Word have been so strikingly fulfilled in our Saint, is it wonderful that we should also desire to fulfil the rest of the command, "let the people shew forth his wisdom, and the Church declare his praise?" I propose, therefore, for your consideration—first, the character of the Saint himself; secondly, the work of his apostleship, and thirdly, the merciful providence of Almighty God, towards the Irish Church and the Irish people.

The light of Christianity had burned for more than four hundred years before its rays penetrated to Ireland. For the first three hundred years of the Church's existence, the sacred torch was hidden in the Catacombs and the caves of the earth, or, if ever seen by men, it was only when held aloft for a moment in the hands of a dying martyr. Yet the flame was spreading; and a great part of Asia, Armenia, Egypt, Spain, Italy and Gaul had already lighted their lamps before that memorable year 312, when the Church's light suddenly shooting up, appeared in the heavens, and a Roman Emperor was converted by its brightness. Then did the spouse of Christ walk forth upon the earth, arrayed in all "the beauty of holiness," and her "light arose unto the people who were seated in darkness and in the shadow of death." The Christian faith was publicly preached; the nations were converted, churches and monasteries were everywhere built, and God seemed to smile upon the earth with the blessings of Christian faith, and Roman civilization. A brief interval of repose it was; and God, in His mercy, permitted the Church just to lay hold of society, and establish herself amongst men, that she might be able to save the world, when, in a few years, the Northern barbarians should have swept away every vestige of the power, glory, and civilization of ancient Rome.

It was during this interval, between the long-continued war of persecution and the first fall of Rome, that a young Christian was taken prisoner on the Northern shores of Gaul, and carried, with many others, by his captors, into Ireland. This young man was Saint Patrick. He was of noble birth, born of Christian parents, reared up with tender care, and surrounded from his earliest infancy with all that could make life desirable and happy. Now he is torn away from parents and friends, no eye to look upon him

with pity, no heart to feel for the greatness of his misery; and, in his sixteenth year, just as life is opening and spreading out all its sweets before him, he is sold as a slave, and sent to tend cattle upon the dreary mountains of the far north of Ireland, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness; and there for long years did he live, forgotten and despised, and with no other support than the Christian faith and hope within him. These, however, failed him not; and so at length he was enabled to escape from his captivity and return to his native land." Oh, how sweet to his eyes and ears must have been the sights and sounds of his childhood! how dear the embraces, how precious the joy of his aged mother, when she clasped to her "him that was dead but came to life again!" Surely he will remain with her now, nor ever expose himself to the risk of losing again joys all the dearer because they had once been lost. Not so, my brethren. Patrick is no longer an ordinary man; one of us. A new desire has entered into his soul and taken possession of his life. A passion has sprung up within him for which he must live and to which he must devote his future. This desire, this passion, is to preach the Christian faith in Ireland and to bring the nation forth "from darkness into the admirable light" of God. In the days of his exile, even when a slave on the mountain side, he heard, like the prophet, a voice within him; and it said: "Behold I have given my words in thy mouth. Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up, and pull down, and to waste and destroy, and to build up and to plant. Gird up thy loins and arise and speak to them all that I command thee." And when he was restored to his country and to those who loved him, the same voice spoke again, for he heard in a dream the voice of many persons, from a wood near the western sea, crying out, as with one voice: "We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and walk still among us." "It was the voice of the Irish," says the Saint, in his "Confessions," "and I was greatly affected in my heart." And so he arose, and once more leaving father and mother, houses and lands, he went forth to prepare himself for his great mission. Having completed his long years of preparatory study, he turned his face to Rome, to the fountain-head of Christianity, the source of all jurisdiction, and Divine mission in the Church; the great heart

whence the life-blood of faith and sound doctrine flows, even to her most distant members; the new Jerusalem and Sion of God, of which it was written of old: "from Sion shall the law go forth, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem." And here, in Rome, St. Celestine the First laid his hands upon Patrick, and consecrated him first Bishop of the Irish nation.

And; now, he returns to our shores a second time; no longer a bondsman, but free and destined to break the nation's chains: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;" no longer dragged thither an unwilling slave of men, but drawn by irresistible love, the willing slave of Jesus Christ; no more a stripling, full of anxious fears; but a man in all the glory of a matured intellect, in the strength and vigor of manhood, in the fulness of power and jurisdiction; with mind prepared and spirit braced to bear and brave all things; and with heart and soul utterly devoted to God and to the great enterprise before him. Oh, my brethren, what joy was in Heaven at that hour when the blessed feet of the Bishop, Patrick, touched the shores of Ireland—the ancient "Isle of Destiny." This was her destiny surely—and it is about to be fulfilled,—that she should be the home and the mother of saints—of doctors and holy solitaries and pure virgins and martyrs robed in white, and of a people acceptable before the Lord;—that the cross of Christ should be the emblem of her faith forevermore; of her faith and of her trial, of her tears and sorrow and of her victory, "which conquereth the world." O golden hour amongst the hours, when the sands of the Irish shore first embraced, softly and lovingly, the beautiful footprints of him who preached peace and good tidings; when Moses struck the rock, and the glistening waters of salvation flowed in the desert land; when the "Name, which is above all names," was first heard in the old Celtic tongue; and the Lord Jesus, entering upon His new inheritance, exclaimed, "This is My resting place forever and ever; here shall I dwell because I have chosen it."

The conversion of Ireland, from the time of St. Patrick's landing to the day of his death, is, in many respects, the strangest fact in the history of the Church. The Saint met with no opposition; his career resembles more the triumphant progress of a king than the difficult labor of a mission-

ary. The Gospel, with its lessons and precepts of self-denial, of prayer, of purity—in a word, of the violence which seizes on Heaven,—is not congenial to man. His pride, his passions, his blindness of intellect and hardness of heart, all oppose the spread of the Gospel; so that the very fact that mankind has so universally accepted it, is adduced as a proof that it must be from God. The work of the Catholic missionary has, therefore, ever been, and must continue to be, a work of great labor with apparently small results. Such has it ever been amongst all the nations; and yet Ireland seems a grand exception. She is, perhaps, the only country in the world that entirely owes her conversion to the work of one man. He found her universally Pagan. He left her universally Christian. She is, again, the only nation that never cost her Apostle an hour of sorrow, a single tear, a drop of blood. She welcomed him like a friend, took the Word from his lips, made it at once the leading feature of her life, put it into the blood of her children and into the language of her most familiar thoughts, and repaid her benefactor with her utmost veneration and love. And much, truly, had young Christian Ireland to love and venerate in her great Apostle. All sanctity, coming as it does from God, is an imitation of God in man. This is the meaning of the word of the Apostle: “Those whom He foreknew and predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son, the same He called, and justified, and glorified.” Conformity to the image of God is therefore Christian perfection or sanctity. “the mystery which was hidden from eternity with Christ in God.” But as our Lord Jesus Christ, “in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead corporeally,” is an abyss of all perfections, so do we find the Saints differing one from another in their varied participations of His graces, and resemblance to His divine gifts; for so “star differeth from star in glory.” Thus, amongst the Apostles, we are accustomed to think and speak of the impulsive zeal of Peter, the virginal purity of John, etc.; not as if Peter were not pure, or that John was wanting in zeal, but that where all was the work of the Spirit of God, one virtue shone forth more prominently, and seemed to mark the specific character of sanctity in the Saint.

Now, amongst the many great virtues which adorned the soul of Ireland's apostle, and made him so dear to the peo-

ple, I find three which he made especially his own; and these were, a spirit of penance, deepest humility, and a devouring zeal for the salvation of souls. A spirit of penance. It is remarkable, and worthy of special notice, in these days of self-indulgence and fanciful religions, how practical the Gospel is. It is pre-eminently not only the science of religious knowledge, but, also of religious life. It tells us not only what we are to believe, but also what we are to do. And, now, what is the first great precept of the Gospel? It is penance. My brethren, "do penance, for the kingdom of God is at hand." And when, on the day of Pentecost, the Prince of the Apostles first raised up the standard of Christianity upon the earth, the people, "when they heard these things had compunction in their hearts, and said to Peter, and to the rest of the Apostles—'what shall we do, men and brethren?'" and Peter said to them, '*do penance*, and be baptized every one of you.'" This spirit of penance was essentially Patrick's. His youth had been holy. Prevented from earliest childhood by "the blessings of sweetness," he had grown up like a lily in purity, in holy fear and love. Yet, for the carelessness and slight indiscretions of his first years, he was filled with compunction, and with a life-long sorrow. His sin, as he called it, was always before him; and with the Prophet he cried out, "who will give water to my head, and a fountain of tears to mine eyes, that I may weep day and night." In his journeyings he was wont to spend the night in prayer, and tears, and bitter self-reproach, as if he were the greatest of sinners; and when he hastened from "Royal Meath," into the far West of the island, we read that when Lent approached, he suspended his labors for a time, and went up the steep, rugged side of Croagh Patrick, and there, like his Divine Master, he spent the holy time in fasting and prayer; and his "tears were his food night and day." Whithersoever he went he left traces of his penitential spirit behind him; and Patrick's penance and Patrick's purgatory are still familiar traditions in the land. Thus, my brethren, did he "sow in tears," who was destined to reap in so much joy; for so it is ever with God's Saints, who do His work on this earth; "going, they went and wept, scattering the seed; but coming, they shall come with joy."

His next great personal virtue was a wonderful humility. Now, this virtue springs from a twofold knowledge, namely,

the knowledge of God, and of ourselves. This was the double knowledge for which the great Saint Augustine prayed—“Lord, let me know Thee, and know myself, that I may love Thee, and despise myself;” and this did our Saint possess in an eminent degree. This knowledge of God convinced him of the utter worthlessness of all things beside God; and even of God’s gifts, except when used for Himself; and, therefore, he did all things for God, and nothing for self; and of “His own he gave Him back again:” he lost sight of himself in advancing the interests and the cause of God; he hid himself behind his work in which he labored for God; and strangely enough, his very name and history come down to us by reason of his great humility; for he would write himself a sinner, and calls himself “Patrick, an unworthy and ignorant and sinful man;” for so he saw himself, judging himself by the standard of infinite holiness in Christ, by which we also shall all be one day judged. Looking into himself he found only misery and weakness, wonderfully strengthened, not by himself, but by God; poverty and nakedness, clothed and enriched, not by himself—but by God; and, fearful of losing the Giver in the gifts, he put away from him the contemplation of what God had made him, and only considered what he was himself. Thus was he always the most humble of men. Even when seated in glory, and surrounded by the love and admiring veneration of an entire people, never was his soul moved from the solid foundation of humility,—the two-fold knowledge. And so he went down to his grave, a simple and an humble man. And yet in this lowly heart there burned a mighty fire of love, a devouring zeal for the souls of his brethren. Oh! here, indeed, does he shine forth “likened unto the Son of God;” for, like his Divine Lord and Master, Patrick was a “zealous lover of souls.” He well knew how dear these souls were to the sacred heart of Jesus Christ—how willingly the Lord of glory had spent Himself, and given His most sacred and precious blood for them: how it was the thought of their salvation that sustained Him during the horror of His passion; in the agony of His prayer; when His sacred flesh was torn at the pillar; when the cruel thorns were driven into His most holy brows; when, with drooping head and wearied eyes, and body streaming blood from every open wound, He was raised up on the Cross, to die heart-broken

and abandoned, with the anger of God, and the insults of men poured upon Him. Patrick knew all this, and it filled him with transports of zeal for souls ; so that, like the great Apostle, he wished to be as accursed for them ; and to die a thousand times rather than that one soul, purchased so dearly, and the offspring of so much love and sorrow, should perish. Therefore, did he make himself the slave and the servant of all, that he might gain all to God. And in his mission of salvation no difficulties retarded him, no danger frightened him, no labor or sacrifice held him back ; no sickness subdued him ; no infirmity of body or mind overcame him. Old age came upon him, yet he spared not himself ; nor did he for a moment sit down to count his years, or to number his triumphs, or to consider his increasing wants ; but his voice was clear and strong and his arm untiring, though he had reaped a harvest of many years, and had borne "the burthen of the day and the heat ;" and his heart was young, for it was still growing in the faith of those around him. Even to the last day of his life "his youth was renewed like the eagle." He repeatedly journeyed throughout the length and breadth of the land, caring and tending, with prayer, and blessing, and tears, the plants which he had planted in this new vineyard of God ; and "grace was poured abroad from his lips," and "virtue went forth from him ;" until the world was astonished at the sight of a whole nation converted by one man : and the promise made of old was fulfilled in Patrick : "I will deliver to thee every place that the sole of thy foot shall tread upon ; and no man shall be able to resist thee all the days of thy life."

And now we come to the question, what did St. Patrick teach, and in what form of Christianity did he expend himself for God. For fifteen hundred years, my brethren, Christianity meant one thing, one doctrine, one faith, one authority, one baptism. Now, however, in our day, this same Christianity, though as undivided, as true, as exclusive, as definite as ever, is made to signify many things : and men, fondly imagining that our ancestors had no greater unity than ourselves, ask what form of doctrine did St. Patrick preach to the Irish people ? I answer : he preached the whole cycle of Catholic truth, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, to the end of time. He taught them that Christ's most sacred body and blood are really

and truly present in the Blessed Eucharist ; so that we find an Irish writer of the same century (Sedulius) using the words : “ We are fed on the body and the members of Christ, and so we are made the temples of God.” Again, the language used by the Irish Church at the time (as even the Protestant Bishop Usher acknowledges), concerning the Mass, was “ the making the body of the Lord.” In support of the same truth we have the beautiful legend of St. Bridgid, which, even if its truth be disputed, still points to the popular faith and love whence it sprang ;—how, when a certain child, named Nennius, was brought to her, she blessed him, and prophesied that his hand should one day give her the Holy Communion ; whereupon the boy covered his right hand, and never again let it touch any profane thing, nor be even uncovered ; so that he was called *Neñiur na lámh glar* (*Nennius na lámh glar*), or, Nennius of the clean hand, out of devotion and love to the most Holy Sacrament. St. Patrick taught the doctrine of penance and confession of sins and priestly absolution ; for we find, amongst other proofs, an old penitential canon of a synod held under the Saint himself, in 450, in which it is decreed that : “ If a Christian kill a man, or commit fornication, or go into a soothsayer after the manner of the Gentiles, he shall do a year of penance ; when his year of penance is over, he shall come with witnesses ; and afterwards he shall be absolved by the priest.” He taught the invocation of saints, as is evident from numerous records of the time. Thus in a most ancient life of St. Bridgid we find the words “ there are two holy Virgins in Heaven, who may undertake my protection—Mary and Bridgid—on whose patronage let each of us depend.” In like manner, we find, in the synods of the time, laws concerning the “ oblations for the dead.” In the most ancient Irish missals, Masses for the dead are found, with such prayers as, “ Grant, O Lord, that this holy oblation may work pardon for the dead and salvation for the living.” And in a most ancient life of St. Brendan it is stated that “ the prayer of the living doth much profit the dead.”

But, my brethren, as in the personal character of the Saint there were some amongst his virtues that shone out more conspicuously than the others, so in his teaching there were certain points which appear more prominently, which seemed to be impressed upon the people more forcibly, and

to have taken peculiar hold of the national mind. Let us consider what these peculiar features of St. Patrick's teaching were, and we shall see how they reveal to us what I propose as the third point of this sermon; namely, the merciful providence of God over the Irish Church and people. They were the following:—Fidelity to St. Peter's chair and to Peter's successor, the Pope of Rome; devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary; prayer and remembrance for the dead; and confiding obedience and love for their bishops and priests. These were the four great prominent features of Patrick's teaching. By the first,—namely, fidelity to the Pope,—he secured the unity of the Irish Church as a living member of the Catholic Church; by the second,—devotion to the Blessed Virgin,—he secured the purity and morality of the people; by the third, care of the dead,—he enlisted on the side of Catholic truth the natural love and strong feelings of the Irish character; and by the last,—attachment and obedience to the priesthood,—he secured to the Irish Church the principle of internal union, which is the secret of her strength. He preached fidelity and unswerving devotion to the Pope; the head of the Catholic Church. Coming direct from Rome, and filled with ecclesiastical knowledge, he opened up before the eyes of his new children, and revealed to them, the grand design of Almighty God in His Church. He showed them, in the world around them, the wonderful harmony which speaks of God. Then, rising into the higher world of grace, he preached to them the still more wonderful harmony of redemption and of the Church;—the Church, so vast as to fill the whole earth, yet as united in doctrine and practice as if she embraced only the members of one small family or the inhabitants of one little village; the Church, embracing all races of men, and leaving to all their full individual freedom of thought and action; yet animating all with one soul, quickening all as with one life, and one heart, guiding all with the dictates of one immutable conscience, and keeping every member,—even the least,—under the dominion of one head. Such was the Church on which Patrick engrafted Ireland. “A glorious Church, without spot or wrinkle;” a perfect body, the very mystical body of Jesus Christ, through which “we, being wild olives, are engrafted on Him, the true olive tree,” so that “we are made the flesh of His flesh, and bone of His bones.”

Now, Patrick taught our fathers, with truth, that the soul, the life, the heart, the conscience, and the head of the Church is Jesus Christ; and that His representative on earth, to whom He has communicated all His graces and powers is the Pope of Rome, the visible head of God's Church, the Bishop of Bishops, the centre of unity and of doctrine, the rock and the corner-stone on which the whole edifice of the Church is founded and built up. All this he pointed out in the Scriptures, from the words of our Lord to Peter. Peter was the shepherd of the fold, whose duty it was to feed both lambs and sheep with "every word that cometh from the mouth of God." Peter was the rock to sustain and uphold the Church: "thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church," (words which are the very touchstone of faith in these days of sorrow.) Peter's was the strong, unerring voice which was ever to be heard in the Church, defining her doctrines, warning off enemies, denouncing errors, rebuking sinners, guiding the doubtful, strengthening the weak, confirming the strong; for Jesus said: "thou, O Peter, confirm thy brethren." Patrick taught the Irish people not to be scandalized if they saw the cross upon Peter's shoulders, and the crown of thorns upon his head; for so Christ lives in His Church and in her Supreme Pastor. But he also taught them that he who strikes Peter strikes the Lord; he taught them what history has taught us, that "whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be bruised; and upon whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." He taught them that in the day when they separated from Peter they separated from Christ, as did the foolish men in the Gospel: "After this many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said to the twelve, 'will you also go away?' And Simon Peter answered Him: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'" Thus it was, my brethren, that Patrick bound them to "the rock of ages," to Peter's chair, with firmest bonds of obedience and love, and infused into their souls that supernatural instinct, which, for fifteen hundred years, has kept them, through good report and evil report, through persecution and sorrow, faithful and loyal to the Holy See of Rome. It was a bond of obedience and love that bound Ireland to Rome. Thus, in the beginning of the seventh century, when the Irish Bish-

ops assembled to consider the question of celebrating Easter, we find the Fathers selecting some "wise and humble men," and sending them to Rome for instruction, "as children to their mother;" and this in obedience to a primitive law of the Irish Church, which enacted that, in every difficulty that might arise, "the question should be referred to the "Head of Cities," as Rome was called. This devotion to the Holy See saved Ireland in the day of trial.

The next great feature in Patrick's preaching was devotion to the Mother of God. Of this we have abundant proof in the numerous churches built and dedicated to God under her name. *Teampoill Mhuire* (*Teampoill Mhuire*), Mary's Church, became a familiar name in the land. In the far west of Ireland, where the traditions of our holy Faith are still preserved, enshrined in the purest form of our grand old Celtic language, the sweet name of the Mother of God is heard in the prayers and songs of the people, in their daily familiar converse, in the supplications of the poor; not under the title of "our Lady," or of "the Blessed Virgin," but by the still more endearing name of *Mhuire Mhathair* (*Muire Mathair*), "Mary Mother." And so it was that Patrick sent his Catholic doctrines home to the hearts of the people. He preached Jesus Christ under the name by which He is still known and adored in that far western land,—*Mac na Maighdine* (*Mac na Maighdine*), "the Virgin's Son," thus admirably insinuating the great mystery of the Incarnation, and preaching Jesus through Mary. And Mary herself he preached, with all her graces and glories, as "Mary Mother." The example of her virginal purity and maternal love he made the type of the Irish maiden and mother; and so well did they learn their high lesson, that they have been for ages the admiration of the world, and the glory of their afflicted country. The devotion to Mary sank deep into the heart of the nation. So well had they already learned to love and appreciate her, that, in a few years after their conversion to the Faith, when they would express their love and admiration for the first great Irish virgin Saint, St. Bridgid,—they thought they had crowned her with glory when they called her "the Mary of Ireland." This devotion to Mary was a protecting shield over Ireland in the day of her battle for the Faith.

The third great prominent point in St. Patrick's preach-

ing was the doctrine of Purgatory, and, consequently, careful thought and earnest prayer for the dead. This is attested by the ordinances of the most-ancient Irish Synods, in which oblations, prayers, and sacrifice for the dead are frequently mentioned, as evidently being the practice, frequent and loving, of the people. They were not unmindful of the dead, "like others who have no hope." Every ancient church had its little graveyard; and the jealous care of the people, even to this day, for these consecrated spots, and the loving tenacity with which they have clung to them at all times,—speak of their faith in this great doctrine, and tell us how much Irish hope and love surround the grave. "Nothing is our own except our dead," says the poet: and so these affectionate hearts took with joy the doctrine of mercy, and carried their love and their prayer beyond the tomb into the realms of expiation, where the dross of earth is purged away, the gold and silver are refined, and souls saved are prepared for Heaven, "yet so as by fire." This doctrine of the Church, so forcibly taught by Patrick, and warmly accepted by the Irish people, was also a great defence to the nation's faith during the long ages of persecution and sorrow.

Finally, the great Saint established between the people and their priesthood the firmest bonds of mutual confidence and love. In the Catholic Church, the priest is separated from men and consecrated to God. The duties of his office are so high, so holy, and supernatural, and require such purity of life and devotion of soul, that he must of necessity stand aloof from amongst men, and engage himself with God; for, to use the words of the Apostle, he is "the minister of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God." Hence every Catholic looks upon the priest as a supernatural man; supernatural in the unction of his priesthood, in his office, his power, his life, his duties, and most sacred in his person as the anointed of the Lord. This was the idea of the priesthood which Saint Patrick impressed upon the Irish people. The very name by which the priest has ever been known in our language, and which has no corresponding word in the English tongue, signifies "a sacred man and a giver of sacred things." Such is the exalted dignity of the priesthood, such the knowledge, the matured sanctity, required for, and the tremendous obligations and duties im-

posed upon it, that we generally find the first priests of a newly converted people strangers; men who in Christian lands were brought up and educated for their high mission. It would seem as if the young Christianity of a people, like a vine but newly planted, were unable yet to bear such full matured fruit of holiness. But it was not so in Ireland, my brethren. There we behold a singular instance of a people who immediately produced a national priesthood. The priests and bishops of Ireland, who assisted and succeeded Saint Patrick in his great work, were almost to a man Irishmen. So congenial was the soil on which the seedling of Christianity fell, that, forthwith, it sprung up into the goodly tree of all holiness and power. And so the aged Apostle saw around him, in "the ring of his brethren," those whom he had himself baptized, anointed and consecrated to the ministry of God's altar and people. Taken thus from the heart of the people, they returned to them again laden with Divine gifts, and living in the midst of them, joyfully and contentedly ministered unto them "in all the things that are of God." A community of joy and sorrow, of good and of evil was thus established between the priesthood and the people of Ireland; an intercourse the most familiar yet most reverential; an union of the strictest kind, founded in faith, fidelity, and affection, and cemented by centuries of tears and of blood.

For more than a thousand years the work of Saint Patrick was the glory of Christendom. The virgin Church of Ireland, unstained even by one martyr's blood, became the prolific mother of Saints. Strange indeed and singular in its glory was the destiny of Innisfail. The Irish Church knew no childhood, no ages of painful and uncertain struggle to put on Christian usages and establish Christian traditions. Like the children in the early ages of the Church, who were confirmed in infancy, immediately after Baptism, Ireland was called upon, as soon as converted, to become at once the mother of saints, the home and refuge of learning, the great instructress of the nations; and, perhaps, the history of the world does not exhibit a more striking and glorious sight than Ireland for the three hundred years immediately following her conversion to the Catholic faith. The whole Island was covered with schools and monasteries, in which men the most renowned of their age, both for learn-

ing and sanctity, received the thousands of students who flocked to them from every land. Whole cities were given up to them, as we read of Armagh, which was divided into three parts,—“*Trian-mor*,” or the town proper; “*Trian-Patrick*,” or the Cathedral close; and “*Trian-Sassenagh*,” or the Latin quarter, the home of the foreign students. To the students the evening star gave the signal for retirement, and the morning sun for awaking. When, at the sound of the early bell, says the historian, “two or three thousand of them poured into the silent streets, and made their way towards the lighted church, to join in the service of matins, mingling, as they went or returned, the tongues of the Gael, the Cimbri, the Pict, the Saxon, and the Frank, or hailing and answering each other in the universal language of the Roman Church, the Angels in Heaven must have loved to contemplate the union of so much perseverance with so much piety.” And thus it was, not only in St. Patrick’s own city of Armagh, but in Bangor, in Clonard, in Clonmacnoise, in Mayo; of the Saxons in Tagmahon, and Beg-Erin, on the Slaney; in famed Lismore, on the Blackwater; in Mungret, on the lordly Shannon; in the far-off islands of Arran, in the Western ocean; and in many another sainted and historic spot, where the round tower and the group of seven churches still remain, silent but eloquent witnesses of the sanctity and the glory of Ireland’s first Christianity. The nations, beholding and admiring the lustre of learning and sanctity which shone forth in the Holy Isle, united in conferring upon Ireland the proudest title ever yet given to a land, or a people; they called her “the Island of Saints and Doctors.”

The voice of history clearly and emphatically proclaims that the intellectual supremacy and guidance of the Christian world belonged to Ireland from the sixth to the ninth centuries. But, although religion may flourish in the halls of the university, and be fairly illustrated in the peaceful lives of the Saints, yet, there is one crown, and that, indeed, the very countersign of faith, “*victoria quæ vincit mundum, fides*,” (the victory which conquers the world,—our faith) which can only rest on the brows of a Church and a nation which have been tried in the arena of persecution and war; and that crown is victory. The bay tree may flourish by the river side; the cedar may rear its majestic head on the

mountain top; leaf and fair flower, and the fulness of fruit may be there; but it is only in the dark hour, when the storm sweeps over the earth, and every weak thing yields to it, and is carried away by its fury, that the good tree is tested, and its strength is proved. Then do men see whether it has struck its roots deep into the soil, and so twined them about the hidden rocks, that no power can tear them out. The good ship may sail before the prosperous gales, and "walk the waters" in all her beauty and majesty; but it is only on the morning after the storm, when the hurricane has swept over the face of the deep, when the angry waves have beaten upon her, and strained to its utmost every element of her strength—seeking to destroy her, but in vain—that the sailor knows that he can trust to the heart of oak, and sleep securely in his noble vessel. Thus it is with the Church in Ireland. Her beauty and her sanctity were known and admired both of God and man. But her Lord was resolved that she should wear such a crown of victory as never was placed on a nation's brows; and therefore, at two distinct periods of her history, was she obliged to meet and conquer a storm of persecution and of war unequalled in the world's annals.

The first of these great trials came upon Ireland at the beginning of the ninth century, when the Northmen, or Danes, invaded the country, in mighty force. They came not only as the enemies of Ireland's nationality, but much more of her faith; and we invariably find that their first and most destructive fury was directed against the churches, monasteries and schools. The gloomy and terrible worship of Odin was to replace the religion of Christ; and for three hundred long years the whole land was covered with bloodshed and confusion, the nation fighting, with heroic courage and perseverance, in defence of its altars and homes; until, at the close of the eleventh century, Ireland rose up in her united strength, shook off the Pagan and fierce invaders from her virgin bosom, and cast them into the sea. The faith and religion of Christ triumphed; and Ireland was as Catholic, though far from being as holy, at the end of the eleventh as she was at the end of the eighth century.

Now we can only realize the greatness of this result by comparing it with the history of other nations. Behold, for

instance, how completely the Mussulman invasions destroyed the Christianity of those ancient peoples of the East who had received the faith from the lips of the Apostles themselves; how thoroughly the Saracens succeeded, in a few years, in destroying the Christian faith of the north of Africa,—that once famous and flourishing Church, the Alexandria of St. Mark, the Hippo of St. Augustine, the Carthage of St. Cyprian. History attests that nothing is more subversive of the religion of a people than long-continued war: and of this great truth we have, without going to the East or to Africa, a most melancholy proof in the history of England. “The Wars of the Roses,” as the strife between the Houses of Lancaster and York was called, cover a space of only thirty years, from 1455 to 1485. This war was not directed at all against religion, but was simply a contention of two great rival Houses struggling for the sovereignty; and yet it so demoralized the English people, that they were prepared to accept, almost without a struggle, the monstrous form of religious error imposed upon them at the so-called Reformation,—an heretical church with a tyrant, an adulterer, and a murderer for its head. Contrast with these, and many other such terrible examples, the glory of a nation that emerged from a contest of three hundred years,—which was really a religious war,—with faith unimpaired and untarnished by the least stain of superstition or infidelity to God.

It is not necessary for us to-day to recall the sad events that succeeded the termination of the Danish invasion of Ireland. The crown of empire fell from Ireland’s brows, and the heart broke in the nation’s bosom.

“The emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of the stranger.”

It is, however, worthy of remark, that although Ireland never was united in her opposition to her English invader, as she had been at Clontarf, still the contest for national existence was so gallantly maintained, that it was four hundred years after the first Norman invasion before the English Monarch ventured to assume the title of “King of Ireland.” It was in 1169 the English first landed, and it was on the 19th of June, 1541, that the royalty of Ireland was first transferred to an English dynasty, and the Lordship of the Island of Saints conferred on one of the most wicked and

inhuman monsters that ever cursed the earth, King Henry the Eighth.

And now a new era of persecution and sorrow opened upon Ireland. The nation was commanded to give up its faith and religion. Never, since the beginning of the world, was an all-important question more solemnly put: never has it been more triumphantly and clearly answered. The question was: Were the Irish people prepared to stand by their ancient faith, to unite in defence of their altars, to close with the mighty persecuting power of England, and fight her in the cause of religion. Solemnly and deliberately did Ireland take up the gage and accept the great challenge. The issue seemed scarcely doubtful. The world refused to believe that a people who could never be united in the defence of their national existence would unite as one man in defence of religion; or that the power which had succeeded in breaking Ireland's sceptre and wresting her crown should be utterly defeated in its mightiest and most persistent efforts to destroy Ireland's ancient faith. Yet so it was to be. The "Island of Saints and Doctors" was destined to be a land of heroes and martyrs; and the sacred cause of Ireland's nationality was destined to be saved in the victory which crowned her wonderful and glorious battle for her faith. This is not the time, nor the occasion, to dwell upon the details of that terrible struggle in which the whole strength of earth's mightiest people was put forth against us; which lasted for three hundred years; which was fought out on a thousand battle-fields; which deluged Ireland with the best blood of her children, and reduced her fairest provinces, over and over again, to the condition of a waste and desert land. But the Celt was intrenched in the citadel of God; the light of divine truth was upon his path, the power of the Most High nerved his arm, and the spirit of Patrick hung over him, like the fiery cloud that overshadowed the hosts of Israel upon the plains of Edom and Madian.

Ireland's preservation of the Catholic faith has been a puzzle to the world, and men have sought to explain in many different ways the extraordinary phenomenon. Some ascribe it to our natural antipathy and opposition to England and everything English; others again allege the strong conservatism of the Irish character, and its veneration for ancient rites and usages, merely because they are ancient;

whilst English historians and philosophers love to attribute it to the natural obstinacy and wrong-headedness which they say is inherent in the Irish. I do not deny that amongst the minor and human causes that influenced the religious action of the Irish people, there may have been a hatred and detestation of England. The false religion was presented to our fathers by the detested hands that had robbed Ireland of her crown; it was offered at the point of the sword that had shed (often treacherously and foully,) the blood of her bravest sons; the nauseous dose of Protestantism was mixed in the bowl that poisoned the last of her great chieftains—Owen Roe O’Neil. All this may have been told with the Irish people; and I also admit that a Church and religion claiming to be of God, with such a divinely appointed head as the *saintly* Henry the Eighth,—such a nursing mother as the chaste Elizabeth,—such gentle missionaries as the humane and tender-hearted Oliver Cromwell, may have presented difficulties to a people whose wits were sharpened by adversity, and who were not wholly ignorant of the Christian character as illustrated in the history and traditions of their native land. We may also admit to a slight extent the conservatism of the Irish character and its veneration for antiquity. Oh, how much our fathers had to love in their ancient religion! Their history began with their Christianity; their glories were all intertwined with their religion; their national banner was inscribed with the emblem of their faith, “the green immortal shamrock;” the brightest names in their history were all associated with their religion;—“Malachi of the collar of gold,” dying in the midst of the Monks, and clothed with their holy habit, on an island of Lough Ennel, near Mullingar, in Meath;—Brian, “the great King,” upholding the crucifix before his army, on the morning of Clontarf, and expiring in its embraces before the sun set;—the brave Murchertach O’Brien answering fearlessly the threat of William Rufus;—for when the English King said, looking towards Ireland, “I will bring hither my ships, and pass over and conquer the land;” “Hath the King,” asked the Irish Monarch, “in his great threatenings, said, ‘if it please God?’” And when answered, no; “Then tell him,” exclaimed the Irish hero, “I fear him not, since he putteth his trust in man and not in God.” Roderic O’Conor, the last “High King” of Ire-

land, closing his career of disaster and of glory among the Canons of the Abbey of Cong;—saint, and bard, and hero, all alike presented themselves to the national mind surrounded by the halo of that religion which the people were now called upon to abandon and despise. Powerful as was the appeal of history and antiquity, I cannot give it any great weight in the preservation of Ireland's Catholicity. I do not believe that adherence to ancient usage, because of its antiquity, is a prominent feature of the Irish character. We are by no means so conservative as our English neighbors. It is worthy of remark that usages and customs once common to both countries, and long since abandoned and forgotten in Ireland, (Christmas "waits," for instance, harvest-home feasts, May-pole dances, and the like,) are still kept up faithfully and universally throughout England. The bells which, in Catholic times, called the people to early Mass, on Sunday morning, are still rung out as of old, through mere love of ancient usage, although their ringing from Protestant towers, in the early morning, has no meaning whatever; for it invites to no service or prayer. And yet, in the essential matter of religion, where antiquity itself is a proof of truth, the conservative English gave up the old faith for the new; whilst the Irish,—in other things so regardless of antiquity,—shed their blood and died for the old religion rather than turn for one instant to the strange imposture of the new.

But none of these purely natural explanations can explain the supernatural fact that a whole people preferred, for ten generations, confiscation, exile and death, rather than surrender their faith; and the true reason lies in the all-important circumstance that the religion of the Irish people was the true religion of Jesus Christ, bringing not only light to the intelligence, but grace and strength to the heart and will of the nation. The light of their divine faith showed them the hollowness and fallacy of Protestantism, in which they recognized an outrage upon common sense and reason, as well as upon God; and the grace of their holy Catholic religion enabled them to suffer and die in its defence. Here it is that we recognize the providence of God in the preaching of Saint Patrick. The new and false religion assailed precisely those points of Catholic teaching which he had engraved most deeply on the mind and heart of Ireland, as if

he had anticipated the trial and prepared for it. Attachment to the Holy See was more than a sentiment; it was a passion in the Irish bosom. Through good report and evil report, Ireland was always faithful to Peter's chair; and it is a curious fact, that, when the Christian world was confused by the pretensions of Antipopes, and all the nations of Christendom were, at one time or other, led astray, so as to acknowledge some false pretender, Ireland, with an instinct truly supernatural, never failed to discover, to proclaim, and to obey the true Pontiff. She is the only Catholic nation that never was, for a moment, separated from Peter, nor mistaken in her allegiance to him. Her prayer, her obedience, her love were the sure inheritance of each succeeding Pope, from Celestine, who sent Saint Patrick to Ireland, to Pius, who, in our own day, beheld Patrick's children guarding his venerable throne, and prepared to die in his glorious cause. In every Catholic land union with Rome is a principle. In Ireland it was a devotion. And so, when the evil genius of Protestantism stalked through the land, and with loud voice demanded of the Irish people separation from Rome, or their lives,—the faithful people of God consented to die, rather than to renounce the faith of their fathers, transmitted to them through the Saints.

Devotion to the Mother of God was the next great feature of Patrick's preaching and of Ireland's Catholicity. The image of all that was fairest in nature and grace, which arose before the eyes of the people, as depicted by their great Apostle, captivated their imaginations and their hearts. They called her in their prayers *Máighdin dhilish* (Maighdin dhilish), their darling Virgin. In every family in the land the eldest daughter was a Mary; every Irish maid or mother emulated the purity of her virginal innocence, or the strength and tenderness of her maternal love. With the keenness of love they associated their daily sorrows and joys with hers; and the ineffable grace of maiden modesty, which clung to the very mothers of Ireland, seemed to be the brightest reflection of Mary which had lingered upon the earth. Oh, how harshly upon the ears of such a people grated the detestable voice which would rob Mary of her graces, and rob the world of the light of her purity and the glory of her example! Never was the Mother of God so dear to Ireland as in the days of the nation's persecution and sorrow. Not

even in that bright day when the Virgin Mary seemed to walk the earth, and to have made Ireland her home, in the person of their own St. Bridgid, was her name so dear and the love of her so strong, as in the dark and terrible time when, Church and Altar being destroyed, every cabin in the land resounded with Mary's name, invoked in the Holy Rosary, the great devotion that saved Ireland's faith.

The third great leading feature of our holy religion assailed by Protestantism was the sweet and tender doctrine of prayer and love for the dead. That which is opposed to divine truth is always, when we analyze it, an outrage on the best instincts of man. Remembrance of those who are gone, and a desire to help them, to communicate with them, seems natural to us all; and the more tender-hearted and affectionate and loving a people are, the more deeply will they realize and appreciate the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory and prayer for the dead. How terrible is the separation of death, as seen from the Protestant point of view. In the Catholic Church this mystery of death is despoiled of its worst bitterness. It is only a removal from our bodily sight, as if the loved one were only gone on a journey for a few days, to return to us again. Our intercourse with him does not cease; nay, we can do more for him now than ever we could in life, and by our prayers obtain for him the relief and consolation that will never be forgotten during the long day of eternity in Heaven. To a people like the Irish, naturally affectionate, and strongly attached to each other, the Christian doctrine of prayer for the dead must always be grateful. Our history served to deepen this portion of our Catholic devotion; for it was a history of sorrow and of national privation; and sorrow softens and enlarges the heart. A people who had lost so much in life turned the more eagerly and lovingly to their dead. I remember once seeing an aged woman weeping and praying over a grave in Ireland; and when I questioned her, endeavoring to console her, she said: "Let me cry my fill; all that I ever had in this world are here in this grave; all that ever brought me joy or sorrow is here under this sod; and my only consolation in life is to come here and speak to them, and pray for them, and weep." We may imagine but we cannot realize the indignation of our fathers, when the heartless, sour-visaged, cold-blooded men of Geneva came to them

to tell them that, henceforth, they must be "unmindful of their dead, like others who have no hope." This doctrine may do for the selfish, light-hearted, thoughtless worldling, who loves nothing in death, and who in life only loves for his own sake; but it would scarcely be acceptable to a generous, pure and loving race, and withal a nation of mourners, as the Irish were when the unnatural doctrine was first propounded to them.

Finally, the new religion was represented to the Irish people by men who grotesquely represented themselves as successors of the Apostles. The popular mind in Ireland had derived its idea of the Christian priesthood from such men as Patrick, Columba, of Iona: and Kevin of Glendalough. The great majority of the clergy in Ireland were at all times monastic,—men who added to the character and purity of the priest, the sanctity and austerity of the Cenobite. The virtues of Ireland's priesthood made them the admiration of other lands, but the idols of their own people. The monastic glories of ancient Lismore and Bangor were still reflected from Mellifont and Bective: the men of Glendalough and ancient Armagh lived on in the Franciscan and Dominican abbeys throughout the land; and the Catholic Church presented in the sixteenth century, in her Irish clergy, the same purity of life, sanctity and austerity of morals, zeal and learning which illumined the world in ages gone by. Steeped as our people were in sorrow, they could not refrain from mirth at the sight of the *holy* "apostles" of the new religion, the men who were to take the place of the Catholic bishops, and priests, and monks, to teach and illustrate by their lives the purer gospel which had been just discovered—the Mormonism of the sixteenth century. English renegade monks, English apostate priests, English drunken brawlers, with a ferocious English army at their back, invaded the land, and parading themselves with their wives or concubines, before the eyes of the astonished and disgusted people, called upon the children of Saint Patrick and Saint Columba, to receive them as "the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." Their religion was worthy of them: they had no mysteries to dispense to the people; no sacrifice, no penance, no confession of sin, no fasting, no vows to God, no purity, no counsels of the Gospel, no sacrament of matrimony, no priesthood, no anointing

of the sick, no prayer for the dead. Gracious God! They came to a people whom they had robbed of their kingdom of earth, and demanded of them also the surrender of the Kingdom of Heaven! Was ever heard such audacity! What wonder that Ireland took her own priest, her "*soggarth aroon*," to her bosom! Never did she know his value till now. It was only when she had seen his hideous counterpart that she realized all that she possessed in the humble child of Saint Francis, and Saint Dominic. The sunshine is all the more welcome when we have seen the blackness of the night; the sweet is all the sweeter when we have tasted bitterness; the diamond shines all the brighter when its dull, glassy counterfeit is set beside it: and the Angel of Light has all the purer radiance of Heaven around him, after the affrighted eye has caught a glimpse of the Spirit of Darkness. As strangers the ministers of Protestantism have lived in Ireland for three hundred years; as strangers they live in the land to-day. The people and their clergy united, "have fought the good fight, have kept the faith," and we have lived to see the triumph of that faith in our own day.

Now, I say that in all this, we see the Providence of God in the labor of Ireland's glorious Apostle. Who can deny that the religion which St. Patrick gave to Ireland is divine? A thousand years of sanctity attest it; three hundred years of martyrdom attest it. If men will deny the virtues which it creates, the fortitude which it inspires, let them look to the history of Ireland. If men say that the Catholic religion flourishes only because of the splendor of its ceremonial, the grandeur of its liturgy, and its appeal to the senses, let them look to the history of Ireland. What sustained the faith when the church and altar disappeared? when no light burned, no organ pealed, but all was desolation for centuries? Surely the Divine life, which is the soul of the Church, of which the external worship and ceremonials are but the expression. But if they will close their eyes to all this, at least there is a fact before them,—the most glorious and palpable of our day,—and it is that Ireland's Catholicity has risen again to every external glory of worship, and triumphed over every enemy. Speaking of our Lord, St. Augustine says: "In that He died He showed Himself man; in that He rose again He proved

Himself God." Has not the Irish Church risen again to more than her former glory? The land is covered once more with fair churches, convents, colleges and monasteries, as of old; and who shall say that the religion that could thus suffer and rise again is not from God? This glorious testimony to God and to His Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and of my love! O glory of earth and Heaven, to-day thy great Apostle looks down upon thee from his high seat of bliss; and his heart rejoices. To-day, the Angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of sanctity which still beams upon thee. To-day, thy troops of virgin martyr saints speak thy praises in the high courts of heaven. And I, O Mother, far away from thy green bosom, hail thee from afar,—as the prophet of old beholding the fair plains of the promised land,—and proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot of earth to be compared to thee, no island rising out of the wave so beautiful; that neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars of heaven shine down upon any thing so lovely as thou art, O Erin!

THE IRISH IN THEIR RELATION TO CATHOLICITY.

(A Lecture delivered by Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in St. Bridget's Church, New York, June 6th, 1872.)

MY FRIENDS: The subject on which I have the honor to address you this evening is one of the most interesting that can occupy your attention or mine. It is "Christianity, or the Christian Religion as reflected in the National character of the Irish race and people." I say this subject is interesting, for nothing that can offer itself to the consideration of the thoughtful mind, or to the philosopher, can possibly be more interesting than the study of the character and the genius of a people. It is the grandest question, of a human kind, that could occupy the attention of a man. The whole race comes under a mental review; the history of that race is to be ascertained; the antecedents of that people have to be studied in order to account for the national character, as it represents itself to-day amongst the nations of the earth! Every nation, every people under Heaven has its own peculiar national character. The nation; the race is made up of thousands and millions of individual men and women. Whatever the individual is, that the nation is found to be in the aggregate. Whatever influences the individual was subjected to in forming his character, establishing a certain tone of thought, certain sympathies, antipathies, likings or dislikings: whatever, I say, forms the individual character in all these particulars, the same forms the nation and the race; because the nation is but an assemblage of individuals.

Now, I ask you, amongst all the influences that can be brought to bear upon the individual man, to form his character; to make him either good or bad; to give tone to his thoughts; to string his soul and to tune it; to make him fly to God; to produce all this which is called character,—is it not perfectly true that the most powerful influence of all is that man's religion? It is not so much his education; for

men may be equally educated,—one just as well as the other—yet they may be different from each other as day from night. It is not so much his associations, for men may be in the same walk of life, men may be surrounded by the same circumstances of family, of antecedents, of wealth or poverty, as the case may be, yet may be as different as day and night. But when religion comes in and fills the mind with a certain knowledge, fills the soul with certain principles; elevates the man to a recognition and acknowledgment of certain truths; imposes upon him certain truths, in the nature of the most sacred of all obligations, namely, the obligation of eternal salvation;—when this principle comes in, it immediately forms the man's character, determines what manner of man he shall be, gives a moral tone to the man's whole life. And so it is with nations. Amongst the influences that form a nation's character,—that give to a people the stamp of their national and original individuality,—the most potent of all is the nation's religion. If that religion be gloomy; if it be a fatalistic doctrine, telling every man he was created to be damned, you at once induce upon the people or the nation that profess it a hang-dog, miserable, melancholy feeling that makes them go through life like some of our New England Calvinists, sniffing, and sighing, and lifting up their eyes, telling everybody that if they look crooked, looking either to the right or to the left, they will go to hell. You know the propensity of some people to be always damning one another. If, on the other hand, the religion be bright; if it open a glimpse of Heaven, founded upon an intellectual principle; if it raises up a man's hopes; if it tells him, in all his adversities and his misfortunes, to look up; if it gives him a glimpse that the God that made him is waiting to crown him with glory, you will have a bright, cheerful, brave, and courageous people.

Now, such a religion is the Christianity that Christ founded upon this earth. I assert, that, if that religion of Christ be a true religion,—as we know it to be,—there is not upon this earth a race whose national character has been so thoroughly moulded and formed by that divine religion as the Irish race, to which I belong. It is easy, my friends, to make assertions: it is not so easy to prove them. I am not come here to-night, to flatter you, or to make crude

assertions; but I am come here to lay down the principle which is just enunciated, and to prove it.

What is the Christian character? What character does Christianity form in a man? What does it make of a man? Men are born into this world more or less alike. It is true that the Chinaman has no bridge to his nose, and that his eyes turn in, both occupied watching where the bridge ought to be; but that is an immaterial thing. Intellectually, and even morally, all men are mostly born alike. The world takes them in hand, and turns out a man of a certain class,—a man equal to its own requirements,—and tries to make him everything that the world wants him to be. God also takes him in hand. God makes him to be not only what the world expects of him, but also what God and Heaven expect of him. That is the difference between the two classes of men; the man whose character is mostly worldly,—who is not a Christian,—and the man whose character is formed by the Divine religion of Christ. What does the world expect and try to make of the child? Well, it will try to make him an honest man: and this is a good thing; the world says, it is “the noblest work of God.” Without going so far as to say this, I say that an honest man is *very nearly* the noblest work of God. The man who is equal to all his engagements; the man who is not a thief or a robber (the world does not like that); the man who is commercially honest and fair in his dealings with his fellow-men;—that is a valuable virtue. The world expects him to be an industrious man;—a man who minds his business, and tries, as we say in Ireland, “to make a penny of money.” That is a very good thing. I hope you will all attend to it. I will be gladdened and delighted,—if ever I should come to America again, I will be overjoyed,—to hear, if any one comes to me and says in truth,—“Why, Father Burke, all these Irishmen you saw in New York, when you were here before, have become wealthy, and are at the top of the wheel.” Nothing could give me more cheer. The world expects a man to be industrious and temperate; because if a man is not industrious, is not temperate, he never goes ahead: he does no good for his God, his country, or anybody. Therefore, this is also a good thing. But, when the world has made a truth-telling man, an honest man, an industrious and a temperate man, the world is satisfied. The world says: “I have done enough; that is all I want.”

The man makes a fortune; the man establishes a name; and the world and society around him at once offer him the incense of their praise. They say—"There was a splendid man. He left his mark upon society." And they come together and initiate a subscription to erect a statue for him in the Central Park. But they have not made a Christian. All those are human virtues,—excellent and necessary. Do not imagine that I want to say a word against them. They are necessary virtues. No man can be a true Christian unless he have them. But the Christian has a great deal more. He is perfectly distinctive in his character from the honest, truth-telling, thrifty and temperate man that the world makes. The Christian character is founded upon all these human virtues, for it supposes them all: and then, when it has laid the foundation of all this—the foundation of nature,—it follows it up with the magnificent super-edifice of grace; and the Christian character is formed in man by the three virtues—faith, hope, and love. Therefore, St. Paul, speaking to the early Christians, said to them, "Now, my friends and brethren, you are honest, you are sober, you are industrious; you have all these virtues, and I praise you for them. But I tell you now there remain unto you faith, hope, and charity—these three." For these three are the formation of the Christian character. Let us examine what these three virtues mean. First of all, my friends, these three virtues are distinguished from all the human virtues in this: that the human virtues—honesty, sobriety, temperance, truthfulness, fidelity, and so on—establish a man in his proper relations to his fellow-men and to himself. They have nothing to say of God directly nor indirectly. If I am an honest man it means that I pay my debts. To whom do I pay these debts? To the people to whom I owe money, to my butcher, my baker, my tailor, etc.; I meet their bills and pay them. I owe no man anything; and people say I am an honest man: that means that I have done my duty to my fellow-men. It is no direct homage to God. It is only homage to God when that truth springs from the supernatural and divine motive of faith. If I am a temperate man, it means, especially to the Irishman, that I am a loving father, a good husband, a good son. An Irishman is all this as long as he is temperate; but remember that the wife, the child, the father and the mother are not God. Temperance

makes him all right in relation to himself and his family around him. If I am a truth-telling man, the meaning is I am "on the square," as they say, with my neighbors; but my neighbors are not God. But the moment I am actuated by faith, hope, and charity, that moment I am elevated towards God. My faith tells me there is a God. If that God has spoken to me, that God has told me things which I cannot understand, and yet I am bound to believe. Faith is the virtue that realizes Almighty God and all the things of God as they are known by Divine revelation.

There are two worlds—the visible and the invisible; the world that we see and the world we do not see. The world that we see is our native country, our families, our friends, our churches, our Sunday for amusement, our pleasant evenings, and so on. All these things make up the visible world that we see. But there is another world that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," and that world is the world revealed to us by faith. It is far more real, far more lasting, far more substantial than the visible world. We say in the Creed, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of all things visible and invisible." Now, in that invisible world, first of all, is the God that created and redeemed us. We have not seen Him, yet we know that He exists. In that invisible world are the angels and saints. We have not seen them, yet we know they exist. In that invisible world are all the friends that we loved, who have been taken from us by the hand of death; those the very sound of whose name brings the tear to our eyes and the prayer of supplication to our lips. We see them no longer; but we know that they still live in that invisible world that "eye hath not seen." Now, the virtue of faith in the Christian character is the power that God gives by Divine grace to a man to realize that invisible world, to realize it so that he makes it more substantial to him than the world around him; that he realizes more about it, and is more interested in it, and almost knows more about it, than the world around him. The virtue of faith is that power of God by which a man is enabled to realize the invisible; for the object of faith is invisible. Our Lord says to Thomas, the Apostle, "Because thou hast seen thou believest; blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

This is the first feature of the Christian character,—the

power of realizing the unseen, the power of knowing it, the power of feeling it, the power of substantiating it to the soul and to the mind; until, out of that substantiation of the invisible, comes the engrossing, ardent desire to make that invisible surround him by its influence in this life, in order that he may possess it in the eternal life that is to come. This is faith. Consequently the man of faith, in addition to being honest, industrious, temperate, truthful, and having all these human virtues, is a firm believer. It costs him no effort to believe in that mystery because he cannot comprehend it—because he has never seen it. He knows it is true—he admits that truth; he stakes his own life upon the issue of that divine truth which he has apprehended by the act of the intelligence and not by the senses.

The next great feature of the Christian character is the virtue of hope. The Christian man is confident in his hope. God has made certain promises. God has said that neither in this world nor in the world to come will he abandon the just man. He may try him with poverty; He may try him with sickness; He may demand whatever sacrifice he will; but he never will abandon him. Thus saith the Lord. Now, the virtue of hope is that which enables the Christian man to rest with perfect security—with unfailing, undying confidence in every promise of God, as long as the man himself fulfils the conditions of these promises. The consequence is that the Christian man, by virtue of this hope that is in him, is lifted up beyond all the miseries and sorrows of this world, and he looks upon them all in their true light. If poverty comes upon him he remembers the poverty of Jesus Christ; and he says in his hope: "Well, the Lord passed through the ways of poverty into the rest of His glory; so shall I rest as He did. I hope for it." If sickness or sorrow come upon him, he looks upon the trials and sorrows of his Lord, and unites his own sorrows to those of the Son of God. If difficulties rise in his path he never despairs in himself, for he has the promise of God that these difficulties are only trials sent by God, and that, sooner or later, he will triumph over them—perhaps in time, but certainly in eternity.

Finally, the third great feature of the Christian character is the virtue of love. It is the active virtue that is in a man, forcing him to love his God; to be faithful to his God; to love

his religion ; to be faithful to that religion ; to love his neighbor as he loves himself ; especially to love those who have the first claim upon him ; the father and mother that bore him, to whom he is bound to give honor as well as love ;—then the wife of his bosom, and the children that God has given him, to whom he is bound to give support and sustenance as well as love : his very enemies ;—he must have no enemy—no personal desire for revenge at all ;—but if there be a good cause, he must defend that cause, even though he smite his enemy—the enemy not of him personally, but of his cause : but always be ready to show mercy and to exhibit love, even to his enemies. This is the Christian man. How different from the mere man of the world ! The Christian man's faith acknowledges the claims of God ; his hope strains after God ; his love lays hold of God ; he makes God his own.

Now, my friends, this being the Christian character, I ask you to consider the second part of my proposition, namely, that the Irish people have received especial grace from God ; that no people upon the face of the earth have been so thoroughly formed into their national character as the Irish, by the divine principles of the Holy Catholic religion of Jesus Christ.

How are we to know the national character ? Well, my friends, we have two great clues or means of knowing. First of all, we have the past history of our race, and the tale that it tells us. Secondly, we have our observation of the men of to-day,—wherever the Irish exist, wherever they assemble together and form society,—and the tale that that society tells us to-day

Let us first consider briefly the past of our nation, of our race, and then we will consider the Irishman of to-day. Let us consider the past of our history as a race, as a nation ; the history of faith, hope, and love for God ? Is it pre-eminently such a history ? Is it such a history of Christianity, faith, hope, and love that no other nation on the face of the earth can equal it ? If so, I have proved my proposition. Now, exactly one thousand and sixty years before America was discovered by Columbus, Patrick, the Apostle, landed in Ireland. The nation to which he came was a most ancient race ; derived from one of the primæval races that peopled the earth,—from the great Phœ-

nician family of the East. They landed, in the remote mists of pre-historic times, upon a green isle in the Western ocean. They peopled it; they colonized it; they established laws; they opened schools; they had their philosophy, their learning; their science and art, equal to that of any other civilization of the day. They were a people well known in their Pagan days to the ancient Egyptians and the ancient Greeks. The name of the island,—the name by which we call it to-day,—Erin, was only a name that came after the more ancient name. For, by the Greeks and the people of old, hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, our Ireland was called by the name of Ogygia or "the most ancient land." It was spoken of by the most remote authors of antiquity; the most ancient Greek writers, and other authors now extant spoke of Ireland as the island in the far distant ocean; spoke of it as a place of wonderful beauty, as a place of ineffable charms; spoke of it as something like that high Elysium of the poet's dream, an island rising out of the sea, the fairest and most beautiful of all the sea's productions.

We know that our ancestors, at a most remote period, received another colony from Spain. We know that the Milesians landed on an island they called Innisfail, their "Isle of Destiny." We know that they came from the fair, Southern, sunny land, bringing with them high valor, mighty hope, generous aspirations, and an advanced degree of civilization. And the original inhabitants of Ireland intermingled their race with the Milesians. In that intermingling was formed the Celtic constitution which divided Ireland into four kingdoms, all united under a high monarch and universal king (the "Ard-righ"), the High King of Ireland. The palace of Ireland's king, as fitting, was built almost in the centre of the island, two miles from the fatal Boyne. The traveller comes through a beautiful undulating land towards the hill-top, rich in verdure, abundant and fruitful, crowned with lovely woods on every side. It is the plain of "royal Meath." He arrives at the foot of the hill. The summit of that hill, for centuries, was crowned with the palace of Ireland's kings. It was called, in the language of the people, "Tara"—the place of the kings. There, on Easter Sunday morning, in the year 432, early in the fifth century of the Christian era, a most singular sight presented itself. Ire-

land's monarch sat upon his throne, in high council. Around him were the sovereign kings and chieftains of the nation; around him, again, in their ranks, were the Pagan priests,—the Druids of the old fire-worship; around him again, on either side, on thrones, as if they were monarchs, sat the magnificent ancient minstrels of Ireland, with snow-white, flowing beards,—their harps upon their knees,—filling the air with the glorious melody of Ireland's music, while they poured out, upon the wings of song, the time-honored story of Ireland's heroes and their glorious kings. Suddenly a shadow fell upon the threshold. A man appeared, with mitre on head, cope on shoulders, and a crozier in his hand, with the cross of Christ upon it. And this was Patrick, who came from Rome, to preach Christianity to the Irish kings, chieftains, and people. They received him as became a civilized and enlightened people. They did not stand, like other nations, in a wild hubbub of barbarism, to denounce the truth, as soon as they heard it, and to put the truth-teller and the messenger to death; but they sat down,—these kings, these minstrels, these judges of the land,—these most learned philosophers;—they disputed with Patrick; they brought the keen weapons of human wisdom and of human intellect to bear against that sword which he wielded. Oh! it was the sword of the Spirit,—the Word of God—the Lord Jesus Christ. And when, at length, that king and those chieftains,—all these Druids and bards,—found that Patrick preached a reasonable religion; that Patrick tried to prove his religion, and brought conviction unto their minds; up rose the head of all the bards, and of Ireland's minstrels,—the man next in authority to the king,—the venerable Dubhac, the Arch-minstrel of the royal monarch of Tara;—up rose this man, in the might of his intellect, in the glory of his voice and his presence; and, lifting up his harp in his hand, he said, “Hear me, O Ard-righ and chieftains of the land! I now declare that this man, who comes to us, speaks from God:—that he brings a message from God. I bow before Patrick's God. He is the true God; and as long as I live this harp of mine shall never sound again save to the praises of Christianity and its God.” And the king and chieftains and bards and warriors and judges and people alike rose promptly; and never in the history of the world,—never was there a people that so readily embraced the

light and took it into their minds, took into their hearts, and put into their blood the light of Christianity and its grace, as Ireland did in the day of her conversion. She did not ask her Apostle to shed one tear of sorrow. She rose up, put her hands in his, like a friend, took the message from his lips, surrounded him with honor and the popular veneration of all the people: and before he died, he received the singular grace,—distinct from all other Saints,—that he alone, among all the other Apostles that ever preached the Gospel, found a people entirely Pagan and left them entirely Christian.

And now began that wonderful agency of Christian faith, Christian hope, and Christian love, which I claim to have formed the national character of my race as revealed in their history. They took the faith from Patrick; they rose at once into the full perfection of that divine faith. They became a nation of priests, bishops, monks, and nuns, in the very day of the first dawning of their Christianity. The very men whom Patrick ordained priests, and whom he consecrated bishops, were the men whom he found pagans in the land to which he preached Christianity. The very women whom he consecrated to the divine service,—putting veils upon their heads,—the very women that rose at once under his hand to be the light and glory of Ireland,—as Ireland's womanhood has been from that day to this,—were the maidens and mothers of the Irish race, who first heard the name of Christ from the lips of St. Patrick.

Well, I need not tell you the thrice-told tale, how the epochs of our national history seem to run in cycles of three hundred years. For three hundred years after Patrick preached the Gospel, Ireland was the holiest, most learned, most enlightened, most glorious country in Christendom. From all the ends of the earth, students came to study in those Irish schools; they came not by thousands, but by tens of thousands. They brought back to every nation in Europe the wondrous tale of Ireland's sanctity, of Ireland's glory, of Ireland's peace, of Ireland's melody, of the holiness of her people and the devotion of her priesthood, the immaculate purity and wonderful beauty of the womanhood of Ireland.

After these three hundred years had passed away, began the first great effort which proved that Catholic faith was

the true essence of the Irish character. The Danes invaded Ireland, and for three hundred long years, every year saw fresh arrivals: fresh armies poured in upon the land; and for three hundred years Ireland was challenged to fight in defence of her faith, and to prove to the world, that, until the Irish race and the Irish character were utterly destroyed, the Catholic faith never would cease to exist in the land. The nation—for, thank God, in that day we were a nation!—the nation drew the national sword. Brightly it flashed from that scabbard where it had rested for three hundred years, in Christian peace and holiness. Brightly did it flash from that scabbard in the day that the Dane landed in Ireland, and the Celt crossed swords with him for country, for fatherland, and, much more, for the altar, for religion, and for God. The fight went on. Every valley in the land tells its tale. There are many amongst us, who, like myself, have been born and educated in the old country. What is more common, my friends, than to see what is called the old “rath,” or mound; sometimes in the middle of the field, sometimes on the borders of a bog, sometimes on the hill-side, to see a great mound raised up. The people will tell you that is a “rath;” and Ireland is full of them. Do you know what that means? When the day of the battle was over, when the Danes were conquered, and their bodies were strewn in thousands on the field, the Irish gathered them together and made a big hole into which they put them and heaped them up into a great mound, covered them with earth, and dug scraws or sods, and covered them. In every quarter of the land are they found. What do they tell? They tell this, that until the day of judgment, until when all the sons of men shall be in the Valley of Jehosaphat, no man will be able to tell of the thousands and the tens of thousands and the hundreds of thousands of Danish invaders that came to Ireland only to find a place in the grave,—only to find a grave. Ah, gracious God! that we could say the same of every invader that ever polluted the virgin soil of Erin! Well did Brian Boroinmhe know how many inches of Irish land it took to make a grave for a Dane. Well did the heroic king of Meath—perhaps a greater character than even Brian himself, or O’Neil,—Malachi, the Second, of whom the poet says,—he

“Wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader;”

—a man who with his own hand slew three of the kings and leaders and warriors of the Danish army;—well did he know how many inches of Irish soil it took to bury a Dane. For, in the Valley of Glenamada, in Wicklow, on a June morning, he found them; and he poured down from the hill-tops with his Gaelic and Celtic army upon them. Before the sun set over the Western Ocean to America (then undiscovered), there were six thousand Danes stretched dead in the valley.

Well, my friends, three hundred years of war passed away. Do you know what it means? Can you realize it to yourselves? There is no nation upon the face of the earth that has not been ruined by war. You had only four years of war here in America and you know how much evil it did. Just fancy three hundred years of war! War in every county, every province, every valley of the land! war everywhere for three hundred years! The Irishman had to sleep with a drawn sword under his pillow, the hilt ready to his hand, and prepared to spring up at a moment's warning, for the honor of his wife, for the honor of his daughter, and the peace of his household and the sacred altar of Christ. And, yet, at the end of three hundred years, two things survived. Ireland's Catholic faith was as fresh as it ever was; and Ireland's music, her minstrelsy,—was as luxuriant and flourishing in the land as if the whole time had been a time of peace. How grand a type of the faith and genius of our people!—how magnificent a type of the Irish character is he,—a man of eighty-three years of age, mounted on his noble horse, clad in his grand armor, with a battle-axe in one uplifted hand, and the crucifix in the other,—the heroic figure of Brian Boromhe, as he comes out on the pages of Irish history, and stands before us; animating his Irish army at Clontarf; telling who it was that died for them, and who it was they were to fight for! Before the evening sun set, Ireland—like the man who shakes a reptile off his hand,—shook from her Christian bosom the Danish army into the sea, and destroyed them. Yet Brian, the immortal monarch and King of Ireland, was as skilled with the harp as he was with the battle-axe; and in the rush and heat of the battle, no man stood before him and lived. In the halls of Kincora, upon the banks of the Shannon, when all the minstrels of Ireland gathered together to discuss the ancient melodies of the land, there was

no hand amongst them that could bring out the thrill of the gold or silver chords with such skill as the aged hand of the man who was so terrible on the battle-field. A Christian warrior and minstrel,—the very type of the Irish character was that man, that, after three hundred years of incessant war, led the Irish forces upon the field of Clontarf, from which they swept the Danes into the sea.

Then came another three hundred years of invasion, and Ireland again fights for her nationality—until the sixteenth century, just three hundred years ago;—and then she was told that, after fighting for nearly four hundred years for her nationality, she must begin and fight again, not only for that, but for her altar and her ancient faith. The Danes came to Ireland with the cry, “Down with the Cross—down with the altar!” Henry the Eighth came to Ireland with the same cry; but, despite them all, the Cross and the altar are up to-day in Ireland.

Three hundred long years of incessant war, with four hundred years before of incessant war, making the Irish people a thousand years engaged in actual warfare,—seven hundred years with the Saxon and three hundred years before that with the Danes! Where is the nation upon the face of the earth that has fought for a thousand years? Why, one would imagine that they would all be swept away! How, in the world, did they stand it? We have been fighting a thousand years;—the battle begun by our forefathers has been continued down,—well, down to the year before last. The sword of Ireland, that was drawn a thousand years ago, at the beginning of the ninth century, still remains out of the scabbard, and has not been sheathed down to the end of the nineteenth century. Did anybody ever hear the like. And yet, here we are, glory be to God!—here we are as fresh and hearty as Brian Boroimhe on the morning of Clontarf, or as Hugh O’Neil was at the Yellow Ford; or as Owen Roe O’Neil was on the field of Benburb, or as Patrick Sarsfield was in the trenches of Limerick, or as Robert Emmett was in the dock in Green street.

Now, my friends, let me ask you,—for what did the Irish fight six hundred years? For three hundred years they fought with the Dane; for three hundred years they fought with England. The Danes invaded and desolated the whole land; the English, three times, since Henry the Eighth’s

reign,—taking it down to the present,—landed in Ireland and spread destruction and desolation upon it. This Irish people fought for six hundred years; what did they fight for? They fought for six hundred years for something they had never seen. They never saw Christ, in the blessed Eucharist, because He was hidden from them under the sacramental veils of bread and wine. They never saw the Mother of the God of Heaven; they never saw the Saints and Angels of Heaven; they never saw the Saviour upon the Cross: and yet, for that Christ on the Cross, for the Saviour in the Tabernacle, and for the Mother of Purity in Heaven, and the Angels and Saints, they fought these six hundred years. They shed their blood until every acre of land in Ireland was red with the blood of the Irishman, that was shed for his religion and for his God. What does this prove? Does it not prove that, beyond all other races and nations, the Irish character was able to realize the Unseen and so to substantiate the things of faith as to make them of far greater importance than liberty, than property, than land, than education, than life? For, any man who goes out and says, “I am ready to give up every inch of land I possess; I am ready to go into exile; I am ready to be sold as a slave in Barbadoes; I am ready to be trampled under foot or to die for Christ, who is present now, though I never saw Him;”—that man is pre-eminently a man of faith. The Irish nation for six hundred years answered the Saxon and the Dane thus: “We will fight until we die for our God who is upon our altars.” Now, I ask you to find amongst the nations of the earth, any one nation that was ever asked to suffer confiscation and robbery and exile and death for their faith, and who did it like one man, for six hundred years? When you have found that nation, when you are able to say to me—such a people did that, and such another people did that, and to prove it to me, I will give up what I have said,—namely, that the Irish are the most constant in character and in their faith of any people in the world. As soon as you are able to prove to me that any other people ever stood so much for their faith, I stand corrected: but until you prove it, I hold that the Irish people and race are the most Catholic on the face of the earth.

Now, my friends, If I want any proof of the Irish faculty of realizing the Unseen, why, my goodness, we are always at

it! The Irish child, as soon as he arrives at the age of reason, has an innate faculty of realizing the Unseen. When he comes out at the back door and looks into the field, he imagines he sees a fairy in every bush. If he sees a butterfly upon a stalk in the field, he thinks it is a "*Leprechawn*." I remember, when a boy growing up, studying Latin, having made up my mind to be a priest;—I was a grown lad; and yet there was a certain old archway in Bowling Green, in Galway, to which there was attached a tradition; I know there are some here who will remember it. It was near the place where Lynch, the Mayor, hanged his son, hundreds of years ago; near the Protestant churchyard; and that gave it a bad name. At any rate, grown as I was, learning Latin, knowing everything about the catechism, and having made up my mind to be a priest,—I was never able to pass under that arch, after nightfall, without running for dear life. This faith, if you will,—this Irish superstition is a faith. Remember that, wherever superstition—especially of a spiritual character,—exists, there is proof that there is a character formed to realize the Unseen.

Now, my friends, consider the next grand impress of the Christian character stamped upon the Irish people. The Apostle says: "We are saved by hope." The principle of hope imposes confidence in the divine promises of God, in the certainty of their fulfilment, a confidence never shaken, that never loses itself, that never loosens its hold upon God, that never, for an instant, yields to depression or despair. I ask you if that virtue is found stamped upon our Irish character? Tell me first of all, as I wish to prove it, during this thousand years of Ireland's warfare, was there ever a day in the history of our nation when Ireland lost courage and struck her flag? That flag was never pulled down: it has been defeated on many a field; it has been dragged in the dust, stained with the blood of Ireland's best and most faithful sons: it has been plunged in the fatal waters of the Boyne; but never has the nation, for a single hour, hesitated to lift that prostrate banner, and fling it out to the breeze of Heaven, and proclaim that Ireland was still full of hope. Scotland had as glorious a banner as ours. The Scottish banner was hauled down upon the plains of Colloden; and the Scots, chivalrous as their fathers were, never raised that flag to the masthead again: it has disappeared. It is no longer

“Ireland and Scotland and England,” as it used to be ; it is “Great Britain and Ireland.” Why is it “Great Britain and Ireland ?” Why is it not simply “Great Britain ?” Why is the sovereign called the “Queen of Great Britain and Ireland ?” Because Ireland refused to give up her hope ; and Ireland never acknowledged that she was ever anything else but a nation. Well, my friends, it was that principle of hope that sustained our fathers during those thousand years during which they kept their faith. And the word of Scripture, as recorded in the book of Tobias, is this : when the Jews were banished into Babylonish captivity—when the people of every nation came to them and said, “Why should you be persecuted on account of your God ? Give him up. Why do you refuse to conform to the laws and usages of the people around you ? Give up your God. Do not be making fools of yourselves :” the Jews said : “Speak not so ; for we are the children of the Saints ; we know and hope in our God. He never forsakes those who never change their faith in Him.” This is the inspired language of Scripture ; and well the Irish knew it ;—and, therefore, as long as Irishmen kept their faith to their God and their altar, so they wisely and very constantly refused to lay down their hope. The Christian character is made up of hope as well as of faith and of love. If Ireland laid down her hope in despair, that high note of Christian character would never be in her. The Irish people never knew they were beaten. Year after year,—one day out and another day in,—whilst the nations around were amazed at the bull-dog tenacity of that people with two ideas, namely, that they were Catholic, and a Nation—Ireland never lost sight of her hope. What was the consequence of this ? Enshrined in the national heart and in the national aims, there has been—wherever the Irishman exists, there has been the glory upon his head of the man whose courage in the hour of danger, could be relied upon. Every nation in Europe has had a taste of what Ireland’s courage is. They fought in the armies of Germany, in those Austrian armies, where ten thousand Irishmen, for thirty years, were every day encamped in the field. They fought in the armies of Spain ; ten thousand Irishmen encamped in the field. They fought in the armies—once so glorious—of France ; thirty thousand Irishmen, with Patrick Sarsfield at their head.

Did they ever turn their backs and run away? Never. At the battle of Ramillies, when the French were beaten, and they were flying before the English, the English in the heat of their pursuit, met a division of the French army. Ah! that division was the "Irish Brigade." They stopped them in the full tide of their victory, and they drove them back and took the colors out of their hands and marched off after the French army. If any of you go to Europe it will be worth your while to go to an old Flemish town called Ypres. In the cathedral there you will find flags and banners lying about. If you will ask the sexton to explain these flags to you (perhaps you will have to give him a sixpence), he will come to one of these flags and say "That is the banner that the Irish took from the English in the very hour of their victory at Ramillies." King Louis was going to turn and fly at the battle of Fontenoy; but Marshal Saxe told him to wait for five minutes until he should see more. "Your Majesty, don't be in such a hurry; wait a minute; it will be time enough to run away when the Irish run." Calling out to Lord Clare he said: "There are your men and there are the Saxons." The next moment there was a hurra heard over the field. In the Irish language they cried out—"Remember Limerick, and down with the Sassenach!" That column of Englishmen melted before the charge of the Irish, just as the snow melts in the ditch when the sun shines upon it. When a man loses hope he loses courage; he gives it up. "It is a bad job," he says; "there is no use going on any farther." But as long as he can keep his courage up, with the lion in his heart, so long you may be sure there is some grand principle of hope in him. Ours is a race that has almost "hoped against hope." I say that comes from our Catholic religion—the Catholic religion that tells us: "You are down to-day; but, do not be afraid; hold on; lean upon your God. You will be up to-morrow."

The third grand feature of the Christian is love; a love both strong and tender; a love that first finds its vent in God; with all of the energies of the spirit and the heart and soul going straight for God; crushing aside whatever is in its path of the temptations of men; and in faith and hope and love, making straight for God. Trampling upon his passions, the man of love goes straight towards God; and, in that journey to God, he will allow nothing to hinder him. No

matter what sacrifice that God calls upon him to make, he is ready to make it; for the principle of sacrifice is divine love. Most assuredly, never did her God call upon Erin for a sacrifice that Erin did not make it. God sent to Ireland the messenger of His wrath, the wretched Elizabeth. She called upon Ireland for Ireland's liberty and Ireland's land; and the people gave up both rather than forsake their God. God sent Ireland another curse in Oliver Cromwell—a man upon whom I would not lay an additional curse, for any consideration; because for a man to lay an additional curse upon Oliver Cromwell would be like throwing an additional drop of water on a drowned rat. Cromwell called upon the Irish people, and said: "Become Protestant and you will have your land; you will have your possessions, your wealth. Remain Catholic and take your choice;—'hell or Connaught.'" Ireland made the sacrifice; and, on the 25th day of May, 1651, every Catholic supposed to be in Ireland crossed the Shannon, and went into the wild wastes of Connaught rather than give up their faith. William of Orange came to Ireland; and he called upon the Irish to renounce their faith or submit to a new persecution—new penal laws. Ireland said: "I will fight against injustice as long as I can; but when the arm of the nation is paralyzed, and I can no longer wield the sword, one thing I will hold in spite of death and hell, and that is my most glorious Catholic faith." If they did not love their God would they have done this? Would they have suffered this? If they did not prize that faith, would they have preferred it to their liberty, their wealth, and their very lives? No, no! Patrick sent the love of God and the Virgin Mother deep into the hearts of the Irish; and in our Irish spirit, and in the blood of the nation it has remained to this day. Wherever an Irishman, true to his country, true to his religion exists, there do you find a lover of Jesus Christ and of Mary.

More than this, their love for their neighbor shows this in two magnificent ways—the fidelity of the Irish husband to the Irish wife, and the Irish son to the Irish father and mother, and of the Irish father to his children. Where is there a nation in whom those traits are more magnificently brought out? England told Ireland, a few years ago, that the Irish husbands might divorce their Irish wives. Nothing was heard from one end of the land to the other but a

loud shout of laughter. "O, listen to that! So, a man can separate from his wife! The curse of Cromwell on ye!" England told the fathers of Ireland that it was a felony to send their children to school. And yet never did the Irish fathers neglect that sacred duty of education. When, actually, it was found that a man was sending his children to school, he was liable to a fine and imprisonment. In spite of the imprisonment and the fine the Irish people, who never have been serfs, refused to be the slaves of ignorance; and Ireland was always an educated nation. In the worst day of our persecution—in the worst day of our misery—there was one man that was always respected in the land next to the Priest; and that was the "Poor Scholar," with a few books under his arm, perhaps without three halfpence worth of clothes upon him, going from one farm-house to the other, with the "God save all here!" He got the best of the house, the best bed, the cosiest place in the straw chair. And the children were all called in from the neighboring houses and from the village. He could spend a week from one house to another. Every house in Ireland was turned into a school-house at one time or another. Hence I have known men, old men of my own family, who remembered 1782. I have,—when a child,—seen them, in their old age; and these men, brought up in those days of penal persecution and misery, with its enforced ignorance, were first-class controversialists. They knew how to read and write; they knew Dr. Gallagher's sermons by heart. There was no Protestant bishop or Protestant minister in Ireland that could hold his ground five minutes before them.

The nation's love, the people's love for that which was next to their God, the very next, is the love of a man for his country. Is there any land so loved as Ireland by its people? Sarsfield, dying upon the plains of Landen, is only a fair type of the ordinary Irishman. There were many as good men, as heroic men, in the ranks of the Irish Brigade that fell that day as Sarsfield, who, in the full career of victory, at the head of Lord Clare's Dragoons, pursued the British army, as they fled from him. William of Orange was in their ranks, flying and showing the broad of his back to Sarsfield, as sword in hand, gleaming like the sword of God's justice;—the Irish hero was in full chase;

when a musket ball struck him to the heart, and he fell dying from his horse. The blood was welling out hot from his very heart; he took the full of his hand of his heart's blood, and raising his eyes to Heaven he cried: "Oh, that this were shed for Ireland!" A true Irishman! Where was the nation that was ever so loved? In the three hundred years of persecution, take the *Breathair* (*Breathair*), the old Irish Friar, the Dominicans and Franciscans, who were of the first families of the land—the O'Neils, the McGuires, the McDonnells, the McDermotts, down in Galway; the Frenches, the Lynches, the Blakes, and the Burkes. These fair youths used to be actually smuggled out by night and sent off the coast of Ireland to Rome, to France and Spain, to study there. Enjoying the delicious climates of those lovely countries, surrounded by honor, leading easy lives, filling their time with the study and intellectual pleasures of the priesthood, every man felt uneasy. To use the old familiar phrase, "They were like a hen on a hot griddle," as long as they were away from Ireland, although they knew that in Ireland they were liable to be thrown into prison or be subjected to death. Throughout long centuries of persecution, if one fell in the ranks, another stepped into his place. Of six hundred Dominicans in Ireland, at the time of Queen Elizabeth, there were only four remaining after she passed her mild hand over them. Where did they come from? From out of the love of Ireland and the heart and the blood of her best sons. They would not be satisfied with honors and dignities in other lands. No. Their hearts were hungry until they caught sight of the green soil and stood amongst the shamrocks once more.

And now I say to you,—and all the history of our nation proves it,—I say that the Irish race to-day is not one bit unlike the race of two or three hundred years ago. We are the same people: and why should we not be? We have their blood; we have their names; their faith; their traditions, their love. I ask you, is not the Irishman of to-day a man of faith, hope, and love? Who built this beautiful church? Who erected this magnificent altar? Who made this place in which resounds Father Mooney's voice, pleasantly tinged with the old Irish roll and brogue? He has a little touch of it and he is not ashamed of it. I remember once, when a lady in England said to me: "The moment you spoke to me,

Father, I at once perceived you were an Irishman ; you have got what they call the brogue." "Yes, madame," said I, "my father had it, and my mother had it; but my grandfather and my grandmother did not have it; because they did not speak English at all. Yes," I said, "I have the brogue; and I am full of hope that when my soul arrives at Heaven's gate, and I ask St. Peter to admit me, I think when he hears the touch of the brogue on my tongue, he will let me in." But I asked who built this church? who has covered America with our glorious Catholic churches? All credit and honor to every Catholic race. All honor and credit to the Catholic Frenchman and to the Catholic German. The Germans of this country—those brave men; those sons of Catholics; those descendants of the great Roman Emperors that upheld for so many centuries the sceptre in defence of the altar, have done great things in this country: but, my friends, it is Ireland, after all, that has done the lion's share of it. What brought the Irishman to America,—so bright, so cheerful, so full of hope? The undying hope that was in him; the confidence that, wherever he went,—as long as he was a true Catholic, and faithful to the traditions of the Church to which he belongs, and to the nation from which he sprang,—that the hand of God would help him and bring him up to the surface, sooner or later. And the Irishman of to-day, like his nation, is as hopeful as any man in the past time.

Have we not a proof of their love? Ah! my friends, who is it that remembers the old father and mother at home? Who, among the emigrants and strangers coming to this land, whose eye fills with the ready tear as soon as he hears the familiar voice reminding him of those long in their graves, as soon as their names are mentioned? Who is it that is only waiting to earn his first ten dollars, in order to send five of them home to his aged father and mother? Who is it that would as soon think of cutting out his tongue from the roots, or taking the eyes out of his head, as abandon the wife of his bosom? The true Catholic Irishman. These things are matters of observation and experience, just as the past is a matter of history. And, therefore, I say that you and I are not ashamed of the men that are in their graves, even though they lie in martyr graves. As we are true to them, so shall our children be true to us. As we were true

to them, so we shall continue to be true to them. That is the secret of Ireland's power,—the faith that has never changed, the hope that never despairs, the love that is never extinguished; I say the secret of Ireland's power is this mighty love that lifts itself up to God. Dispersed and scattered as we are, that love that makes us all meet as brethren; that love that brings the tear to the eye at the mention of the old soil; that love that makes one little word of Irish ring like music in our ears; that love that makes us treasure the traditions of our history; that love makes us a power, still;—and we *are* a power, though divided by three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean's waves rolling between America and Ireland at home;—but the Irishman in America knows that his brother at home looks to him with hope; and the Irishman in Ireland knows that his brother in America is only waiting to do what he can for the old land. What is it you can do?—that is the question. I answer, be true to your religion, be true to your fatherland, be true to your families and to yourselves, be true to the glorious Republic that opened her arms to receive you, and gave you the rights of citizenship. Be true to America; she has already had a sample of what kind of men she received when she opened her arms to the Irish. They gave her a taste of it at Fredericksburg, fighting her battles; they gave her a sample of it all through those terrible campaigns; she knows what they are and begins to prize it. Never fear, when you add to your Irish brains and intellect by education, and to your Irish minds by temperance, and to your Irish hands by the spirit of industry and self-respect;—be men; even in this land, I say, be Irishmen. Then the day will come when this great Irish element in America will enter largely into the council chambers of this great nation, and will shape her policy, will form her ideas and her thoughts in a great measure, pressing them in the strong mold of Catholicity and of justice. And when that day comes to us, I would like to see who would lay “a wet finger” on Ireland. This is what I mean when I tell you what Ireland hopes from America. Ireland's bone and sinew is in America; and it is from the intelligence of her children in America, and their adherence to their religion, their cultivation of every principal virtue, and from the influence that virtue, and that enlightenment, and that intelligence and talent, will assuredly bring, in this country, will come the

help that Ireland looks for. Suppose that for Ireland some coercion bill is going to pass, and some tyrant oppressor is going to trample upon the old nation. If the Irishman knows the position of his countrymen in America, he will say, "Hold on, my friend; do not begin until you get a dispatch from Washington. Hold on, my friend; there are Irish Senators in the great Senate; there are Irish Congressmen in the great Congress; there are Irishmen in the Cabinet; there are Irishmen behind the guns; there are Irishmen writing out political warnings and protocols; there are Irish ambassadors at the foreign courts; learn what they have to say before you trample upon us." This is what I mean when I speak of what Ireland hopes from America.

And now, my friends, you know that, whatever way a priest may begin his lecture, when he goes through it he always ends with a kind of exhortation. In the name of God, let us make a resolution here to-night, to be all that I have described to you—all that Irishmen ought to be—and leave the rest to God.

ST. COLUMBKILLE.

(A Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in St. Columba's Church, New York, October 22d, 1872.)

MY FRIENDS,—There are two things necessary in order to make a Saint. Nature and grace must both work out the character of the man. Those whom the Almighty God destines for the high sanctity which the Catholic Church recognizes by canonization, either receive from God, in the beginning, a calm, sweet, gentle nature; or else, if they receive from God a hard, vigorous, obstinate nature, they receive, on the other hand, copious divine graces, whereby they overcome this nature thoroughly, and make themselves after God's own nature. But whatever a man's natural disposition be, whether it be the amiable, sweet, gentle disposition, easily, unselfishly yielding to others; or whether, full of character, full of self-assertion, full of vigor, full of obstinacy,—whatever it be,—if that man is destined to be a holy man, a man after God's own heart and nature,—there is another thing that must come to him from heaven, to aid the natural disposition which he has received; and, that is the mighty, copious graces imparted by the Almighty God to the Saints of the Catholic Church.

The Saints of whom we read were men like ourselves. In reading their lives, nothing is more interesting than to trace the man side by side with the saint. They had the same passions; they had the same difficulties to overcome that we have. They had the same enemies. The world lay around them; the devil was beneath them; and the flesh was their very selves. But, arming for this contest whereby they were to triumph,—not only over the world around them, and over the powers of hell beneath them, but over their own selves,—they received from God the highest, the noblest, and the most powerful graces; and, by corresponding with these graces, they elaborated and brought forth their own sanctity.

Now, what follows from all this? My dear friends, it fol-

lows that there is a natural and a supernatural side, even in the lives of the Saints ; it follows that we find the man overcoming himself ; sometimes yielding so far as to bring out his natural character ; but, in the end, overcoming himself by divine grace. It follows that the lives of the Saints are not only most instructive to us as Catholics, but that they are also most instructive to the historian, or to the antiquarian, as examples of national character.

Now, my friends, the world is divided into various nations and races of people ; and all these various races differ from one another in the most extraordinary manner. All that you have to do is to travel to see this. I have travelled a great deal,—all over the Continent of Europe, I may say, with the exception of Russia and Turkey ;—and nothing, in all these countries, struck me more than the difference of the various races. For instance, I travelled in France, and there I found a lively, impulsive, generous, passionate people,—most polite, most willing to go out of their road to serve you in any manner ; entering into a stage-coach or railway car, hat in hand, with a “ May I be permitted to speak to you, sir,” style ; making themselves agreeable to you at all times. Passing through France into Germany, there I found a people silent and reserved, with perhaps, more of the grandeur of manliness than in France ; but no approach to anything like conversation ; no apparent external politeness, though a great deal, no doubt, of true politeness : in a word, as different from the neighboring country as night from day. So, in like manner, go to Ireland and travel. Let a man who is not an Irishman, go there ; and he finds a quick, bright, intelligent, generous, and impulsive people. If he makes a joke, no sooner is it out of his lips than the Irishman laughs, and by his ready laugh shows that he appreciates the joke. If he does not make a joke, the simplest Irish peasant he meets on the road, will make one for him. If he wants a drink of water, and asks for it, the probability is, that the farmer’s wife will say to him : “ Don’t take water ; it is bad for you : take a drink of milk.” They are impulsive ; speaking without thinking ; saying the word first, and afterwards thinking whether it was right or wrong to say it ; perhaps, giving you a blow in the face ; and afterwards thinking that, may be, you did not deserve it. Pass over to England, and you find a country as different as if you had gone from

this world into another sphere. Everything is kept in its own place. You may pass through the land, and there is neither welcome nor insult for you. If you ask for a drink of water, there is very little fear that you will be offered a drink of milk.

So, throughout all the world,—throughout all the nations of the earth,—each one has its own character. Do not imagine that I am abusing the Englishman, or contrasting him unfairly with the Irishman. My friends, I am one of your own race; but I tell you that the Englishman has qualities that are admirable. As a rule, he is a brave man, a self-reliant man, a truthful man: his word is his bond. Only leaving Ireland and the Catholic religion out of the question, you may argue with him on any subject, and you will find him a fair man: but, the moment you talk about Catholicity, or about Ireland,—he no longer reasons; his prejudices run away with his judgment.

Now, why am I making these remarks? For this purpose:—The Saints of the various nations share in the national character. They are, perhaps, the very best specimens of the National character of each nation or people. Whatever the nation is, that you are sure to find in the natural side of their Saints' characters; with this difference: there you find the grace of the Almighty God, in its highest, noblest, and strongest form, acting upon the natural character of the man,—or, if you will, upon the national character of the people as embodied in that man. I am come here this evening to speak to you of one of the greatest Saints in the Catholic Church;—a man whose name is recorded in the annals of the Church amongst her brightest and most glorious Saints;—a man whose name is known throughout the whole world, wherever a Catholic Priest says his "Office," and wherever a Catholic people hear the voice of their pastor. There are many Saints in the Catholic Church of whom we hear but little. There are many Saints,—heroic Christian men, exalted in their sanctity,—and what do you know about them? You are Catholics, and yet you have scarcely ever heard the names of some of the great and illustrious Saints; of St. Louis Bertrand, for instance, a Dominican Saint of my Order; one of the greatest evangelists God ever sent forth; or of St. Hyacinthe. But there are names of Saints who were so great that the whole world

is familiar with them. St. Augustine ;—we have all heard of him ; St. Patrick, who has the most ardent devotion of the Irish race ; his name is known to the whole world, and will be known to the end of time. Amongst these mighty Saints,—amongst the Saints who have written their names upon the history of the world,—amongst those Saints adopted by nations as their patrons, whose names are familiar to every hearth in the land, where civilization and religion have extended themselves,—is the name of the Irish Saint Columbkille,—known outside of Ireland by the name of Columba, but known amongst his own people as Columbkille. It is of him I have come to speak. Therefore I speak of the national character,—the natural side of the Saints,—as embodied in him.

You all know, my dear friends, that it is now fifteen hundred years since St. Patrick preached in Ireland. At that time, the religion of Christ was only known in Italy, in Spain, in portions of France, and throughout the East, in the primæval nations. The rest of Europe was in darkness. As yet, the voice of the apostolic preacher had not been heard. The forests of Germany still witnessed the rites and ceremonies of ancient Paganism in that great land. The Northern portions of Europe,—Sweden, Norway, and Russia,—amid their snows, still heard the voices of the ancient *Skalds*, celebrating in their *sagas*, the Pagan divinities of the olden time. England was in the deepest darkness of her Saxon idolatry. A few of the ancient Britons, in the mountains of Wales, had received the Catholic faith ; and their Bishops and Priests were ungenerous enough, and weak enough, to refuse to preach the Gospel to the Saxons, because they had invaded their land. It was in this almost universal mist and darkness that, in the year 442, a man landed on the shores of Ireland, and lifted up his voice and proclaimed the name of Christ and His Virgin Mother ; and the Irish race, to-day, profess the same Catholic faith, in all the clearness and all the exact definiteness of its knowledge ; and profess it still more in the sanctity of the national priesthood, and the system of monasticism, as it was given to them from the lips of St. Patrick. My dear friends, no matter what men may say, I am here as a Catholic, as an Irish priest, and I defy any man in the world to produce such a miraculous example of conversion and of instant

maturity into the fullness of love, and holiness of life, as that of the Irish race.

Now, St. Patrick had passed to his grave. More than half a century had passed by, when, in the year 521, one of the Princes of Ulster had a son born to him. He was of the royal house of O'Neil and O'Donnell, and descended from "King Nial of the Nine Hostages," the man who was supposed to have brought St. Patrick, as a captive, into Ireland, for the first time. This house of O'Donnell and O'Neil is so ancient that its origin is lost in the mists of fable, in the pre-historic time that goes before any written record except the Holy Scriptures. They were kings in the northern parts of Ireland from the sixth century downward. St. Patrick landed in Ireland, and found the royal house of O'Neil on the throne of Ireland. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth,—only three hundred years ago,—there lived an Irish Prince by the name of O'Neil: and when Elizabeth wanted to make him an English Earl, he answered her: "No Earls for me; my foot is on my native soil;" and he sent her back her dignities and her honors. No King in Europe had so grand, so royal a title as that crown of the O'Neils of Ulster. From these came St. Columbkille. The name he received was not given him in baptism, but at his confirmation. The word "*Columba*" is the Latin word for *dove*. So gentle, so tender, was he, so patient, that they called him the "gentle dove," in the Irish language. They went further, and, because he was a monk who loved to read in his cell; who loved to live among his brothers in their cells, they called him "Columbkille," which meant the dove in a church, or *cell*. Tradition and history tell us that, no sooner was the child born, than his prince-father called in the Priest to baptize him. There was no delay; not even for an hour. As soon as the infant opened his eyes, and saw the light of heaven, the divine adoption and the light of supernatural faith were let in upon his soul by the holy waters of baptism. No sooner was the child taken from his mother's breast than he was handed over to the care of the Priest, who baptized him; his father and mother saying: "We begot this child as a child of nature, a child of Adam. As far as he is ours, he came into this world with the curse of God upon him. But thou, O Priest of God, thou dost lift off that curse, and dissipate it by

Baptism. He is more your child than ours. Take him and rear him up for that God whose blessing, whose adoption thou hast brought down upon him in Baptism." So, he remained with the Priest that baptized him.

As the child grew, two things grew side by side, one with the other. The first one belonged to the Irish character, and is as Irish as it could be. Secondly, the divine grace of God, the most wonderful. We can scarcely reconcile the two, as we look upon that beautiful young figure that rises up before us in the pages of history; as we contemplate his life. He grew from a child to a boy, from a boy to a young man. He was the most beautiful youth in all Ireland; tall above all other men; perfectly formed; with the lofty forehead of the king's son; the light blue-grey eye, full of genius, but full of temper; the strong, athletic form, delighting in coursing in the fields, in the manly exercises of the strong young man; a beautiful temperament, full of imagination; he was a lover of poetry and of music, and his young hands loved to tune the chords of the ancient Irish harp, and then to draw from them, with thrilling grasp, the very spirit and soul of Celtic music. Full of talent and of intellect, with Irish brains in his head, there was no branch of knowledge or of science that was unknown to him. With him, to look at a thing was to know it; he did not require to study it. But he was also full of pride; full of passion. No man dared to contradict him; his temper was aroused in a moment; and when that temper was aroused, the young Irishman did not stop to think of what he said or what he did. With the word came the blow, and then the apology when it was too late. The very soul of the Saint, when he looked at anything, decided whether it was right or wrong. Full of Celtic obstinacy; full of pride, side by side with a heart as soft and tender as that of a young woman. If he saw a poor man or cripple on the way-side, in feverish misery, his heart seemed to break in pity for them; and if no one was around to help, he would take them up on his shoulders and carry them to his house, and there feed them and clothe them. His was the full Celtic blood. Noble, gentle, quick, irascible; full of character and determination even to obstinacy. This was the natural character. Yet, strange to say, side by side with this, and whilst thus hindered by a thousand imperfections, there was the most wonderful super-

natural reign of divine graces ;—a thorough Celt, a thorough Irishman. His Angel Guardian appeared to him when he was between twelve and fourteen years of age, and said to him : “ Columba, I come from Heaven.” The moment Columba saw him, in the form of a radiant youth, he said at once : “ Are all the Angels in Heaven as fair as you are ? ” The Angel answered : “ They are all as fair, and many more fair. I come charged by the Christ, whom you love so dearly, to ask you what gifts you desire from God.” Instantly the Irish youth,—the young Irish boy said : “ I ask from God chastity and wisdom.” The moment he said the word, three Angels, in the form of three beautiful maidens, appeared before him. One—the fairest of all of them—put her hands around his neck. The Irish boy drew back, afraid. “ Thou hast refused my embrace, Columba ; thou knowest me not ; I am the Angel of divine virtue ; I come with my sisters to remain with you forever.” These were the three sisters,—Divine virtue, Divine wisdom, and the Divine spirit of prophecy,—who came to the child as a boy ; a boy full of faults, full of the imperfections of the Celtic character ; the same imperfections that you and I have ; not sitting down and being prudent and quiet, but always loving a contest ; always loving to do a generous thing, and to do it on the spur of the moment ; always ready to turn around to take up a slight or an insult before it is offered. Yet, side by side with this, we have the evidence, in the life of the Saint, of the other portion of the Celtic character,—the other great virtue, which, with all its faults, the Irish character exhibits,—the virtue of purity.

Thus it was most natural that Columba became a Monk and was an obedient priest. He gave his light forever to that grand Irish monasticism which was the flower and the bloom and the glory of Ireland in that wonderful sixth century. The Irish Monks, at that time, were the most learned as well as the most holy men in the Catholic Church. Everywhere their virtue was known ;—in every nation professing the Catholic faith. Students came in profusion to Ireland : yea ; even the very Pagan nations sent their children to Ireland, to the grand university of the world, there to learn every highest science and art, and, above all, the art and glorious science of loving Christ and His Church. They came ; they entered the mighty schools of Armagh, the Island of

Arran, on the western coast; and Lismore, on the banks of the Blackwater. In a word, they came and entered the mighty schools that covered the whole face of Ireland; and the old historians tell us that it was considered rather a poor effort at a school where there were not, at least, three thousand students. The old Irish saintly Monks, in their history, tell us of them that they cultivated every highest art, and, above all, the art of music. In an ancient life of St. Bridgid we read that, on one occasion, she went into the King's palace, perhaps at Tara, and there she saw a harp hanging upon the wall. Turning to the white-haired and venerable minstrel, she said to him: "Harp me a song on thy harp." And the old man took down his harp lovingly, and seating himself,—while the young Christian virgin sat before him,—in melody, he poured forth the glories of God and the glories of Ireland. So, when Columba entered the monastery, he found there every highest work of art and science cultivated; but he found there, also, two great passions that were always burning in the heart of the ancient Irish Monk. And these were an overpowering love for Ireland, and a love for Ireland's poetry and music. The young Prince,—ardent,—full of courage,—who seemed to be marked out far more for a soldier, a sailor, or a captain of armies, than for a Monk,—no sooner put on the monastic cowl, than he elevated his soul to three things, viz.:—the love of God's divine religion, the love of Ireland, and the cultivation of music and poetry. No hand was more skilful to sweep the chords of the lyre; and when those ancient Monks assembled, the old chroniclers tell us that they loved to play on their harps. Even when they came to the church to sing the divine songs, the Psalms of David, in the Office they were saying every day; these old men chaunted to the sound of the harp; and so from their hands went forth the accompanying thrill of Erin's music; while with sweetest voices they melodiously sung the praises of Almighty God. And so rich and grand was the voice of the young novice, that we read, when he was an old man, over sixty years of age, while preaching the Gospel to the Picts and Scots,—he would stop and begin to sing the praises of God to the sound of his Irish harp,—the pagan priests who were around, who did not want to let him preach but were interrupting him,—who, above all things, did not want him to sing, because his voice had a kind of supernatural

power that drew the hearts of the pagan people to God,—they raised their voices and shouted in order to drown the voice of St. Columba. The Irish Saint looked around upon them, with the old Celtic fire of youth in his aged eyes; he pitched the highest note and brought out from the harp the strongest chords, chaunting out the Psalms of David, and the praises of God: so that although the priests roared and bawled until they were hoarse, the voice of the Saint sounded above them all. He went over all that country, into the houses of the people, singing the glory of the God of Heaven.

Everything went calmly and quietly with Columba, until, when he was forty years of age, an incident happened that gave tone to his whole life, although it broke his heart. When the Saint was forty years of age, he heard that St. Finnian possessed a valuable copy of the Scriptures,—the Book of Psalms. St. Columba wanted a copy of this book for himself; and he went to St. Finnian and begged the loan of the book to take a copy of it. He was refused; the book was too precious to be trusted to him. Then he asked at least to be allowed to go into the church where the book was deposited; and there he spent night after night, privately writing out a clean copy of it. By the time St. Columba had finished his copy, somebody, who had watched him at the work, went and told St. Finnian that the young man had made a copy of his Psalter. The moment St. Finnian heard of it, he laid claim to this copy as belonging to him. St. Columba refused to give it up, and appealed to King Dermott, the Ard-righ at Tara. The King called his counselors together; they considered the matter, and passed a decree that St. Columba should give up the copy, because, the original belonging to St. Finnian, the copy was only borrowed from it: and the Irish decree began with the words: "Every cow has a right to her own calf." Now, mark the action of Columba,—a saint,—a man devoted to prayer and fasting all the days of his life—a man gifted with miraculous powers; and yet, under all that, as thorough an Irishman as ever lived. The moment he heard that the King had resolved on giving back the precious book, he reproached him, saying: "I am a cousin of yours, and still you went against me!" He put the clanship—the "*sheanachus*"—upon him. The King said he could not help it. What did St. Columba do? He took his book under his arm and went

away to Ulster, to raise the clan of O'Neil, in Tyrconnell. He was himself the son of their king. They were a powerful clan in the country; and the moment they heard their kinsman's voice, they rose as one man; for who ever yet asked a lot of Irishmen to get up a row and was disappointed? They arose, they followed their kinsman down into Westmeath. There they met King Dermott and his army; a battle was the consequence, in which hundreds of men were slain; and the fair plains of the country were flooded with blood. It was only then that St. Columba perceived the terrible mistake he had made. Like an Irishman, he first had the fight out, and then he began to reflect upon it afterwards.

Now, at this time, St. Columba's name was known all over Ireland, for the wonderful spirit of prophecy that was upon him. He was known all over Ireland as a very angel of God for his purity. He was already the founder of several famous monastic institutions. In Ireland there were twelve large monasteries, counting their monks by hundreds and thousands, who looked up to Columba as their chief. His prophecies were wonderfully fulfilled, almost as soon as uttered. His sanctity was an acknowledged fact; and yet in the face of all this, the national Celtic character,—the rash, quick temper of the proud Irishman,—broke out in him so far that he had hundreds of his countrymen slain. And the next day after the battle, he was on his knees by the side of his confessor, acknowledging his fault. The Bishops assembled and took thought over the matter; and the issue of it was that Columba, with all his sanctity, was excommunicated. As for the book, there was no question; he never got it back. Strange to say, my friends, that very book, written by St. Columba's own hand, remains, and is known to this day in Ireland. He went to confess with great sorrow to an aged monk named Molaise. The Saint was broken-hearted for what he had done, for the blood that had been shed, and, if you will, for the scandal of his hot temper. So he had to endure and to accept any penance that would be put upon him. The confessor asked him this question:—"What is the strongest earthly love you have in your heart?" And the poor penitent answered—"The love that I have for Ireland; that is the strongest affection in my heart." Then the most cruel penance was put upon him,—that he was to

depart from Ireland, never to see her, never to look upon her soil again. Sentence passed, the man fell to the earth, as if the hand of God had smitten him;—as the Saviour fell under His cross: it was more than he could bear. Rising up, with despairing eyes, Columba looked in the face of the terrible confessor to whom he had confessed his sins; then, making one effort, he accepted the great sacrifice, and said: “Father, what you have said shall be fulfilled.” Then he wrote a letter to his friends in Tyrconnell, in Ulster, and he said: “My fate is sealed; my doom is pronounced. A man has told me that I must exile myself from Ireland; and that man I recognize as an angel of God, and I must go.” With breaking heart and weeping eyes he bade a last farewell to the green “Island of Saints,” and went to an island among the Hebrides, on the coast of Scotland. There, amid the mists and storms of that inhospitable region, upon a bare rock, out from the mainland, he built a monastery; and there he founded the far-famed school of Iona.

Then began the second grand epoch in the life of this man, whom God had determined and predestined to become so great a Saint. He came to Iona, a man, a prince, a Saint of Ireland, full of passion,—full of the national traits of his race,—full of the love of God, unstained, unsullied in his virgin mind and soul as any Angel before the throne of God. And there he was destined to remain for thirty-six long years in constant fasting, in unceasing prayer, until the divine grace, descending upon him, made a perfect Saint of him, who was before so noble a specimen of the Celtic race:

Now, do you know how hard it is to be an exile? Here is an account given by one of the greatest writers of modern times. He tells us of Columba’s love—the love that he retained for Ireland;—the affectionate tenderness of the exile; a love which displayed itself in the songs which have been preserved to us. It is beautiful. He goes on to say, that, amongst other things, St. Columbkille left behind him such words as these:—

“Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Albin.
What joy to fly upon the white-crested sea, and watch the waves
break upon the Irish shore.

What joy to row the little barque, and land upon the whitening
foam of the Irish shore!

Ah ! how my boat would fly, if its prow were turned to my Irish oak groves !

But the noble sea now carries me only to Albin,—to Albin, the land of the ravens.

My foot is in my little boat ; but my sad heart ever bleeds.

There is a gray eye that ever turns to Erin ;

But never in this sad life shall it see Erin or her sons and daughters again.

From the high prow I look over the ocean ; great tears are in my gray eyes, as I turn to Erin ; to Erin, where the song of the birds is so sweet ; where the Monks sing like the birds ; where the young are so gentle, and the old so wise ; where the great men are so noble to look upon, and the women so fair to wed."

In another place, he says to one who was returning from his Scottish island to Ireland :—

"Young traveller, carry my sorrows with thee ; carry them to Comgall of eternal light.

Take my prayer with thee, and my blessing ; one part for Ireland—seven times may she be blessed ;—the other for Albin.

Carry my blessing across the sea ; carry it to the West. My heart is broken in my bosom.

If death should come upon me suddenly, it will be because of the great love I bear the Gael."

That was the love of Columbkille for Ireland and the Irish people ; it was the master passion of his life. What can be more tender than the message that he gave to one of his Monks. One morning he called to him, from his little cell in Iona, one of his Irish Monks, his faithful companion in exile. He said to him : "Brother, go out and stand upon the hill near the east shore. After you are there a while, a bird will come and fall at your feet, with weary wings. Take up that bird, dear brother," he said, "and feed and care for her gently ; restore her to strength again ; for that bird comes from Ireland. Ah, my broken heart ! that bird will fly back to Ireland again : but *I* can never go back !" This was the heart of the man,—the grand passion of his life, which became the source of his martyrdom. Exile from Erin was to him the bitter penance that the Priest of God put upon him, after the great indiscretion and sin of

his life. Yet it was an Irish sin. He did not want to glory in anything wrong; and this I do say, if it was a great Irish sin, there was nothing mean, nothing nasty in that sin: it was the sin of a brave, passionate man. He felt he was injured, and he called upon his people, and bloodshed followed upon it. It was the act of an impulsive man. Nothing of vice to be ashamed of; nothing the recollection of which could bring anything but a manly sorrow to his heart.

Now began a great period of his life. He was forty-two years of age when he left Ireland, and landed on the little island off the Western coast of Scotland. Here his Irish Monks built a wooden church; and here they lived, in the humblest form of cells. St. Columba, for forty years, slept upon the bare ground, an hour or two out of the twenty-four. Thus he lay with only a hard rock whereon to lay his head. This island on which the Irish Monks landed was destined to be the most holy, the most gloriously historic spot in Western Europe. He brought Monks from Ireland with him, and there, upon the distant shores of Scotland, did he find a people divided into two great nations, viz.:—the Irish, who had emigrated hundreds of years before, in the very time of St. Patrick, and who were Christians, having brought their Catholic religion with them; and who possessed the Southern and Western portions of Scotland. But the Northern and Eastern portions of the land were in the hands of another nation, the bravest, the most terrible, and withal the most savage that ever the Roman legions encountered. They were called the ancient Picts. So brave were they, that when Julius Cæsar had conquered the whole of England, he never was able to conquer the Picts and warlike savages that inhabited Scotland. As they were brave to resist invasion, so were they also brave with an infernal bravery in resisting the Gospel. Holy Saints came to them only to be torn to pieces and slaughtered. The hour of their redemption came from the time when St. Columbkille landed on the island of Iona. He brought a large colony of Irish monks; and his first mission was to his own Irish people settled in Scotland. They were governed by a ruler subject to the King of Ireland. Columbkille went in amongst them, not to preach the Gospel,—for that they had already received,—but to preach that which, in the heart and on the lips of the Irish Priest, is

next to the Gospel. He went in amongst his exiled Irish brethren to preach the gospel of Irish Nationality, and of love for their native land. He spoke to them in the language of the Bard and of the Poet, of the ancient glories of Ireland. He told them that, although they were established in a foreign land, their best and holiest remembrance, their grandest and noblest influence, was the recollection of the land from which they and their fathers came. He chose one of their princes to be king. He banded them together into a kingdom; and he crowned that Irish Prince the first King of Scotland. And that Irish colony of Dalriadian Scots, as they were called, were destined to conquer the terrible, savage Picts. And the first man that reigned over them was the holy Irish Prince Aïdan.

Well, my friends, it is most interesting to us to find that the very day that St. Columbkille crowned the Scottish King, he made this speech to him:—"Mark my words," he said, "O King; the day may come when you and your children, after you, may be tempted by the devil, to make war upon Ireland. My poor Ireland"—he said, "the land of my love, the land of my race, and of my blood." And here are the words that he put upon that king. In the midst of the ceremony of the coronation, he said to the king whom he crowned:—"Charge your sons, and let them charge their grandchildren, that they attempt no enterprise against my countrymen and my kindred in Ireland, the land of God; or the hand of God will weigh heavily upon them; the hands of men will be raised against them; and the victory of their enemies will be sure on the day they have the misfortune and the curse of turning against Ireland." There was the glorious light of the Irish Priesthood and of Irish history; there was the true father of the heroic St. Laurence O'Toole, that stood in the gap on that terrible day, when no man in Ireland seemed to have heart or courage enough to strike a blow in the invading enemy's face.

Aïdan had not long been crowned, when the Saxons, who invaded England,—that is to say, the country that was south of the Grampian Hills—invaded Scotland also. The King had to go forth to do battle against them; and here, again, we find our ancient Irish Saint coming out. Faithful love for his race and country, which had moved him with compassion for the young Irish Kingdom, did not permit him to

remain indifferent to the wars and revolutions which were rife at the time of the Irish-Scots. There was no more marked feature in his character than his constant, his compassionate sympathy,—as well after as before his removal to Iona,—in all the struggles in which his companions and relatives in Ireland were so often engaged. Nothing was nearer to his heart than the claims of his kindred. For that reason alone he occupied himself, without ceasing, in the affairs of individuals and of relatives. “This man,” he would say, “is of my race; I must help him. It is my duty to work for him, because he is of the same stock as myself. This other man is a relative of my mother.” Then he would add, speaking to his Scottish Monks:—“My friends, they are my kindred, descended from the O’Neils. See them fighting!” when he would hear of a victory. Or, perhaps, he said it in Heaven, before the throne of God, on the day when Hugh O’Neill destroyed the English army at the “Yellow Ford.” He was praying one day, with his favorite companion, a Monk named Dermot; and whilst they were speaking together, the Saint said:—“Rise! O Dermot; ring the bell, and call the Monks to pray.” The Monk rang the bell, and all the other Monks of the Monastery came around their Father. Here are his words:—“Now,” he said, “let us pray with intelligence and fervor, for our people; for King Aïdan, who, at this moment, is beginning his battle with the Barbarians.” They prayed, and, after a time, Columba said:—“I behold the Barbarians fly. Aïdan is victorious.” Who were the Barbarians? The Saxons of England,—the Pagan Saxons,—the haters of religion, and of his Irish people,—the haters of Aïdan, the Irish King, and his religion.

Another nation lay before him; and the heart of the Saint was touched for them. You have seen what he did for his own countrymen in Scotland. He saw in the northern fastnesses of the land those uncivilized, savage, pagan Picts; the men to whom no missionary was ever able to preach; the men whom no preacher dared to address. And, here again, see how the character of the Saint came out. He arose and took with him a few of his Irish Monks; and they travelled into the very heart of the country,—the Highlands of Scotland. He went in order to preach the Gospel of Christ to the Picts. Their king had established himself in a mighty

fortress, and his pagan priests with him. St. Columba and his companions were noticed; and when from the towers the pagan Picts saw the brave missionary,—the magnificent form of the Irishman,—coming, the king admired his manliness and his princely and undaunted courage. He saw the light of the sun beaming upon his grand face, and he loved him. But he gave orders that the gates of the fortress should not be opened. “Tell him,” said the King, “that no man shall enter here as a guest who is not welcome; and that if he attempts to preach he shall die.” The message was given, but Columba, without hesitation, without stopping to take counsel, without one reflection of prudence, the moment he heard that the King said he should not come in, his Irish blood was up; and it seemed to him there was no reason why he should not go in. He went straight to the very door of the castle and dealt it a mighty blow with his staff. “Open,” he said, “in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Again he struck it; and the mighty gates flew open, and St. Columbkille, of Iona, walked in like a conqueror. Years of sorrow, years of repentance, years of prayer and of fasting had passed over his head; and he was now an elderly man, beyond the prime of life; but the moment opposition came to him in a just cause, that moment the old Irish blood of his youth, and all the terrible ardor of his Celtic nature, was raised within him. My friends, he converted the Pictish nation, nearly as perfectly as Patrick converted the Irish. He left the impress of his character upon them so that they became a staunch, loyal and true Catholic race in the Highlands of Scotland; and that the Highlanders of Scotland have continued to be, almost to the present hour. There are villages in the Highlands of Scotland which have suffered in the defence of their faith like Ireland. They suffered by bad landlords: the same scourge came upon them as in Ireland by English Protestantism and bad laws; but the tradition of Ireland’s Columba was with them; and his words remained with them like a blessing. And there are villages in Scotland that never yet lost their Catholic faith, through weariness or through woe.

Now, another nation lay before him. Great was the heart of the man and true. He saw the pagan Saxons of England in their hundreds of thousands. What did they worship? Their worship was the meanest and lowest form of idolatry.

they had not the grace to worship the sun, like the Irish. They worshipped Thor, the god of the Scandinavians; a huge fellow, with goggle eyes, no feet, and a big club in his hands. They were Saxons. St. Columba neither loved nor liked them. They were Saxons. Perhaps he, being a prophet, foresaw that they should be the "scourge of God" to the land of his love. They were Saxons. They had assaulted and invaded the land of his own people in Scotland, and the king whom he had crowned. But they were men; they had souls; and he loved them in the mighty love that burned in his heart for the Lord and Saviour who died for him. So, accordingly, we find that, after his conversion of the Picts, the mighty preacher went south, and with the aid of his monastic brethren, his Irish monks, St. Columbkille converted all the Saxons of Northumbria and the middle portions of England. Badly have they repaid us; for we gave them the Faith, and they have endeavored to rob us of that Faith. We gave them, through our great St. Columbkille, the liberty of the Angels of God; and they have endeavored to deprive us of that liberty which is the inheritance and birthright of the children of men. We gave them light; and they have endeavored to repay us with darkness. It was the Irish Saint, and his children after him, who succeeded in converting them. For, though St. Augustine came to preach the Gospel to the Saxons of England, his labors were confined to the south. St. Columbkille and his children had already converted the Saxons of the north of England. They were the true apostles of England.

And, now, old age was upon the Saint. He was approaching his seventy-sixth year; and we read two things of him, namely,—that, to the last day of his life he never mitigated or changed his austerities. The old man of seventy-six still lay upon the damp earth, with a rock for his pillow. The old man of seventy-six still fasted every day of his life. The old man of seventy-six seemed to have a heart as young, as compassionate, as tender, as if he were a boy of fourteen. And one little incident shows us how much the Irish fire was toned down in him by the sanctity of the saint. When he was an old man, the great feature of his character was that he still continued, as hard as when he was young, the holy work to which he was devoted,—writing a copy of the Sacred Scriptures. The great passion of his life was writing books.

There was no printing in those days ; and he went on, writing books, even when he was bent to the earth with old age and austerities. Yet he fired up into the ardor of the young harpist as he took the Irish harp, and with his aged fingers swept the chords, his voice pouring forth the praises of Ireland and of his God. We read that, when he was an old man, the strangers that were in the land, were in the habit of coming to him for his blessing. And one day a man came into the little room where St. Columba was writing ; and in his eagerness to get the Saint's blessing, he rushed with such vehemence to where the Saint was, that he overturned the ink-bottle and destroyed the whole manuscript. But all that the old Saint did was to take him and embrace him, and put his arms about him, and say : " Have patience, my son ; be gentle, and do not be in such a hurry."

He was, then, seventy-six years of age ; and he prayed that he might die at Easter. God sent an Angel to tell him that his prayer was granted. Now, mark the great Irish heart again. The moment that he heard his prayer was granted, he prayed to God to let him live another month ; for he said to his Monks : " My children, I prayed that I might die and pass my Easter in Heaven. God said He would grant my prayer ; but, then, I thought that you are after fasting through a long Lent upon bread and water ; and that you are all looking forward to Easter Sunday as a day of joy ; and if I died on that day it would be a sad and sorrowful day. So I asked my God to put it off another month." The month passed. It was Saturday night ; and Columba, in the morning, had told his children, the Monks : " This night, I will die and take my rest." The Monks were accustomed to go into the church precisely at twelve o'clock. The bell rang, and Columba was always first in the church, to prayer. When he was not studying, he went before the others into the dark church, and knelt at the foot of the altar. Dermot, his attendant, his faithful man, followed the old man, and, groping about in the church for him, at first, not being able to see him, exclaimed : " O Father, dear Father, where art thou ?" A feeble moan soon was heard, and he came to where the Saint lay. The other Monks came in, and brought torches in their hands ; and they found Columba stretched out dying !—grasping the foot of the altar ;—dying under the very eyes of that Lord and God whom he

loved so well ;—dying, with a heart long since broken with love for that Lord and for the dear land that he left behind him. They lifted him up ; and, with his dying lips he said : “ Come around me, that I may give you my last blessing.” He lifted his aged hand, and, before the sign of the cross was made, the hand fell by his side, the light of human love departed from his eye, and one of the most glorious souls of apostles and martyrs that ever passed into Thy Kingdom, O Lord, beheld Thee, and entered into Thy joy.

This was our old Saint. How grand ; how great is his national character ! How great is the character of the Saint in his cell ! Well does the eminent French philosopher and writer, Count Montalembert, sum up his character in these beautiful words :—“ One loves above all to study the depths of that soul, and the changes that had taken place in it, since his youth. At the beginning of his life he was vindictive, passionate, bold ; a man of strife ; born a soldier, rather than a Monk ; so that even in his lifetime, he was invoked in fight ; and when the Irish were fighting their battles, they would cry out, ‘ Columba, pray for us ! ’ And his soul went out from his cell into the thick of the fight with them. He was at the same time full of contradictions and contrasts ; at once tender and irritable, rude and courteous, ironical and compassionate, caressing and imperious, grateful and revengeful, led by pity as well as by wrath, ever moved by generous passions, and among all passions fired to the very end of his life by two which his countrymen understand the best,—the love of poetry and the love of Ireland. Little inclined to melancholy when he had once surmounted the great sorrow of his life, which was his exile ; frank and loyal ; original and powerful in his words as in his actions,—in cloister and mission and parliament,—on land and on sea,—in Ireland and in Scotland,—always swayed by the love of God and of his neighbor, whom it was his will and pleasure to serve with an impassioned uprightness ;—such was Columba.”

Thus full of contradictions, that were ever harmonized by divine grace, he lived and died a Saint, who is the glory of the Church of God, and who, I hope, and trust, and believe, will, by his prayers, yet obtain for his native country of Ireland, all that she legitimately desires of happiness, of freedom, and of glory.

“THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE IRISH RACE, AS A REFLECTION OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.”

(Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in St. Gabriel's Church, New York, June 4, 1872.)

MY FRIENDS—Every nation, every race on the face of the earth, has its own peculiar characteristics, its sympathies and antipathies, its notions of things, its line of conduct, and so on; all of which go to make up what is called the national character of a people. They bear the impress of the race. We may find amongst the people a great many individual exceptions to the national character. A people,—as a race,—may be brave, and, yet, we may find a coward amongst them; a people,—as a race,—may be noted for their chastity, and, yet, we may find an impure man amongst them; a people, on the whole,—as a race, or a nation—may be remarkable for their honesty, and yet we may find a thief or a dishonest man amongst them; they may be remarkable for their fidelity, yet we may find a faithless man amongst them. But in this, as in everything else, the exception only strengthens the rule; and the man who is unlike his race, stands out in such relief amongst them, and makes himself so remarkable by being so unlike his fellow-countrymen, that his deficiency only brings out the more strongly the virtues or the peculiarities of the race to which he belongs.

Now, amongst the subjects that command the interest of the thinking man or the philosopher, there is not one more interesting than the study of national character. How marked is the character of a people; how clearly defined are the national phenomena, the idiosyncrasies of a race or a nation. How different do we find one people from another. For instance, take an average Frenchman and an average German. They are as unlike each other as if they were not of the same species. The Frenchman is quick, impulsive, chivalrous; ready to stand up and fight for an idea; lofty

in his notions of things, more or less theoretical, easily roused to anger, and as easily appeased by a word of kindness. The German, on the other hand, is cool, calm, deliberate;—not easily roused to anger, but, if aroused, not easily appeased; not at all given to taking up ideas, but looking for realities; not at all ready to risk any important thing—not even a dollar of his means, much less his blood—for some great idea, that fills the minds of a hundred thousand Frenchmen, and drives them into the field. Take, again, an Englishman and an Irishman. How different they are. The Irishman is open-mouthed, open-minded, freely speaking whatever he has in him. If he has any vice in him, out it comes on the surface. If he feels angry, he cannot hold his tongue: but out comes the expression of his anger. If you offend the Englishman, on the other hand, or insult him, he will, perhaps, pass it over for the time; but he will remember it to you in twenty years after. If he wishes to drink, he locks himself up, takes his drink, gets drunk in his room, and nobody is the wiser for it. If he is disappointed, he knows how to keep it to himself. If he has a quarrel with a man, he will not go to meet him in open fight; but he will try to get behind him and give him a blow from behind. I say this not as if I thought well of this character or that. There is a great deal that is noble, manly, and magnificent in the English character. It is the fashion amongst Irishmen to talk as though there is nothing good in the English. It would be bad policy for us to believe it; for if there was nothing good, or brave, or strong in them, why in the world did we let them overcome us? It is a bad thing for a man to say that his enemy is a coward, because he is making light of himself. It is an easy thing to conquer a coward. No; there is much that is brave, strong, and magnificent in the English character; but still it is thoroughly distinct from that of the sister island, which is only sixty miles away (I wish it was sixty thousand)!

The theme on which I have come to address you to-night is—"The National Character of the Irish Race as a Reflection of the Catholic Religion." I need hardly tell you that I am not going to speak of irreligious Irishmen; of Irishmen who give up their faith and their religion, because, as far as the reflection of the Irish character is concerned, *they* are not Irishmen at all. Show me the Irishman that does

not believe in God, and does not believe in the national religion, the Catholicity of Ireland; show me the Irishman that has no principle of Catholicity in him; and I will say that, as far as the history of our race and nation is concerned, he is not an Irishman at all. As far as regards the reflection of all that, we know he is not a fair specimen of the national character and peculiarities of the Irishman. Take an Irishman without religion, and he will be as big a rogue as any man on the face of the earth. Take an Irishman without religion,—having practically denied his creed and his God (for he may not have denied it in words);—let him go out among a strange people; and he will gather up all their vices to himself; he will make himself the very worst amongst them; because he is generally a quick-witted, keen, sharp fellow, who has more talent than the people among whom he lives; and the consequence is, that he turns all his talent and shrewdness in the direction of wickedness. The more intelligent and clever a blackguard is, the greater blackguard he can be. Give me, therefore, an Irishman without religion; and if he goes into a wild country, where he finds it the fashion to run away from one's wife, he will run away from his, and will marry seven other wives where another man would but marry one. Give me an Irishman without religion, and if he goes in to make money, he will be more close-fisted than a Yankee-Jew pedler. He would not give a cent to king or country.

But it is not of such Irishmen that I speak. I come here to speak of the national character of our race. Now, what does this race mean? It means a people that for fifteen hundred years have been Catholics to the heart's core. It means a people who have never renounced or changed the pure faith that they received from the lips and from the hands of their great Apostle, St. Patrick. It means a people that have never consented to see their religion outraged, or their priesthood and worship violated, without rising up and striking a quick blow in defence of their God and their altars. It means, too, a people who have their faults. Do not imagine, for an instant, that I am one of those who believe that every Irishman is perfection; or that the Irish people are perfection, and that I do not see their faults. I see them, and I know them well. It would be a strange thing if, after twenty years of priesthood among my people, I did not know their

faults. For the last twenty years they have been telling me their faults. People do not go to the confessional to tell their virtues, but to relate their miseries, their woes, their faults and shortcomings. It would be a strange thing if I did not know their faults,—I, in whose veins runs nothing but pure Irish blood, and who am Irish in my body, my soul, my mind, and my heart. After my love for my God and His Church, comes my love for my country and my people. I tell you we have our faults; we are not without them. But I will assert this,—that the very faults of the Irish character have been touched and ennobled by the Catholic religion.

Now, I ask you to consider the Catholic religion as reflected in the history of the Irish race in times past, and in our people of to-day;—a people that are so despised and calumniated, that if a man gets drunk, or does any brutal act, the very first cry is: “Oh, he is an Irishman!” But, when you come to see this so-called “Irishman,” you will, probably, find that he is some phlegmatic German, or some cross-breed, or that nobody knows whence he comes. The Irish race has been so calumniated that the London *Times* could not get any better name for us than “bog-trotters.” And why? Because the English took the good land, kept it for themselves, and left only the bogs for the Irishman. Put a gentleman out of his house, take his good clothes off his back, and put beggar’s clothes upon him; throw him out into the street, and take possession of his house; and you are the robber for all this, no matter how you may turn round and say: “Ah, you dirty beggar!” The *Times* newspaper called us “bog-trotters;” but the *Times* newspaper and the writers thereof may yet live to see the day when the “bog-trotters” may take a fancy for something better than the bogs; when Almighty God may give them strength to take back their own.

But, first let me say, there may be here to-night some friends of ours, who are not Catholics. There may be some here who are American-born citizens. I need not tell you, brothers of my blood and race; but for them it is necessary that I should speak. Our Catholic religion, my friends, puts forth prominently in her belief the magnificent figure of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our Saviour, Christ. Our Catholic religion teaches us that, on the day when Adam fell, every child of Adam fell into the cesspool of sin

with him, save and except one; and that one was the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God. She was kept pure, that she might be worthy to approach, and to give to the Eternal God His sacred humanity. She was kept pure, because it was written in the prophecies, "Nothing defiled can ever approach God." She was kept pure, because she was to give to the Eternal God, in the day of His incarnation, that blood which He shed upon Calvary, and by which He redeemed the world. That blood should be all pure which was worthy to flow in the veins of Christ. Therefore the woman who bore Him was conceived without sin. The Catholic Church, moreover, holds up this woman as the very type of Christian womanhood. All that is fair and beautiful in woman may be gathered up into these two features; namely, the perfect purity of the Virgin, and the tender, magnificent, and loving heart of the mother. There is nothing grander than virginity; and next to virginity comes the magnificence of the maternity of the Christian mother;—the mother, with her child in her arms,—next to the virgin, consecrated to God and kneeling before Christ,—is the most beautiful thing in creation. Our race depends upon her. Upon her purity and upon her sanctity the whole future of the world is built up. The English Protestant poet, Wordsworth, says there is more poetry, to say nothing of the truth, in that one idea of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as the Catholic Church preaches her,—namely, the woman who combines the infinite purity of the virgin with the love of the mother,—than ever was written by the pen of man.

The Catholic Church teaches that the Virgin of virgins is the type of all Christian maidenhood, in her purity, and of all Christian motherhood, in her maternity. She alone brought forth the greatest man, the man Jesus Christ. She alone brought forth the Only One who was necessary to the world; without whom there was no salvation, and no Heaven for man. She alone brought forth the Son of God. For, the human and the divine nature joined in Him were so joined, that He assumed the human nature into a divine nature; and the Child that was born of Mary was God. St. Patrick came to Ireland fifteen hundred years ago. He came with the adorable Eucharist in one hand, holding it up to the people's adoration as their God. He came with the image of Mary in the other hand, holding it up to the peo-

ple's veneration as their mother. He told the Irish heart and the Irish mind the beautiful story of Mary's relation to God. He told the Irish maiden the tale of her purity. He told the Irish mother the tale of her maternity. And the womanhood of Ireland so learned the lesson from St. Patrick,—receiving the blessing that came from his lips, with the name of Mary,—and have so continued to send that blessing and lesson down to their daughters, that the Irish maiden has become the type of purity for fifteen hundred years, and the Irish mother the type of tenderness and of highest love. For, in Ireland alone, of all the countries in which I have travelled, do we find the true type of womanhood. I have seen it even in the country-woman by the roadside, with her infant folded in her arms, as she looked down with fond, maternal look upon the face of the babe, the fruit of her own womb. The Irish mother alone is the queen of her husband's heart,—the woman that knows,—come weal come woe,—that she can never be removed from her secure position as wife and mother;—the woman who knows that, come weal or woe, that man's heart is hers;—the woman that knows that her love for that man is consecrated by the sacramental seal of the Catholic Church;—this woman alone, I must say, in all that I ever met, displays, by some supernatural grace, the virginal expression of maiden innocence, blended with the beautiful expression of a mother's love.

For this womanhood,—taking for its type the Blessed Virgin Mary,—the Irish Catholic man has been taught, from his earliest infancy, to have the deepest veneration, respect, and homage. Going back into history, he finds that Ireland has produced more virgin Saints than any other nation; that Ireland, for centuries, was peopled with monasteries and convents of holy nuns; that the traditions of sanctity inaugurated by St. Bridget, at Kildare, passed to her daughters; and to this day it seems to be an instinct with the maidenhood of Ireland, to seek the sanctuary and the service of Christ in every land. The traditions of our race tell us of the bravery of our women; and they mention the name of but one woman, in the long roll of noble Irishwomen, who brought a blush to her country's cheek. Our history tells us that the purity, the sanctity, the virtue of Irish women were the pride and the glory of Ireland during the days of

her grandeur ; the consolation and sustaining power of our people in the day of their oppression and their misery. And, therefore, the very Catholic religion that made the woman of Ireland what she is, has made the men of Ireland to be the most reverential, the most respectful, and the most faithful of men to her womanhood.

Look at the history of the Irish race in times gone by. Look at it to-day. What crime, oh, my countrymen ! equals the crime of the faithless husband, who abandons the wife of his early love ? What crime is equal to that,—which (thank God) is utterly unknown in Ireland, or at least to every Irishman that deserves the name,—by which a husband is enabled to cast forth and to desert the wife of his bosom. According to English law, any man can divorce his wife, if he only trump up an accusation against her, and support it by false witnesses. I was in Ireland some years ago when that law was passed ; and, preaching from the pulpit in Dublin, I hurled my defiance at the Government of England. I told them that the Irish people would never accept, never obey or act upon any such infamous and anti-Christian law ;—that no Irishman would ever acknowledge a law that tells him he can put away the wife of his bosom. This veneration for their womanhood is proverbial amongst the Irish race and the Irish people. Never, or scarcely ever, do we find a record of an instance of its violation. And of all the crimes that can be laid to the charge of an unfortunate sinner, there is not one for which the whole nation veils its face for shame, and for true heart-break and desolation, as when this unfortunate crime of impurity and infidelity is brought home to the Irish woman or the Irish husband. Do we not know of what class of woman was the mother that reared us at her knee ? Are we not familiar with that beautiful image that rises before us, of the woman with the silver hair and the sweet voice ; the woman with the old Spanish beads in her hand ; the woman that taught us, when we were yet unable to appreciate it, the sweet tale of the love of Christ for Mary, His mother, and the love of Mary for her child ? Do we not all know the devotion of our womanhood and of our manhood to that type of all purity and of all gentleness, the Mother of God ? It has impressed itself upon our race. And Henry VIII.,—when he came and called upon Ireland to separate from the See of Rome,—

from the Rock of ages, from the Chair of Peter, from the Successor of the Apostles, and, through Peter, of Christ Himself—he came as a man to whom no Irishman would listen. He came to Ireland as a faithless husband; as the murderer of his wife. He came to ask the Irish people to spit upon the image of Mary. “No,” they answered, in the voice of the nation—as one man; “we would rather die,—yea, ten thousand times rather die, than give up the Mother that brought forth the Son of God.” For Mary and for Mary’s cause Ireland drew the sword. And never was a more chivalrous sword drawn from its scabbard than the sword Ireland drew in defence of the religion that consecrated the Mother of Christ.

The third great feature of our national character, my friends, is the feature of national virtue; and I hold that that national virtue is derived from, and has been strengthened by, the national religion of Ireland. No man will deny to an Irishman,—no matter what else he denies him,—the attribute of courage. He may be a drunkard; he may be a very bad man, indeed; he may, perhaps, have won the heart of some young woman only to break it; he may be false to a great many obligations; but put him on the battle-field, with a musket in his hand; put him in the thick of the fight, with a fixed bayonet; and, my faith upon it, whatever else may be wanting, he will do his duty there. Never, in the long and disastrous history of our race, did the sun set upon the day that beheld an Irish army in the field, victorious or not, that was dishonored. All Europe is covered with battle-fields that record the glory of our race and its courage. All Europe, in every tongue, repeats the continued story of Irish prowess. France, Spain, Austria, and Italy tell the tale on their battle-fields; but never have they been able to say that an Irishman was found dishonored upon the field of military glory. At home, it has been alleged, they were bad soldiers. At home, it has been alleged, the Irish never knew how to fight. Well, it is the saying of a man who denied God,—the Frenchman, Voltaire. “Is it not strange,” he said, “that a people who are able to sweep victorious over every battle-field abroad, should never be able to fight at home?” He lied! Who fought the Dane for three hundred years? Who met him in every glade, in every glen, and in every valley in the land? Who shook him off, upon the plains of Clontarf, into the sea? It was

the Irishman at home. Who was it that defended the banks of the "Boyne's ill-fated river," until King James of England was obliged to cry out, "Oh, spare my English subjects ! for God's sake don't slaughter them so ! " Who was it that defended the bridge of Athlone, when they had not as much as a square inch of wall to shelter them, but stood upon the banks of the Shannon, and stemmed the whole tide of the English army, until they crossed the river and got at them behind ? It was the Irish at home. Who stood three times in the breaches of Limerick, and met the full brunt of the English army,—the best soldiers in the world,—repulsing them in the midst of death and glory and victory ? Who met them three times, hurling them back, and sending them off like whipped hounds ? It was the Irish at home. And it was the Irish women—the women of Limerick—who stood shoulder to shoulder with the men on the ramparts, and drove back the Saxon at the third and last assault upon its walls. This is all history. I am not drawing on my imagination. The English actually came with a flag of truce ; and they made the treaty of Limerick, and signed it upon the "Treaty Stone," because they were afraid not only of Sarsfield and his men, but they were afraid of the strong, modest, pure-minded women of Limerick, fighting in defence of their God and their country. Now, this courage comes to us from our religion. What was it that animated the Irish during the three hundred years of Danish invasion ? It was the strength of their faith. Every man believed that, in battling against the Danes, he was exposing himself in the best cause ; and if he died he would have some claim to a martyr's crown. What thousands of Irish martyrs and missionaries there were, who strewed every battle-field in Ireland during those three hundred years ? The Dane came to make war upon Christ and upon His religion. Ireland defended that religion. The Dane conquered in England, in Scotland, in the north of France, and in every country in which he ever put his foot. In Ireland alone, when he assailed the Catholic faith or the Christian altar, he met an army of heroes, because they were a nation of martyrs. And he was eventually routed, though it took three hundred years to do it.

What was it that kept up the spirit, strengthened the drooping courage of our down-trodden and persecuted forefathers, for the last three hundred years, when to be a Cath-

olic meant disgrace and exile, when to be a Catholic priest meant death, when for a Catholic to send his own son to school for education meant exile and confiscation? What was it that made us so strong and courageous that, in spite of England, we were Catholics, we educated priests, and sent our children to school? It was our glorious faith. It was our religion, the divine principle of supreme life that was in us. And, therefore, I lay claim to this, the great secret of that courage which has never yet failed in the hour of danger; which has never been found wanting, but was true as steel, whenever the enemy had to be met, and whenever blood had to be shed in a just and noble cause.

Here, again, I grant you that, out of this very courage of our race spring certain defects; just as we see that fairies, ghosts, and superstitions of that kind may even spring out of the exaggeration of our faith. I grant you that the Irishman is a little too pugnacious. I myself have seen a fellow in Ireland trailing his coat after him through the streets of Galway, flourishing his stick, and asking everybody that passed, as a special favor, if they would only be kind enough to tread on the tail of it! But, after all, just as we see that there are some beautiful features attaching to their superstition, so there are beautiful features attaching to their courage, which often leads them to make a fight for the sake of the fight. For instance, nothing is more common in Ireland, when a row is going on at a fair,—when sticks are seen in the air, and men are tumbling about on every side,—than for a quiet, peaceable farmer, coming along with his scythe on his shoulder, to throw down the scythe, quietly take off his coat, roll it up, and throw it on the roadside, and then taking his stick, and looking for a moment to see which side was losing,—which was the weaker side,—to rush into the thick of the fight and smash the first head that came in his way. At any rate it is a comfort to think that he had not the instinct to take the side which was winning. That is not an Irishman's way. When one side is winning, there is generally little fighting shown, as the other side want to run; but the ones I describe go in for fighting and not running.

The average Irishman, wherever he is, has a great many faults like other men: but if you look upon them with an unprejudiced eye, you will agree with me that they are faults of a peculiar nature; and they are all on the surface. There

are two classes of crimes that a man may commit. There are crimes that are characterized by meanness, by grasping avarice, filthy lust, and defiling impurity. There are crimes that are committed in secret; and the man, all the time, wears a smiling face and a fair exterior. There are crimes over which the cloak of hypocrisy is thrown, and which are concealed from public knowledge. Then there are crimes of another character, committed from impulse, on the spur of the moment, not involving a deep dishonor, although, perhaps, involving great disgrace, but which the unfortunate culprit did not know how to conceal or how to throw the mantle of hypocrisy around to hide them from the eye of the world. Now of these two classes of crime, the Irishman generally falls into the second,—the open ones, the things that everybody sees and knows. If he gets drunk, he does not lock himself up in his room, in order to have a quiet bout of two or three days, ending in *delirium tremens*. No. He goes out to the public-house, invites a few friends around him and gets drunk in company. If he has a grudge against a man, he will not dog his steps in the dark, with a knife or pistol, but will go and smash that man's head in open day, and in the street, in fair fight.

There are some classes of crimes utterly unknown in Ireland. Ireland produces no female criminals. That is a strong assertion. Irishwomen, at home in the old country, never commit crime of any kind. You may tell me I am saying too much for them; but I am saying what I know to be true. Look at our criminal annals. Look at the records of crime in Ireland, and where do you find a female criminal? Where do you ever see a female in the criminal dock, under sentence of death, or a woman in Ireland accused of some dreadful, hidden sin, or of murder? Never. There is no such thing known. Nobody ever dreamed of such a thing. Again, there is another class of crimes that are not found in Ireland at all. There is a crime which is very popular in England, and it is called garoting. Let me explain it. Two or three fellows stand at a corner of a street, by which a decent man has to pass. Presently they hear him coming. They walk up softly behind him, and one puts his arm around his neck and half chokes him to death, while the others, after he is insensible, take the money out of his pockets, and leave him more dead than alive. This is called

garoting. Don't you perceive the meaning of it? They half strangle a man in order to get the few pennies he may have in his pockets, or his watch. The meanness of it is, that they attack him from behind. For the last ten or twelve years this crime has been very popular in the English cities. It was never heard of in Ireland until we were told by the Irish papers that, a short time since, two respectable gentlemen were garoted in the streets of Dublin; at which the people were much frightened. But what did it turn out to be? A lot of Englishmen came over from London to try their hands there, and were captured at their vile work. Look at the records of the criminal courts in Ireland. I have been examining them at the various assizes. You scarcely ever find a man placed in the dock to be tried for robbery, for mere plundering, for stealing, or for attacking a man and taking his money. So sure as a man is tried for attacking a man in Ireland, you will find that it was for some grudge he had against him, and that he went out to fight him. You will find that it was some injury he received, and he wanted to avenge it promptly and quickly. You will find it was some faction fight or other, in which there was pluck; not like the dirty sneaking robber that would knock a man down in order to take his watch.

But *there are* crimes. There are murders; and they are to be deplored. We preach to our people, and ask them for God's love not to do it. A landlord is sometimes shot down. I remember detailing a case of an Irish tenant, and how he was treated, to an English gentleman whom I met in a railway carriage. He said to me, "You are a priest?" "Yes, sir," said I, "I am." "You are an Irish priest?" "Most certainly." "Well, now, with all the influence that the priests have in Ireland, why do you not try to keep your people from murdering each other in that dreadful way? Just fancy, you know, murdering a landlord because he is a landlord!" And he went on in that strain for some time. I said, "Look here, sir; here is a case that I met with last week; and I will give it to you just as it happened, and will vouch for its truth." I told him of a man who did not owe a penny of rent; who had drained a piece of bog which he held at thirty shillings. He had cultivated it at considerable labor and expense. The landlord came and told him he must give it up. He asked where he was to put his wife

and children. The landlord told him he did not care;—that he must leave the house and give it up. The tenant replied—"I have made this place worth a great deal. I have put my labor and capital into it. I hold it under a rent of thirty shillings; but I am willing to give you anything that any other man will give you." "No," said the landlord; "whoever gets it, you shall not have it!" To my surprise, this English gentleman said—"And did not your friend shoot the landlord?" I said: "No, sir, he did not; he took his wife and children to the next town, and is living there in poverty." Said the gentleman—"It is a very strange thing he did not shoot the landlord: for, by this and by that, I would have shot him myself!"

Now, God forbid that I should justify these offences. No; the very men who do these things do not justify them, or themselves either. They are heart-broken afterwards, when they see the evil they have done. On the spur of the moment, when they see their most sacred rights trampled upon, and they are not allowed to live on the land they have tilled, these crimes are committed. But, my friends, the Irishman's crimes are on the surface. One thing is certain, that if there is anything bad in the man, out it comes. You need not be a bit afraid that he will go behind the door to do it. He will come out and say anything that he has got to say. It is a bad thing, of course, to commit sin at any time. But I may say, if we are to have sins, give me the sins above board, not the sneaking sin of the garoter, not the sin of the man who locks himself up to drink, not the vile sins of the men who are leading impure lives, endeavoring all the time to make things as nice and fair to the public as possible.

Now, that very faculty and propensity of our national character—to be above board, and to say, right out, whatever is to be said,—comes from the Catholic religion. The doctrine of the confessional teaches a man that he is responsible to God, and that, compared with that responsibility, the responsibility to his fellow-men is nothing. The Catholic religion teaches a man that if he commit a sin, no matter how hidden it is, it must come out in confession; he must bring it to the surface, and lay it down there, with shame and sorrow, at the foot of the Cross. The Catholic religion teaches a man that there is a far higher standard and

a more dreadful judgment than that of society ;—that God sees him, even in the darkness of the night ; that God watches him closely everywhere ; and that it is a very little matter to a man what his associates may think of him if God has reason to think highly of him. Therefore it is that this very doctrine engenders a certain kind of contempt for the world's opinion. The Protestant man has no other tribunal than society. He is afraid of his life as to what his fellow-men will think of him and of the judgment they will pass upon him. He is never taught by his religion to bring himself and his sin before a higher tribunal. He never has been taught to speak his sins out. He has never been taught to give the evil that is in him shape and form in the words of confession. The most he has been taught is to go now and then to the Lord and say : “ O Lord, I am a sinner ! We are all sinners ! ” That is very easily said. But a Catholic is obliged to come and say : “ On such a day I stole ten dollars from a man ; that very evening I used some of that ten dollars, and committed dreadful sins—such and such things. Also, that on such and such a morning I went out without saying my prayers, or bending my knee to God. The very first man that I met, I told him a lie about a fellow-laborer. I told him a mean, dirty lie.” Now, you see it is quite a different thing when you have to shape and form each individual sin, to look it in the face, say are you ashamed of it, and then lay it down at the feet of our Lord, breathing it into the ear of your fellow-man ;—quite another thing from that sort of Protestant confession, which says, “ O Lord, we are all sinners ! ” The Catholic Church enforces this doctrine of confession, making the man guilty of sin look into himself, bring himself out, and lay himself down in all his ulcerous sores and spiritual deformity and filth at the feet of Christ. It teaches a man that the opinion of the world is not to be valued ; that he need not care what men think of him if he knows that he is right before God. What profit would it be to me if you thought something I had done was blameless and praiseworthy, if I knew in my heart that it was sinful and wrong ?—what consolation would it be to me ? I declare to you, as an Irishman and a Catholic, that if I had any such thing in my heart now, it would be a positive relief to throw it out before you all.

Such, my friends, is the Irish character ; and I think in

these salient traits I have not exaggerated it. I did not come here to flatter, nor did I come here to exaggerate the virtues of Irishmen; but I think that you will all recognize that there is a reality in these traits that I have put before you. You see them in the men we meet every day. This is the kind of man we have to deal with, whenever we meet a thorough Irishman.

Now, is there not something grand and noble in all this? Is there not something magnificent in the power of mind that is able to realize the unseen things of God? I know nothing more magnificent than the Catholic man bowing down before the blessed Eucharist. I admire the man's power of mind. I say to myself, "what a magnificent intelligence is there, that is able so easily to rise above the mere evidence of the senses, and to realize the hidden God on the altar!" I admire the magnificent religion of that man, guided by faith, that is able to thrill him with fear and love. I ask you, if the Blessed Sacrament were there on the altar this evening, do you imagine that I could speak to you as I have done? Why! I would be afraid of my life to make my jokes and make you laugh. If the Blessed Sacrament were exposed there, is there one among you who would not have a feeling of reverence that you have not now, as if you saw the Saviour with His hand uplifted before you? Is not this grand? Is it not a noble trait of mind, this Irish faculty,—this Catholic faculty, if you will,—of realizing things we never saw?

Again, is it not grand to have that veneration, that respect and that homage for holy purity, as reflected particularly in the chaste Irish Catholic woman and mother, wherever she is? Do not imagine that I mean for an instant to say that these virtues do not exist outside the Church, and, especially, this virtue of purity. I honor every pure-minded woman everywhere; for I am willing to believe that in all beams the purity of the Virgin and Mother. But, this I do say; *I am sure of it* in my Irish countrywomen. Is it not grand to see the homage that our race has paid for fifteen hundred years to the Catholic expression of purity in maid and mother! Is not this national courage of Ireland grand and magnificent!—a courage that is invincible, that has never been crushed! This courage has kept alive for eight hundred years, the belief that we are a nation, and we shall

be a nation unto the end of time. I can imagine Ireland crushed to the dust; but I can never imagine this nation speaking to England, and saying: "I will be a province or anything you like; only give me leave to live, and take off this horrible persecution from me. Give me an acre of land, and I will be called anything you like—'West Britain' or some such name. We will be like the Scotch (who once had such a glorious nationality, and have none now)." Crush and trample on Ireland as you will; to the last day of the world's history Ireland shall be a nation in spite of all. Is not this grand! And I say that the soul of Ireland's nationality is Ireland's religion. I say that every Irishman that does not love his nationality is not worthy of his religion. And in proportion as he loves his religion with all his heart and soul, in the same proportion will he feel the strong Irish traits of his race and his nation.

Is not also their feeling of reverence for the dead a beautiful trait? There is nothing more distasteful than to see one from whom those around him received the blessings of education, the means of support, and perhaps a handsome fortune, buried and forgotten. How grand is the memory that cherishes the dead! that makes them present in their absence; that follows them upon the wings of prayer into the tomb and beyond it, and cares as much for them after their death as before.

Finally, is it not a grand thing in our national character, that, whatever vices we have—and the Lord knows we have a great many—they are all on the surface? There is no hypocrisy about it. If an Irishman is a little worse for liquor, everybody knows it. In England they take advantage of this openness of character. Everybody who has had a little something to drink is pointed out with—"There is one of them again; look at him!" And this is, perhaps, said by a fellow that locks himself up in his house, gets drunk for a week, and nobody is the wiser for it. He would drink the poor Irishman blind. Since I have been in New York I have got anonymous letters from people giving extracts from newspapers, detailing a row in a saloon, where an Irishman broke another one's head; and I was asked if these were the people I was glorifying, and whether they were the countrymen I was so proud of. I am free to say I am proud of them; but not in their drunkenness and sin.

God forbid! But I say that their drunkenness and sin are all on the surface, which every man can see for himself. It is all before God and man. At least, I am proud of them in this, that they do not hide their shortcomings, and put on a smiling face; like a fine-looking pear with a rotten core, that has been lying in the sun under the tree.

And now, my friends, I think I have said enough to warrant me in congratulating you and myself upon our religion; that we are Catholics. We come of a race of Catholic martyrs; we are the descendants of Catholic heroes; we are the descendants of men who fought, and who knew how to fight, for their country and for their religion. Although we have cast our lot in a far-distant land, we are still Irishmen. And when you or your descendants have been in America five hundred years,—in Australia, or any other country, even to the end of time,—the best drop of blood in your veins will be the drop of your Irish blood; the best, purest, grandest, and highest sentiment that will ever throb in your hearts will be your love for the Catholic religion and for the great Catholic country from which you have come. Therefore, I ask you to remember that both that religion and that country have their eyes upon you. The Catholic Church asks you to be her missionaries in this great new country. The Catholic Church asks the rising generation of Irishmen not to forget the sanctity of their religion, but to protect it and to live up to it, in order to be all that I have described, as the leading features of our race. The Catholic Church, your mother, appeals to you to educate yourselves and your children, so as to make them come up to the level of any in the land. You must use the brains that God Almighty has given to us all, Irishmen; for, whatever else He deprived us of, He gave us plenty of brains. Give fair play to these brains by education. Above all, abstain from the abominable sin of drunkenness. The Catholic Church asks you to help her by helping yourselves. The citizens of the world are looking about for a religion; and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, if we Catholics are only what we ought to be (and in that name I ask you to be what you ought to be), the example of your religion, in each and every one of you, will bring hundreds into the Catholic Church. It is in vain for me, or the like of me, to be preaching and ministering, if you do not rise to the grand-

eur of your national character, by the exercise and practice of your holy religion; by confession and communion; by loving obedience to your God; by your sobriety, your peaceableness, and your obedience to law. The Gospel will be preached in vain, if every word that the priest utters be contradicted in your lives. The Church speaks that you may listen to, and apply, her doctrine in your daily lives. Ireland looks to you. We are few now at home. I remember when we were nearly nine millions. I remember seeing nearly two hundred and fifty thousand around Daniel O'Connell. You would scarcely find that number now in a whole province of Ireland. They have decimated the land. The bone and sinew of Ireland are in America. Therefore the hopes and the heart of Ireland are with you here. These hopes are built upon your virtues, upon your sobriety, your temperance and your self-respect. Ireland hopes that her children will become a power in this land. And if Irishmen in this land are only faithful to all that God gave them in their religion, and to all that He gave them by nature, the Irish-American will always take part in the political action of America; and, as long as the political action of America says to England: "Let Ireland alone; do not be oppressing that land," so long will the poor old mother be protected by her strong sons; for if America should raise her little finger, England would stop the work of oppression, and she would think twice before she provoked the mighty right arm of the young Republic to dash her to the ground.

And in fulfilling the hopes of your holy Church, and of your motherland, there is another reward that will be before you, which you can clutch (and I hold it ought to be the ambition of every Irishman in America to seize that reward); and that is, that you will have the esteem, the respect, and the good-will of the native-born citizens of America. I know that the American citizen of to-day, like all other men, has his faults; but I have been in this country for some months, looking at things with an unprejudiced eye (although I landed full of prejudice and suspicion); and I hold at this moment, as an Irishman and a priest, that, if there is a man on the face of the earth whose good-will and esteem I would value and try to have, it would be the good-will and esteem of the genuine American. And thus, en-

joying the same liberty as the citizens of your adopted country, you will have full play to develop yourselves. All that Catholicity made you in Ireland,—and more, will it make you in this fair, beautiful, and free land of America; and you will be able to vindicate your religion, your nationality, and your country, and build up the hopes that God and man have in you as the sons of Irish martyrs and Irish heroes.

“IRELAND’S FAITH, THE TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.”

(A Lecture delivered by the Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P., in the Academy of Music, New York, October 15th, 1872.)

MY FRIENDS,—In approaching the subject of this evening’s lecture, I am reminded, at the very outset, that, four years ago, I met a poor fellow in the county of Galway; he was going along the road, whistling, I think, the “Humors of Glynn.” He had his pipe in his mouth; and when he came up and saw the Priest, he took the pipe out of his mouth, and with a guilty expression of countenance he put it behind his back. “What is the best news, your reverence?” he said. “Well,” said I, “the only news that I have to give you is that they are making an Act of Parliament in England, declaring that the Protestant Church has come to an end in this country, and it is no longer to be the established religion in Ireland.” “Do you mean to tell me,” said he, “that the English Parliament made that law?” “Yes; there is no doubt of it,” said I. “Well,” said he, “by the piper that played before Moses, I never heard of them making any law for the Catholics of Ireland before, except coercion bills, pain and penalty bills, fines upon this, and taxation upon that, and transportation for the other thing; and I don’t know,” said he, “what has taught them now how to change.” And then the poor illiterate man made use of a remark that suggested to me the subject of this evening’s lecture:—“Well, sir,” said he, “it is a strange thing that they should have disestablished the Protestant church. We are not making any row about it. O’Connell is dead and in his grave; there is no arming now, going on; no fighting in the country; and the boys all so quiet. Isn’t it a strange thing that they should have made such a law?” He just touched the very soul and centre of the magnificence of this

national triumph when he spoke of the triumph of a peaceful people over the most powerful enemies that ever raised up against any nation on the face of the earth.

"Ireland's Faith, the Triumph of the Age." This proposition means two things: first, that Ireland's faith *has* triumphed; and, second, that there is no victory which this age of ours celebrates that can be compared to the victory and triumph of Ireland's Catholic faith. The proof that Ireland's faith has triumphed we behold in that singular act of legislation which, after three hundred years of penal law and persecution, has solemnly declared,—countersigned by England's Minister and England's Queen,—that they have tried in vain to rob Ireland of her Catholic faith by every means of bloodshed, persecution and confiscation; that they acknowledge themselves beaten, and have been obliged to lift up, over the green hills of Ireland, the sacred standard of religious liberty. That this victory is unequalled by any of the triumphs of our age, we shall see, if we only contemplate the things that pass around us.

We live, my dear friends, in this nineteenth century, in an age of great victories and great defeats. Within the last few years the world has stood aghast and astounded at the clash of arms, and the magnitude of the forces that were hurled against one another on so many ensanguined battlefields. The roar of artillery, like the thunder of heaven, such as was never heard upon this earth before, has resounded amidst the hills and valleys of nearly every nation in Europe, and in your own great country of America. Great issues have come before the nations; great principles have been defended and attacked: great defeats have been recorded; and great was the exultation of those who conquered, in the moment of their victory. But, I ask you, are not all these vulgar and commonplace triumphs? To-day, Bismarck, Prime Minister of Germany, waves his victorious sword over the prostrate form of the great and generous nation which he has succeeded in conquering. But, if he shouts out, "Victory! Fatherland for ever! Victory!" he must remember that he had to purchase that victory from old France at the cost of the best blood that flowed in the German veins. He must remember that, before he was able to cry out "Victory!" he was obliged to have twelve hundred thousand men at his back. It is

easy to proclaim triumph with such a force; but the victory is commonplace and vulgar; it is a triumph of brute, material force, such as the world has often witnessed, from the day that Cain shed his brother's blood, down to this hour. France, in her turn, has had her glorious moments, when, flushed with victory, she unfurled her tricolor standard over the fields of Lombardy and of Italy; but around her, in that moment of her triumph, lay the best and bravest of her sons in death. Here, in your own land, blood has been shed. A great question had to be decided, and could not be decided without the arbitrament of the sword.* But where was the man in America, in the hour of your victory—where was the man, even whilst he was exulting in the victory of the land, that was not generous enough to shed a tear over the brave and magnificent enemy whom you had conquered. In a word, the triumph of force over force is a commonplace thing that takes place every day. But it is only once in a generation—only once in an age; perhaps not even once—that we find a triumph of great principles—a triumph of a high, noble idea, clasped to the mind and to the heart of a people; defended, through centuries of sorrow and of bloodshed; and at length crowned in that faithful people with the crown of an unblemished and unstained victory. No bloodshed in the moment of their triumph; no saddening recollections thronging around it: nothing, but an assertion of the power of God, and the hand of God making itself visible in the councils even of the nation that resisted Him for three hundred years.

Now, my friends, such were the conditions of Ireland's victory; and such was the promise that God made. Among the titles of God,—which He takes to Himself,—there is that of King of kings, and Conqueror of kings; but He also calls Himself the King of peace,—*Rex pacis*; a King who will assert His sovereignty, but not with the sword; a King who will proclaim His triumph in His own time, and whom nothing can resist. When the triumph comes, the brows of the victor are crowned with the crown of peace. Such is the description given of the victories of God. My friends, what is the element which God Himself has declared shall be and must be, until the end of time, the secret of a nation's as well as a man's triumph? It is Divine Faith. "This," says St. John, "this is the victory which overcometh the world,—our Faith." What does Faith mean?

Faith is the virtue by which the intellect of man apprehends God, and beholds Him with the eye of the mind, not with the eye of the body. Faith is the Divine virtue by which the minds of men, or of nations, are put in relation, direct and immediate, with the eternal truth of God. The highest grace that God gives to any man or to any people is the faculty of rightly comprehending Him, by true Faith; out of which grows the passion of love which puts that Faith and that God above all things. It is not every man nor is it every nation that receives this high grace. It is offered to all but it is not accepted by all. Nothing is more common than for men and nations to set up some distorted view of their own and say: "Lo! this is the voice of God;" and to their own opinion they pin their faith. Nothing is more common than for men and nations, in hours of trial and difficulty, to change their faith,—to deny to-day that which they believed yesterday; to give up their faith; to say, "We cannot cling to that form of divine knowledge that God has given us; we cannot cling to it—it is at too dear a cost. We cannot afford to give up property, liberty, and life,—everything in this world,—rather than lose that faith." No; they give it up, renounce it: and the world has seen, over and over again, the terrible spectacle of nations changing their faith and shaking off their God. But there is one race amongst the races, one nation amongst the nations, that received, fifteen hundred years ago, this high grace from God, that the minds of the people keenly, clearly and almost instinctively grasped the divine truth of God; and that the heart of the nation was so warmed into life by that Faith, that the people, like one man, were prepared to suffer and to die, rather than to ever give it up or change it from what they had received. I say, one race amongst the races,—one nation amongst the nations; for I find that the Eastern nations, who received that divine Faith from the Apostles, forgot it,—changed it,—under the persecutions of the schismatic Greek Emperors, or under the terrible hand of Mohammed. I find that the civilized nations of Europe have, from time to time, thought very little, indeed, of changing that faith. Where, to-day, is the Catholic faith that was once the crown of England? Where, to-day, is the glorious faith that once reigned supreme in Prussia and Northern Germany? Where, to-day, is the Catholic faith that was

once so dearly loved, and so excellently practised in Scandinavia, in Sweden and Norway? Where is it? It is amongst the traditions of the past. Its record tells of the perversion of the people. But where, to-day, is the faith that, fifteen hundred years ago, Patrick preached in Ireland? It is in the mind and in the heart of the Irish race wherever they are, all over the world. It is there, as pure as it was when the message came from the lips of Ireland's Apostle: it is as pure now, in the Irish mind and heart, to-day, and as dear to the nation, as on the day when it was the crown of Ireland's glory;—as dear to the nation as it was on the day when it was the blood-stained treasure that she held with her agonizing and dying hands;—as dear to Ireland, to-day, and to her children, and as unchangeable and unchanged from the faith of the divine religion that St. Patrick preached to our fathers. Is not this a great grace? To apprehend so instinctively and keenly, to accept so joyfully and willingly; to hold so firmly and determinedly that knowledge of God which comes not by the evidence of the senses, though it come by hearing;—that faith which is defined by St. Paul to be the argument of things that do not appear, and the substance of things that are not beheld. Ireland received that faith more than a thousand years before Columbus landed upon the shores of America. Ireland held that faith by the power of divine grace, and with the instinct of fidelity unexampled amongst nations. Ireland, more than any other country, has been put to the test of suffering, in order that she might be able not only to assert but to prove to the world, to the end of time, that God never had a more faithful people than the Irish race. To save their people, the nations of the East lost their ancient, Apostolic, Catholic faith under the persecutions of Arianism and the schismatic Greek Emperors, or under the heavy hand of Mohammed and his followers. But tell me. What was Henry the Eighth, of England? What was his daughter Elizabeth? What was James the First? What were the Charleses, First and Second? What was William Prince of Orange, or the House of Hanover, but what the Arian schismatics and Greek Emperors were over the East? What was Oliver Cromwell? He was to Ireland what Mohammed was to Arabia. As terrible even as the sword of the false Prophet was, it never was steeped like that of the villanous and

canting hypocrite, who wet and stained his sword in the best blood of Ireland.

But God has said that wherever the Faith is, that Faith must triumph. All we have to do is to look at it for a moment, and behold the necessity of God's justice being vindicated in His word. To attempt to force a man's belief,—to attempt to impose upon his belief at the point of the sword,—to attempt to drive dogmas of faith down his throat by the force of the bayonet's point,—this is the most extraordinary delusion that ever entered into the minds of men or of nations. There is only one sword that can reach the soul of man; and that is the sword of the Spirit, which is the divine Word of God. There is only one power that can induce a man to bend his mind unto moral belief in Christ, his Saviour: and that one power is the power of Divine Grace, coming down from Heaven, flowing forth from the lips of some Apostolic preacher, falling upon the ear of the listener, and penetrating into his heart, moulding his spirit through that agency of faith, and not through the power that presumes or appears with the arms of the flesh. With coercion bills, penal laws, or any other agency to bind or to force the faith of a people, is simply a "delusion, a mockery, and a snare." There is as much difference, therefore, between that which is attacked, namely—Faith, and the weapons by which it is attacked, namely—the weapons of persecution, as there is between spirit and matter, as there is between eternity and time, as there is between Heaven and earth, as there is between God and the devil. And yet, strange to say, for three hundred years, the wisdom of England—that wise, highly educated nation,—labored to effect this diabolical miracle! The power of England was concentrated upon this one object. Three hundred years ago, the contest that had been waged for four hundred years before, on the question of Ireland's Nationality, was renewed upon a different battle-field. For four hundred years our fathers had stood and fought for Ireland's freedom and for Ireland's native empire. They fought with divided hearts, and with divided councils. With a weak and faltering arm did they deal the national blow. Heroes fell; and the nation wept over her lost children, the bitter tears of disappointment and regret. Never, during these four hundred years, never was Ireland united.

It is a sad and humiliating fact, but I am obliged to confess it. Only that I love my country so dearly ; only that I am so proud of my nation and of my blood,—only that I know well that these are your feelings also, I would not say that word. Next to God every man must love his native land. Next to the blow which he is prepared to deal in defence of his sacred altar,—next in energy, next in force and determination, should be the blow he deals in defence of the sacred liberties of his country. God teaches us, by a natural instinct, to love the land that bore us ; and religion hallows the virtue of patriotism ; for the last of Ireland's Saints was the only man whose clarion voice was heard from end to end of Ireland, crying,—“ Arm ! arm ! ye men of Erin ! Come with me, and let us drive the invader from our soil.” When he failed, his Irish heart broke within him, to see that the cause was lost. And the Catholic Church canonized him for his virtues, amongst which was his glorious patriotism. Yet I blush to say,—dear as the cause was, important as the cause was,—it was never able, during the four hundred years of the first English invasion,—it was never able to rally and unite the hearts and hands of all Irishmen. But, after four hundred years of unavailing contest, when the nation seemed to be heart-broken, when the national arm seemed to be paralyzed by stroke after stroke of disaster ; when Ireland seemed to have lost, or began to lose even her faith in her nationality,—the English King, fortunately for us, fortunately for our history, fortunately for the dignity of our national cause,—the King of England called upon Ireland to give up her Catholic faith. He called upon a nation that he had almost conquered. He called upon a nation that he had already seen divided. He called upon a people that seemed to be incapable of rallying one man, even in defence of their liberties. He said to them : “ You must renounce your Catholic religion. You must forget Patrick's Gospel, and Patrick's name. You must abjure and blaspheme the Mother of Jesus Christ ! You must turn your backs upon the graves of your dead—forget them, nor hallow their resting-places with sacrifice or prayer any more. You must take the crucifix from off the altar and trample it under foot.” This was the message that the *saintly* and *pious* Henry the Eighth sent to Ireland. But, lo ! in one instant, in the twinkling of an eye, he was astounded to see that Ireland was united as one man against

him. He recoiled at the sight. It struck terror into his heart. He had succeeded in uniting Ireland upon the glorious issue of Ireland's faith; and wherever Henry the Eighth's soul is to-night, as an Irishman and as a Catholic priest, I thank him for the message which he sent to Ireland. At once the Irish people assumed the majesty and dignity of a great nation. The sword that was about to be sheathed was grasped again in the nation's hands. Hero after hero stood at the front on many a battle-field. Amidst the bloodshed and cries of victory, Ireland has proclaimed, for these three hundred years with an arm that never ceased for one instant to wave the sword of national faith; Ireland has proclaimed that, as sure as there was a God in heaven, so sure would Ireland's altar stand, and her Catholic faith remain with her until the end of time.

My friends, it is really worthy of our attention as Irishmen and as sons of Irishmen. During the first four hundred years that the English were in Ireland, the country was divided,—every little chieftain fighting with his fellow chieftain, trying to patch up a peace, or trying to curry favor with the English, aye, and playing into the hands of their strong and merciless invaders. No man that loves Ireland can read the history of the first four hundred years of the English and Saxon invasion, without being ashamed and grieved for his country. But the moment he comes to the question of Ireland's religion being attacked,—and it is the record of three hundred years,—that moment I rise and lay my hand proudly on the annals of my country. Show me the history of the nation,—show me the pages that record as much bravery, as much determination, and such a magnificent spirit of fidelity, as the history of the religious contest for the last three centuries in Ireland. Ah! Henry found, indeed, that he had touched the rallying centre of Irish Union in their religion, the moment he laid his finger on that religion. He had no longer to put down some little petty prince in Connaught, or some King in Ulster. He had no longer to deal with some sept in the mountains of Wicklow. He had no longer to pit McCarthy Mor, standing alone, against the King of Munster: he was no longer able to put up one Irish chieftain against another; he was no longer able to foment treason or treachery amongst them. No! Like one man, the voice of Ireland came forth from

out the mouth and from out the Catholic heart, and Catholic brain of the nation:—"Never, never, English King:—even though you call to your aid all the powers of earth and all the devils in hell;—never shall you succeed in wresting from Ireland her sacred Catholic faith." Now, my friends, the contest raged with uncertain results. Generally speaking, we were victorious; sometimes we were defeated. I can call to your recollection the glorious name of Hugh O'Neil, when he stood at the "Yellow Ford," and did not let one English soldier escape from under his hand. I can recall, with joy, and with pride, the day when Owen Roe O'Neil marched with his gallant Irish army to Benburb, and shattered to pieces the flower of English chivalry. But if there was an Englishman here he would be able to remind me of the day when we were broken on the banks of the "Boyne's ill-fated river." He would remind me of the day when the bravest of Ireland's soldiers were hurled from the bridge of Athlone into the Shannon, swollen with the winter's rain, and bearing upon its lovely bosom, out into the Western Ocean, the corpses of the best and bravest men of Ireland. He might remind me of the day when Patrick Sarsfield marched out, a sad and heart-broken man, from the heroic walls of brave and immortal Limerick. Therefore, the history of this great contest has been one of alternate victory and defeat, of alternate joy and sorrow. But, one thing is certain: there was no doubt that any defeat that we suffered ever yet extinguished Ireland's love for her faith, Ireland's love for her nationality and for her freedom. These two point towards the enemy who assailed one as the foe who assailed the other. The tyrant who called upon Ireland to become Protestant, also called upon Ireland to bow down as a mere Province of the British Empire; and Ireland said: "No! I will be a Catholic nation; and I will be a nation unto the end of time."

But, when the victory came, it was still, after so many battles, a peaceful one. God had ordained it, and preordained it, in His own way. In the beginning of this century, which is now drawing to a close, Ireland lay prostrate, after the unsuccessful rebellion of 1798. I have often heard it remarked that the men of Wicklow and the men of Wexford are considered the finest specimens of the Irish peasantry. Go through the villages, pass along the highways,

pass down near the eastern shores of Ireland, and every man that you meet is as straight as a lance; broad-shouldered, with head erect, and a fearless light in their dark blue or hazel eyes, looking at you with the glance of a mountain eagle. You might well be afraid of a contest with them upon the field of battle. Well, in the year 1800, the first year of our century, these men of Wexford and Wicklow were hunted through Ireland like wild foxes or wolves. A price was set on their heads. Thirty-six thousand English soldiers were in pursuit of these brave and heroic, though misguided men. Their blood was shed not only in the fair fight of battle; their blood was shed in treachery, as when ninety of them were slaughtered upon the Hill of Tara, after they had given up their arms. Ireland beheld her two famous counties, Wexford and Wicklow, a desert, filled with English troops, and English yeomanry; and nowhere were the people able to lift their heads; bowed down, oppressed, and stricken. England took advantage of that hour, and she bribed an Irishman to sell his country. She took from us the last vestige of our legislative assembly, the power of making our own laws. She took the Parliament from College Green, in Dublin, and she set up publicly the principle that Englishmen had a right to make laws for Irishmen. She was able to do it: and in the year 1800, she had stamped out the rebellion in the blood of the people, which flowed on the virgin plains of Ireland. The heart of the nation seemed to be broken. Well, my friends, the century opened thus. Ireland's Parliament was gone. Nothing remained to Ireland but her people and her faith. Her people were still at home; her faith was still in their minds and in their hearts; and, starved, heart-broken as she was, she still had the two highest gifts that God can give a nation,—Divine Faith, and a plentiful, strong and loving people. The people remained; and, in the year 1828, there were eight millions of them in Ireland. God gave them another great and high gift; He gave them an *Irish* leader,—a giant in bodily frame; a giant in the proportions of his mighty intellect; a giant in his energy, and the power with which he was to shake the English Legislature with the loud cry of justice to Ireland. A giant in his lion heart, that never knew fear,—he stood before the nation as a representative Irishman,—the glory and pride of Ireland, and the terror of her enemies,—Daniel O'Connell,

the Kerryman. He came, when he had eight millions at his back, and he stood before the doors of the House of Commons that were closed against him. With the voice of eight millions thundering upon his lips, he smote those doors, and said: "Open to me, oh! ye doors! closed by the demon of iniquity and of bigotry! Open to me and to my people: I demand it in the name of the God of religious liberty, and in the name of the God of Justice!" His voice was as the voice of a Saint, storming the gates of Heaven with the united power of his prayers. His voice fell upon the lintels of those doors as the blast of Joshua's trumpet fell upon the walls of Jericho; and, as the strong walls of the city crumbled and fell down before the voice of Israel's trumpet, so, at the sound of the voice of Ireland's Tribune, the doors that had been closed against us for three hundred years,—the doors that had been sealed with Irish blood, in the determination that they should never open to an Irish Catholic—rolled asunder; and into the midst of the terrified bigots and lords of England, stalked the mighty and terrible Irishman, Daniel O'Connell. Ah! my friends, it was like letting a bull into a china shop. He played the "Old Harry" with some of them. He alarmed the country in every direction. The first English statesmen were obliged to listen to him; and the greatest bullies that ever met him got afraid of their lives of that eye that could look so terrible upon an adversary.*

The victory was gained for Catholic Emancipation. But still there remained the old, time-worn, detested citadel of "the Protestant church of Ireland." Now, mark. When the Apostle is discoursing upon the Catholic Church, he says: "She is built upon the foundation of the Prophets and Apostles, the great corner-stone being Jesus Christ, our Lord." Was the Protestant church in Ireland built upon a foundation of Prophets and Apostles? Well, my friends, if Henry the Eighth was a Prophet or an Apostle, I give the thing up. If Queen Elizabeth was either a Prophet or an Apostle, she was one of the founders of that church, and they are welcome to her. So also, are they welcome to their other Apostle,—Loftus, Queen Elizabeth's Protestant Archbishop of Dublin,—who wrote such a nice letter about how he was putting the Irish to death, and how they writhed in the torture. He asked permission of the Council in London

to put to death the hoary Catholic Bishop who was once the guest of this queenly ghoul, their mistress. Do you know how it was done? It was in Dublin; and there the old Archbishop of Armagh was brought out, in St. Stephen's Green. They tied the old man to a stake; they put tin boots upon him, filled with rosin and pitch; and with a slow fire around his feet, they roasted him to death, slowly. These were the traditions on which the Protestant church was founded in Ireland. God forbid that I should entertain or preach animosity between any Catholic and any Protestant. I am not alluding to Protestants, at all; I am talking of their old "Mumbo Jumbo" of a church. But even though O'Connell sat down in Parliament, there was a cry of pain from the Catholics of Ireland. Even though many of the Penal Laws were wiped out of the blood-stained statute-book, by that powerful hand, there still remained this old Protestant church, and the Protestant Bishops going to London to make laws (God bless the mark!) for you and me. These were the *nice* laws. If a landlord, in any part of Ireland, swore that somebody had fired a shot at him from behind the hedge, he wasn't asked to produce the pistol nor the man that fired the shot, nor to show where the ball made a hole in his hat. He wasn't asked for any proof. If he said, "'Pon his honor he was fired at;—a desperate thing!"—the whole side of a country would be "proclaimed;" no man could go about his proper business after certain hours; and the people of a whole district would be imprisoned. You have all heard of a judge who sat upon the bench. He was a joker of jokes; and very *capital* jokes he sometimes made. He was particularly fond of a morning's good work and good jokes, when he had some poor fellows before him whom he was about to sentence to death. On one occasion, there were five or six poor Irishmen brought up; and Lord Norbury—this pleasant judge—sentenced them all to death; but he forgot the name of one of them; and when they were going out in the hangman's company, the sheriff said: "My Lord, you have forgotten to sentence Darby Sullivan." "Oh! dear me," said his Lordship: "Darby, come here; I have a word to say to you, Darby," said he; "I beg your pardon. I had forgotten your name when I was passing sentence; but it is better late than never. So you will, of course, be taken out tomorrow morning, and be hanged by the neck until you are

dead. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" "Spare the prayer," said the poor man who was going to his death. "Spare the prayer. Don't pray for me. I never knew anybody to prosper after your prayers."

There remained that Protestant church, full of money, and usurping the ancient titles of the true Church of God, the old Church of St. Patrick, in Ireland: upholding itself on the power and the wealth of England; absorbing every vital resource of the country. If anybody asked: "To what church does the Irish nation belong?" "Oh! the Protestant church is the Church of Ireland!" The Protestant church is the Church of Ireland! Why, there was a Parish Priest down in the County Cork; and he was called in to the assizes to give evidence on some question or other. The Protestant Lord Chief Justice was a little bigoted; so he said to the Priest: "My good sir, will you be kind enough to tell me how many Protestants there are in your parish?" "*Not one*, glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," said the priest. When Dean Swift went once to preach a sermon, his congregation consisted of Roger, the clerk; and so he began: "Dearly beloved Roger." And they tell us a story even of a Protestant minister coming to a Parish Priest, and saying to him: "Our Bishop is coming down to look at the parish; and he'll see so few Protestants, that I want you *to lend me a congregation*." According to the story (which of course is only a story), the Catholic Priest did lend him a few of his congregation; and when the Protestant Bishop came, and saw the decent people so quiet, none of them opening their mouths,—according to the old chroniclers, he said: "Upon my word, that is the decentest congregation that I ever saw." There, however, that church remained, staring us in the face, insulting the mighty Catholic nation, the great Catholic race,—insulting them, both at home and abroad, by calling itself "the Church of Ireland!" Well, now comes the wonderful part of the business. O'Connell was in his grave; the Irish people were peaceable; there was no agitation; we were not holding any public meetings to discountenance and denounce the Protestant church. We did not send any petitions to Parliament to solicit the abolition of the Protestant church. There was nothing at all going on in the country. There was just a little whit from

America,—just as if a man took a cigar out of his mouth, and let out a little smoke, as much as to say: “There may be fire where there is smoke.” But Ireland was not only peaceable; she was almost indifferent. The hour of God came. God had been looking at this nation, robbed, and plundered, and banished; stricken; aye, and put to death. For three hundred years the voice of the Saints, the martyred Saints of Ireland, had demanded justice. The voice of the martyrs, in their graves in Ireland, clamored for God’s hour to come. God’s hour came; and a voice, apparently from heaven,—for certainly it did not come from Ireland:—a voice whispered in the ear of the English Premier—“Put an end to the Protestant church in Ireland. Its hour has come; it has been tried and failed; it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. There is blood upon its hands: there is blood upon its face. Let it depart. Let it go, with all the old falsehoods, with all the humbugs that have ever lived in the world.” And, to our astonishment, William Ewart Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England, called upon the English Parliament to make a law that the Protestant church was to cease to exist as the Church of Ireland. The law was passed; and the Queen,—the head of the church, mind you,—was obliged to sign the bill with her own hand. Fancy the Pope signing an act declaring that the Catholic Church wasn’t to exist any more in America. And the Queen of England, the head of the Protestant church, signed the law that declared that the Protestant church no longer was to be acknowledged as the Established Church in Ireland.

Now, my friends, I ask you to consider with me one or two serious thoughts, with which I shall conclude. What is taught us by all this? First of all, I ask you to reflect upon the singular historical fact that the victory of Ireland—this great victory—was not the triumph of the sword. Ireland did not strike a blow to demolish the Protestant church in Ireland. She held her hands in peace, and the people maintained a quiet, modest, dignified silence. But, under that silence there was a determination to wipe away that old and blood-stained grievance: even though they were to work for a thousand years, it had to be done. The determination of principle was there. That principle was a divine one—the principle of Catholic faith—coming from

heaven, not from the earth. God has said in heaven: "The victory that conquers the world, and shall always conquer it, is faith." How dear, then, to us should be the preservation of that principle! What strength it is to every man to have some high and glorious principle by which to regulate his social life, his civil life and his political life! What more glorious record can be put upon any man's tomb than that, when it is with truth said: "Here lies one that never denied or played false to his principles."

Secondly, my friends, reflect upon the significant fact that this history of Ireland tells you and me, namely, that, in order to succeed in any enterprise, national or otherwise, the people must be united. "Union is strength." Where union is, there is the element of success; because there is the presence of might and strength. God is omnipotent—God is essentially One; therefore He is omnipotent. The Catholic Church has fought the world for nearly two thousand years, and she has always come out victorious: and why? Because the Catholic Church is one—one in faith, one in obedience, one in jurisdiction, and one in devotion to God. One, because He who created her prayed to the Father, and said: "Oh, Father, let them be one, even as Thou and I are One." To preserve that unity, the Catholic Church has been obliged to cut off individuals and nations." One day a powerful king contradicts her teaching: she excommunicates him and tells him to go his way—to find his own way to heaven if he can. Another day it is a whole nation, as in the case of England, that says: "We will depart and leave you; we don't believe this that you call your doctrine." She says: "You are excommunicated. Go out from me. You have no communion with me. Go and find your own way to your doom." To-day, it is Bismarck telling a Bishop that he must not excommunicate a priest for this or that heresy. A priest in Germany denies the Catholic faith in a public church; and a Bishop excommunicates him,—tells him to go about his business. He says: "I will not lay a wet finger upon you; but you must go. I will not keep you." Tell me, my friends, if I here to-night (God between us and harm!)—if I denied any one of the Catholic truths; if I denied the Divinity or the Real Presence of Christ;—if I denied that the Blessed Virgin Mary was the Mother of God; if I denied that the Church of God or the head of the Church was infal-

lible ;—would not you be very greatly surprised to see me upon the altar next Sunday, or in the pulpit preaching? The first thing you would say would be: “Oh, the poor Archbishop! he must have lost his head; for here is that fellow,—that heretic, here again! what is the matter?” Of course, if I were to speak thus here to-night, it would not be two hours from now until I would get a letter from the Archbishop of New York, saying to me: “My friend, you are no longer a Catholic nor a teacher of Catholic doctrine. I suspend you. Get out of this as quick as you can.” This is precisely what the German Bishop did. What did Bismarck do? He said: “My Lord Bishop, you have no business to suspend or excommunicate a priest without *my* leave!” Bismarck is certainly not a Catholic; nobody knows of what religion the fellow is. Now, imagine for a moment to yourself, Governor Hoffman or President Grant writing to the Archbishop of New York and saying to him: “My Lord Bishop, I will put you in jail for suspending or excommunicating Father Tom Burke, because he denies the infallibility of the Pope.” That is the state of affairs now in Germany. That is the sensible issue to which this great statesman brings things. This has been going on for two years. And the Catholic Church just cuts them off,—the same as one would lop off a rotten branch. Right and left, off they go. And why? Because all things must be sacrificed in order that the great Church of the Living God may preserve the unity of her faith, and the unity of her doctrine and her strength. She is one: therefore she is strong. We are two hundred millions of Catholics all the world over. Whenever a question of faith arises touching the Catholic doctrine of the Church,—that moment the minds of all the two hundred millions, that feel, see, and think after their own fashion upon every other subject,—upon that there is but one thought,—and that one thought the faith of the Church. That is the secret of her strength and unity. So it is with nations. Ireland was divided on the great question,—on the great test of her nationality; and Ireland failed. Ireland united on the glorious question of her religious freedom; and Ireland triumphed with the magnificent triumph which is the wonder of our age. What was the secret that united her? It was her Catholic faith,—the Catholic faith that told her that Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for.

Why did the nation,—in the deepest midnight hour of sorrow and persecution,—why did she never despair? Why does she not despair to-day? Because she has the faith that is the substance of things to be hoped for. Because where the true faith is,—where the Catholic faith binds the people together,—there is the breath, the living breath of the undying God. And until God abandons those who are faithful to Him,—which He will never do,—that nation may go on through centuries of suffering and sorrow; but, eventually, the sun of Divine favor will burst upon her gloriously,—coming from God, resting upon her faithful brows,—and will surround her with its light: for God, who is never outdone by His creatures in generosity, will remember her, will crown her with all honor and glory, and will yet set upon the brows of this native land—this mother-land of mine,—the crown of religious and civil freedom, of honor and glory, which will be, in the time to come, what the diadem of ancient Ireland was in ages past,—the wonder of the world and the glory of mankind.

APPENDIX.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON O'CONNELL.

THE picture of O'Connell given by Father Burke in the first lecture in this volume may be judged by some to be overdrawn, under the influence of the natural partiality he must have felt for so distinguished a fellow-countryman and co-religionist. Yet that such is not the case is abundantly shown by the still higher estimate placed on the character of the "Liberator" by Wendell Phillips, the "Silver-tongued Orator of America," in his lecture on the life of the great Irish Agitator, which is here appended in full, as a most valuable corroboration of the fidelity of the portrait drawn by the eloquent Dominican. Mr. Phillips says :—

The career of O'Connell, and the effects and purposes of his life, become deeper in significance and of more profound interest every day,—and especially to us just now,—since the whole subject of the relations of Great Britain and Ireland have been brought to the notice of the American people by a brilliant scholar, and one who has, at least, a deep interest in the good name of his country. I think Mr. Froude's arrival, and his course in this country, have had one very beneficial effect; they have lifted the Irish question into full notice, and into far juster appreciation among the American people. We were accustomed to consider one class of Irishmen, who were flung on our shores, as *the* Irishmen; and we resigned the whole history of the relations of Ireland to an air of indifference, if not to contempt, on this account. Mr. Froude's arrival has led the American journals and public men to ask: "Why does an English scholar refer this question to us?" There was great surprise expressed that he had not chosen some other topic. If he is a historian, as men claim; if he is a brilliant scholar—as certainly he is; why not choose, from the abundant treasure-house of English subjects, something of deeper interest, and of greater importance. Men said to the American people: "What have we to do with the relations of Great Britain and Ireland? We neither know anything about them, nor care anything about them, and the only wonder is, what can be the motive in bringing them four thousand miles

west." Well, I was never surprised, for a moment, that Mr. Froude chose this special question to lay before the grand jury of the American people. I was never surprised that any Englishman, solicitous for the good name of his country: or any patriotic man, desirous of wiping away the eclipse on the good fame of England, should clutch the opportunity to explain to the world, through an appeal to the grand jury of the American people, the relations between his own country and Ireland, and the reason why England, up to this moment, has failed in doing anything noticeable, in the way of justice or statesmanship, toward the sister island.

Just look at it. Two years ago, there was a great war in Europe. France was ground to powder under the heel of a military power. What does France represent? She represents ideas; she represents the Democratic instinct and progress of Europe. Ever since the days of Thomas Jefferson, she has inspired the Democracy of Europe; and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say, that, when that great American penned the Declaration of Independence, he borrowed the inspiration of it from France. Ever since, she has occupied the van in Europe, in the war of men against institutions, of brains against military power. What does Prussia represent? She represents the reorganized feudal system of the nineteenth century. She is a power marshalled into form by the one purpose of court and soldiers. She is not a nation; she is an army. Her great public schools, and all her civil life, have a great, if not primary, purpose in the design to make men soldiers. Every man of the population,—banker, mechanic, tradesman, or scholar,—everything but the pulpit,—goes, for the three appointed years, into the camp, to be disciplined to arms; and Prussia's policy is an effort to drag the world back three hundred years. She is the great military outgrowth, the abnormal monstrosity of the nineteenth century. And still, for the moment,—for the present hour,—she has ground France, the representative of ideas, to powder under her foot. It was a crisis, not so much between two nations as between two civilizations. It was an awful struggle, pregnant with most enormous results to Europe. Where was England? Why did she not draw the sword? Why did she not utter a protest? Why did she not leap to the side of her great rival in this defence of Democracy, which De Tocqueville has painted so fairly in the American Constitution? She, too, represents ideas; she, too, claims that she is the inspiration of the manhood of the nineteenth century. When Bismarck smote her contemptuously in the face, in the presence of all Europe, why did she not draw the sword? She never had been reluctant to draw the sword. She had been the great intermeddler for the last three centuries. There could not be a crisis in the remotest corner of the globe, about the most insignificant motive in the world, that England did not put in her mailed hand. Palmerston's laurels were all won from meddling in other people's messes. If China wished to give up opium, England wished it to be there. If Portugal and Spain differed, Canning must send his fleet to watch over the safety of Lisbon. She never knew a war that she could leave alone. Why did she break the

great historic precedent of two hundred years in this single instance ?

Seven years ago I was hissed in the Cooper Institute, for saying that England was a second-rate power, and that she no longer dared to take a place among the first-class powers of Europe. Now, in my view, the reason why she did not draw the sword is two-fold. One is, that she can hardly trust her own masses ; but the larger and closer reason is, that the English statesmen know right well, that the first cannon-shot they dare to aim at any first-rate power, Ireland stabs them in the back. Seven hundred years of oppression have earned the traditional right of opposition, whose creation is four millions of men, every one of whom hates England with right good cause. And English statesmanship knows that either France, Germany, or Russia has only to land twenty thousand men, one hundred and fifty thousand stand of arms, and ten millions of pounds in Ireland, and England is checkmated : she cannot move hand or foot. It is the same with this country ; and we should be equally powerless if it were not for the four thousand miles of water that intervene. If it were possible, to-day, for any great power to land twenty-five thousand men, forty thousand stand of arms, and a hundred millions of dollars in New Orleans, President Grant would have enough to do at home ; and Providence is saying to us, as she is saying to England, by the voice of reason, and by the voice of prophecy : " You shall consult the races ; you shall win the sects under your sceptre by justice, before either of you can take your place among the first-class nations of the earth."

Mr. Froude said, with great truth and epigrammatic terseness, that,—“ No matter how long God waited, the wickedness of one generation was sure to be punished by the weakness of another.” How true it is, that the wickedness of the Edwards, the Henrys, the Elizabeths, and the Stuarts is punished, to-day, in the face of Europe, by the weakness of Victoria, checkmated on her throne. I do not wonder at all that the thoughtful Englishman should long to explain to the world, if he can, how the steps by which his country has been brought to this state have been inevitable ; that by no wit of statesmanship, by no generosity of high-toned and magnanimous honor could she have avoided the path in which she is treading. If Mr. Froude could make out that proposition ; if he could convince the world through the American people that England accepted the inevitable fate which the geographical proximity of Ireland had entailed upon her, it would have gone half way to wipe out the clots on his country's fame. I do not wonder he should make the attempt. I believe that, instead of England's having conquered Ireland, in the true, essential statement of the case, as it stands to-day, Ireland has conquered England ! She has summoned her before the bar of the civilized world to answer and plead for the justice of her legislation ; she has checkmated her as a power on the chess-board of Europe ; she has monopolized the attention of her statesmen ; she has made her own island the pivot upon which the destiny of England turns ; and her last great statesman and present Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone,

owes whatever fame he has to the supposition that at last he has devised a way by which he can conciliate Ireland and save his own country. But in all the presentations of the case it seems to me that our English friend has been a partisan and not a judge. Let me illustrate in one or two instances what I consider the justice of this charge. The population of Ireland, previous to 1811, is wholly a matter of guess. There never was a census until after this century had opened. Sir William Petty, Fynes Morrison, the secretary of Lord Mountjoy, and others formed Mr. Froude's estimates, at different periods, of the population of Ireland. Now, what I charge as a proof of partisanship is, that whenever it served Mr. Froude's purpose to adopt a small guess, in order to excuse an English injustice, or to bear hardly down on the critical condition of the Irish, he has always selected the smallest possible estimate. Whenever it served his purpose, on the contrary, to exaggerate the moral deficiency of the Irish people, the divided councils, the quarrelsome generations, the totally inefficient race, compared with some interval of English rule, he has always adopted the largest guess. For instance, the historian's estimate of the population of Ireland about the year 1600, the beginning of the seventeenth century, was made by Fynes Morrison. He puts it at from 500,000 to 600,000 men. Mr. Froude adopts this when he wants to say that James I., in confiscating six of the best counties in Ireland and settling them on his followers, was not very harmful, because, he says, there were very few inhabitants in Ireland, and there was room enough for a great many more. I do not see myself by what principle he would justify a despot in confiscating the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Middlesex, Bristol, and Worcester, in Massachusetts, turning out all the inhabitants and giving the property to aliens, because there was a great deal of vacant land in Nebraska! I do not see the exact moral principle by which this can be done. Then he brings us down to 1641-'49, the era when, he says, Cromwell, with 14,000 troops, subdued Ireland. Then it is his purpose as an advocate to swell Ireland into large proportions, and show you how a great people were swept like a herd of stags before one single powerful English hand. Then he tells you that Sir William Petty had estimated the population of Ireland, in 1641, at a million and a half of human beings, an estimation which Hallam calls prodigiously vain, and, indeed, it is one of the most marvellous estimates in history. Here was an island, poverty-stricken, scourged by war, robbed of its soil; and still it had trebled in population in about thirty-eight years, when, with all our multitudinous and uncounted immigration, with all our swelling prosperity, with all our industry and peace, with all our fruitful lands and no touch of war, with all this, it took our country more time than that to treble. It took France 166 years to treble; but this poverty-stricken, war-ridden, decimated, starved race trebled in a quarter of the time! However, having put down that point, the advocate goes on, in order to exaggerate the trebled immorality and frightful fratricidal nature of Irish life, and tells you that in the next nine years this curious population, which had trebled four times quicker than any other nation

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in Europe, lost 600,000 in the wars. How the wars became so much more dangerous and bloody and exhaustive in these nine years than in the thirty-eight years before, he never explains. He tells us there were 900,000 men, women, and children when Cromwell came to Ireland. These 900,000 were the old, the young, the women, the decrepit, the home-keepers. Cromwell landed with 14,000 men; and how many did he meet? How many did this population send out to meet him? Mr. Froude says, two hundred thousand men! Every other man in the island must have gone out! When France elevated herself with gigantic energy to throw back the utter disgrace of German annihilation, how many men did she put in the field? One in fifty. When Germany,—moved to the contest for the imperial dignity of Europe,—raised all her power to crush France in that terrific struggle, how many did she raise? One in thirty-five. When the South, in her terrible conflict with us, was said to have emptied everything but her graveyards into the camps, how many did she send out? One in twenty. But this poverty-stricken, decimated, women and children population of Ireland, went out one in four! Massachusetts, stirred to the bottom, elevated to a heroic enthusiasm, in the late war, sent out how many? One in sixteen. Massachusetts, swelling, earnest, prosperous, peaceful for forty years, full of adult, robust men, sends out one in sixteen, or one in eighteen, it is hard to say which, precisely; but Ireland, wasted by a hundred years of war, sent one in four, if you will believe Mr. Froude! There never was such a nation on the face of the earth. Well, all I can say is, that if 900,000 sick, infants, men, and old women, contrive to put an army of 200,000 into the field to fight a nationality that is trying to crush them, God crush the nation that ever dare to lift a hand against such a people! But it is the idlest tale in the world. Ireland never raised such an army; no creditable authority ever supposed it. She had probably 30,000 or 40,000 men in the field, in different parts of the country, and that would give her a much larger army than any other nation of similar size was ever supposed to send into the field. Mr. Froude says they all united against Cromwell, whereas they were about equally divided among themselves, and that division was more fatal than English arms. But you see it was necessary to make out the picture that we should get a large army of 225,000 men, because otherwise it would not have been possible for the brilliant essayist to end off with his usual figure, that after one or two stalwart blows they all disappeared like a snow-drift before the sun. Yes, that is his favorite phrase; it occurs half a dozen times in describing the defeat of the Irish army; and if it is wanting, then comes another, that they were like straw set on fire. Cromwell went to Drogheda and massacred every living being; he went to Wexford and met with stalwart resistance; and there he steeped his sword in blood with a barbarity which even Macaulay hesitates to describe. "At last Ireland knelt down at his feet." Knelt, did she? Well, the next city he went to was Clonmel, and she resisted so gallantly that he granted her honorable terms. In Kilkenny nothing but the treachery of some persons inside the walls would have got Cromwell inside; and he himself said:

"I never could have touched you, if you had not a traitor t'other side of the walls." That did not look much like a snow-drift. But Scotland is the great ideal of our eloquent friend. It was Scotland that never made a misstep; it was Scotland that exhibited the finest qualities of national unanimity. Well, this great English soldier went to Ireland, and had spent a year, and after massacring, butchering the garrisons of two cities, and having a hard fight with two more, and leaving them with compliments and honors, and being unable, even then, to leave Ireland till the Protestants betrayed their own country, this same soldier went to model Scotland, high-toned, chivalrous, united, brave, ideal Scotland, fought two battles, took one city, had no butchery, and in six months left it subjected. Is that a snow-drift? Rather, is it not more of a snow-drift than Ireland.

Well, this history of Ireland we may begin somewhere in the reign of Elizabeth, for about that time begin the outlines of that Irish Code which made the complaint and grievance of Ireland, and which O'Connell called "his only wand to evoke the sympathy of the civilized world." About the age of Elizabeth began that code of laws which, finally, at the period of William the Third, about 1692, became a complete and finished code. It grew out of two motives. Evidently the first is the hatred of the Saxon to the Celt,—that almost immeasurable influence, the hatred between races: and this Saxon race of ours, as you watch it marching down the centuries for a thousand years, has been the most domineering, overbearing, imperious, heartless and cruel of all the races that have endeavored by the sword to clear a space about them for their own greed. The second motive out of which grew the Irish Code was the religious hate—the hatred of the Protestant to the Catholic. And again the Irish Code took shape from two peculiarities of English theory. The genuine Englishman, in England, largely for the last fifty years, has no faith in any power to govern that does not rest on land; he has no theory or belief that any man has a right to civil power who is not a land-holder—who has not a "stake in the hedge;" and you will perceive, therefore, when I detail to you that this Irish Code had a distinct purpose, which was to sweep out of the hands of Catholics every acre in Ireland; and, as Daniel O'Connell well said, "all the national and ineradicable sympathies of the human heart, and the chord that binds neighbors and kindred together, were debarred from part or portion in this hideous scheme of law." Now, that code, I am glad to say, Mr. Froude acknowledges in all its length, as hideous. You know that, under it, an Irish Catholic could not sit in the House of Commons; he could not hold any commission from the Crown, either civil or military; he could be a common soldier,—nothing more. He could neither vote, nor sit on a jury, nor stand on a witness stand, nor bring a suit, nor be a doctor, nor be a lawyer, nor travel five miles from his own home without a permit from a Justice of the Peace. The nearest approach that ever was made to him was a South Carolina negro before the war. He had no rights that a Protestant needed to respect. If he was a land-holder, if all his children were

Catholics, he was obliged to divide the land equally between them. This was the English plan for eliminating the Catholic tenure of the land and letting it slip out of their hands. Then, if any of the children, during their father's life, concluded to become Protestants, in such case they took the whole estate; or, indeed, they might compel the father to put his estate in trust for their benefit. So, if the Catholic wife would not go to an Episcopalian Church once a month,—which she deemed it a sin to do,—she forfeited her dower. But if she went regularly, she could have all the estate. If a Catholic had a lease, and it rose one quarter in value, any Protestant could take it from him by bringing that fact to the notice of a Justice of the Peace. Three Justices of the Peace might summon any Catholic before them, and oblige him to give up his faith, or quit the realm. Four justices could oblige him to abjure his faith or sell his estates. If a Protestant paid one dollar tax, the Catholic paid two. If a Protestant lost a ship, when at war with a Catholic power,—and at the time there was only *one* Protestant power in Europe, besides Great Britain; that was Holland; so that the chances were nine to one that, in case of war, Great Britain would be at war with a Catholic power;—in such a case, if a Protestant lost a ship, he went home and assessed the value on his Catholic neighbors, and was reimbursed. So, of education. We fret a great deal, on account of a class of Irishmen who come to our shores and are lacking in education, in culture, and refinement. But you must remember the bad laws,—you must remember the malignant legislation that sentenced them to a life of ignorance, and made education a felony in Catholic Ireland. If an Irishman sent his child to a Protestant schoolmaster, all right; but if the parent would not do so, and sent him to a Catholic school, the father was fined ten pounds a week; and the schoolmaster was fined five pounds a week; and for the third offence he was hung! But, if the father determined that his child should be educated, and sent him across the Channel to France, the boy forfeited his citizenship and became an alien: and, if discovered, the father was fined one hundred pounds; and anybody, except the father, who harbored him, forfeited all civil rights;—that is, he could not sue in a court of law, nor could not vote. Indeed, a Catholic could not marry! If he married a Protestant, the marriage was void; the children were illegitimate. And, if one Catholic married another, it required the presence of a priest; and, if a priest landed in Ireland for twenty minutes, it was death! To this ferocious "Code," Sir Robert Peel, in our own day, added the climax, that no Catholic should quit his dwelling between the hours of sun-set and sunrise,—an exaggeration of the "Curfew Law" of William the Conqueror. Now, you will hardly believe that this was enacted as a law. But Mr. Froude alludes to this code. Yes; he was very honest; he would paint England as black as she deserved. He said of Queen Elizabeth that she failed in her duty as a magistrate; she failed towards Ireland in her capability of being a great ruler. And then he proceeded, after passing sentence, to give us the history of her reign, and showed, that, in very many cases, she could

not have done any different. For instance,—oh ! it is the saddest, blackest, most horrible statement of all history : it makes you doubt the very possibility of human nature, when you read,—that Spencer, the poet, who had the most ardent, most perfect ideas in English poetry,—Spencer sat at the council board that ordered the wholesale butchery of a Spanish regiment captured in Ireland ; and he chose, to execute the order, Sir Walter Raleigh, the scholar, the gentleman, the poet, the author, and the most splendid Englishman of his age ! And Norris, a Captain under Sydney, in whose veins flowed the blood of Sir Philip, writing home to Elizabeth, begs and persuades her to believe in O'Neill's crimes, and asks for leave to send a hired man to poison him ! And the Virgin Queen makes no objection ! Mr. Froude quoted a letter from Captain Norris, in which he states that he found himself in an island where five hundred Irish (all women and children ; not a man among them) had taken refuge from the war ; and he deliberately butchered every living soul ! And Queen Elizabeth, in a letter, still extant, answers by saying : " Tell my good servant that I will not forget his good services." He tells us that " The English nobility and gentry would take a gun as unhesitatingly as a fowler, and go out to shoot an Irishman as an Indian would a buffalo." Then he tells us, with amazement, that you never could make an Irishman respect an Englishman ! He points to some unhappy Kildare, the sole relic of a noble house, whose four uncles were slaughtered in cold blood ; that is the only word for this kind of execution,—*slaughtered* ; and he, left alone, a boy, grows characterless, and kills an Archbishop. Every impetuous, impatient act is dragged before the prejudiced mind. But, when Mr. Froude is painting Sir Walter and Spencer, blind no longer, he says : " I regret,—it is very sad to think,—that such things should ever have been ! "

Of that " Irish Code," Lord Brougham said once : " It was so ingeniously contrived that an Irish Catholic could not lift his hand without breaking it." This was the code of which Edmund Burke once said : " The wit of man never devised a machine to disgrace a realm or destroy a kingdom so perfect as this." This is the code of which the English Chancellor said : " By the strict construction of the English law, an Irish Catholic had no right to breathe." This is the code of which the calm, statesmanlike pen of Montesquieu, the great French statesman, was provoked to write : " It must have been contrived by devils ; it ought to have been written in blood ; and the only place to register it is in hell." Yet this is the code by which England ruled, almost unchanged, for two hundred years. Of course, a race like the Irish never sat down contented under such a code. I thank Mr. Froude that he has painted the Irishman as a chronic rebel. It shows that at least the race knew that they were oppressed, and gathered together all the strength that God had given them to resist. They never rested contented. It is by no means, therefore, a surprise that a patriotic Englishman, looking back on the last three centuries, should long to justify his nation and his own race, after having conceited that it has all the brains, and two-thirds of the heart of the world. It volun-

teered to be the guardian of this obstinate Ireland. It volunteered to furnish a government to the distracted, ignorant, poverty-stricken, demoralized millions of Ireland. It has been three hundred years at the experiment; and Mr. Froude told us, the other evening, that, rather than let Ireland go,—weary of their long failure,—rather than let Ireland go, they would exterminate the Irish race! What a confession of statesmanship! “We have tried, for seven hundred years, to manufacture a government; and, at the end of it, our alternative is extermination!”

Well, you see, the world asks whence comes this result? Was the English race incapable? Did it lack courage? Did it lack brains? Did it lack care? Did it lack common-sense? Did it lack that discriminating sagacity which knows time and place?—What is the reason of the failure? And, of course, the only answer of an Englishman, who is unwilling to tear down the great splendor of his flag, is to find the cause in the dogged incapacity of Ireland, and not in any lack of his own country. Mr. Froude is obliged to prove, that the Irish were left by God *unfinished*; and that you cannot, by any wit of man, manufacture a citizen out of an Irishman. He is shut up to this argument; for, unless he proves the Irishman a knave, he is obliged, from the facts of the case, to confess England a fool; and that is the grand alternative. They have had time enough, power enough, and opportunity enough, and why have they not created a government? Why have they not conciliated Ireland? Why have they not satisfied the citizens of the world, that the task has been accomplished? Why does Europe cry out “shame,” until within a dozen years? Suppose that we should remain with the South in our right hand,—passive and powerless as she is to-day, that we should remain in that attitude for one hundred years; and that, at the end of it, the South was just as defiant, just as demoralized, just as hostile, and just as lacking in good government and the mechanism of industrial prosperity as she is to-day;—what would be the fact, patent on that showing? Why, that we were incapable of the task we had assumed.

That is where Mr. Froude finds England; and he is shut up,—logically speaking,—shut up to the necessity of proving that Ireland lacks the elements,—that the Celtic race lacks the elements that go to make up self-government, statesmanship, and a law-abiding community; that they are unwilling to associate with the great movements of the British race. He comes, therefore, to us with that purpose. He comes to excuse England on the ground of Irish incapacity. Well, it was a marvellously bad choice of a jury: for two reasons, it was a marvellously bad choice of a jury; for, in the first place, there were a number of logical, middle-aged gentlemen, who met in Philadelphia, on the Fourth day of July, 1776, and asserted that God created every man fit to be a citizen; that He did not leave any race so half made up and half finished, that they were to travel through the cycle of seven hundred years under the guardianship of any power. And on that Fourth day of July, they established the corner-stone of American political faith, that all men are capable of self-government; while the whole substratum

of this course of lectures, by this eloquent British scholar, was the fact that God left Ireland so unfinished that a merciful despotism was necessary. His American audience would be obliged to tear up the Declaration of Independence, and trample it under foot, before they could begin to listen to him. The whole drift and design of these lectures was to show, in this instance, that a merciful despotism was necessary; and the lecturer offered the argument to a people, that had proclaimed in words, and afterwards in deeds, for a hundred years, that, under all conditions, and in all circumstances, the despot, merciful or unmerciful, was nothing but a nuisance.

Well, then, it was impossible for the American people to receive such an argument. But, again, it was a tune that we had heard many years ago. It struck us as very familiar; and we knew a trick worth two of that. Mr. Froude came to us with a descriptive picture of English policy, which was to stir up O'Neil against Kildare, and to set at variance the royal houses of Ireland, in aiding the conquerors, year after year, and generation after generation. Well, we know something of that. If you will only read Parton's "History of the Administration of Washington," you will see the picture, just fresh from the pencil, where the same trick was tried by stirring up all the Indian tribes along the Western frontier against the feeble American Colonies. That trick of English statesmanship was so familiar to us, that, in a moment, the heart of the American people said:—"Well, we have known all that. We do not need any affidavit: there is so much of it in accordance with English statesmanship that we will take it for granted." And, so, I hold that Mr. Froude's choice of the jury was ill-timed. The American people could not,—without ignoring their whole history, and forgetting the early and sad struggles of the Republic,—they could not begin to receive the arguments of the eloquent scholar.

Well, I listened to him with amusement,—although it did not surprise me,—for I had expected somewhat of an impartial picture or relation. Not that I consider Mr. Froude an historian. I undertook to say, with a great deal of risk of having my ears boxed by the very sensitive New England Press, some two months ago, that every attempt from Mr. Froude's pen, for the last ten years, showed in him a writer of party pamphlets, and not a historian. But, since that day, I have fallen into very respectable company. Mr. Goldwin Smith, an Englishman, in an especial criticism, hints at some of his opinions far more unequivocally. The London *Athenæum* repeats the same confession in its pages, and adds its testimony to the list. And so, after all, the American people are not singular in their conceits; and the best voice by far to advocate any logical sequence is that of the impartial patriot, whose judicial mood is the historian's. Yet, I allow that Mr. Froude struggled hard,—he strained every nerve; he did his best,—actually did his best;—to paint an Irishman correctly. I think he meant to do it; I think he labored to do it; and, as I watched him in his brilliant essays,—so exquisitely pathological, and so eloquently written,—I saw that the man was straining every nerve to be magnanimous and im-

partial. The difficulty was that he was an Englishman, and could not. He was striving to get beyond the natural and inevitable limitation of an Englishman. Ben Jonson, the old playwright of Shakespeare's day, when James the First sent him a miserable pittance of a few shillings, said, indignantly, to the messenger: "He sends me that pittance because I live in an alley. Tell the King that his soul lives in an alley." So I should say to Mr. Froude, or any other Englishman, that his soul lives in an island, and he cannot get beyond it. His unconscious sneer,—his ineradicable and unconscious contempt for everything that is not English, becomes amusing. It is so, towards us; it is so, towards Scotland, as well as Ireland. It is not a peculiar fault, touching Ireland alone. When Samuel Johnson, a hundred years ago, said, in London, so authoritatively, that "You could make a great deal out of a Scotchman, if you caught him young," he was not aware of his supreme contempt, when he added that, "If you wait until he has grown up, with the mind and heart of a Scotchman, you may take him at the risk of failing." Well, now, he had no ill-feeling towards the Scotchman: or he would not have thus spoken of them, as "Mark Twain" said, in his lecture, talking of Hallam,—"with a contempt which makes Junius pale." So, towards us, forty years ago, the *Quarterly Review* said: "Who reads an American book?" It was an unconscious insult. And, when the English House of Commons repeated it, in '61, nobody felt that the exhibition was anything but a peculiarly English conceit. Lord Lovel said once, in a correspondence with a most eminent scholar and Justice of Great Britain: "Sir, England has no measure of right or wrong: if a thing harms England, it is wrong, and if it helps England, it is right." It is the only yard-stick she uses.

Well, the Froude movement grew out of the same root. Now, Mr. Froude, in painting Ireland, has given us a disgusting picture of the Irish peasantry of hundreds of years ago: "half-clad, or naked; dirty, demoralized, living in caves, or in hovels no better than caves; half-starved; constantly quarrelling; demoralized, and nearly brutalized by ignorance." And he paints this picture as if it were Ireland alone,—especially Ireland. He knew very well that the same portrait would be almost true of France,—would meet very well with Germany—would not be far out in Scotland,—and would come close home to England at the same date. He knew right well the old story of Henry the Seventh's day, when the English peasants slept on the ground, in hovels that hardly covered them; when they were clad in skins, if they had any, for clothes; and ate, we know not what. He knew well the story of the father, who saw his son lying down one night with a stone for a pillow, and kicked it from under his head for fear the boy should grow too luxurious! He knew very well that his picture of the Irish would answer for any other nation; and that the Irish upper classes were just as luxurious, splendid, lavish, refined and cultured, as the nobility of any other clime. When Kildare went to London to meet Elizabeth, with his armor inlaid with gold, and his horses shod with silver, and appeared with his splendid retinue in the streets,

even Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," was dazzled by the splendor of her subject. When Henry the Eighth and Francis the First met on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," in their full splendor, both kingdoms vied with each other in magnificence; and when O'Neil joined the group with a retinue of two hundred Irish knights, marshalled in glittering armor, his presence added to them more lustre, for it was the cap-sheaf of the splendor of both countries. Ireland had her two classes, the upper class of heroes and princes, and the lower class, just as those of every other kingdom, not otherwise. But the Englishman comes out when you look at the test of praise to the great names of Ireland. Mr. Froude painted us the great names of Ireland, and the wonder was that he never found one to praise. Not one. He came, at last, to Henry Grattan; and he said: "Grattan was an honest man!" Thought I, my Saxon brother has found a man, at last, in the sister island. But he cut that idea off instantly by saying that Grattan's great lack was common-sense. He never saw an Irishman to praise. That island which, according to its numbers, has given perhaps more than its fair proportion to the great names of the galaxy of Europe. Why, Edmund Burke,—to cite him alone,—stands as a statesman and orator the peer of the Roman Cicero; and our own Webster is dwarfed before him. And he is not alone. The London *Athenæum*, pushing beyond us, says, "If we are to believe Mr. Froude, neither patriotism, nor thought, nor common-sense, nor self-respect ever blundered in one single case into the heart of an Irishman for the last three hundred years." Well, Harriet Martineau,—the best, perhaps, of modern historians,—whose picture of "The Thirty Years' Peace" is as yet untouched, went through the great catalogue of Englishmen of that date. If she differed from them, she found an extenuating reason;—there is an extenuating circumstance;—"He may be right, perhaps. He and I differ. Perhaps he may be correct." But, when she comes to O'Connell, she finds constant reason to blame him, either for a bad act, or, if compelled to acknowledge that the act was good, then she searches for, and is sure to find, a bad motive. It is the same limitation of English conceit, exactly as Lord Brougham told Charles Sumner, that he never read but a few lines; and the Marquis of Lansdowne told him he never read even a line of his translation of Ovid; for he never held it at a high enough appreciation. This is English contempt. What else can you expect?

Well, this was the radical fault of Mr. Froude's picture. He could not see an Irishman correctly. He brought two yard-sticks; one with which to measure an Irishman, and the other to measure everybody else. Take the case of O'Neil, the splendid Earl of Tyrone. Elizabeth took him young, and carried him to London. She brought him up in all the accomplishments of the camp and court, all the exercises of chivalry she could teach. She made him a scholar and a gentleman, as she thought; and, at twenty-one, she allowed him to go back to Ireland. "He drew the sword," says Mr. Froude, "and almost severed the tie that binds Ireland to England. And he gave the Queen more trouble than any other Irish-

man of that century or any century that came after." Well, he says,— "What an ungrateful wretch!" and then he adds: "You see, gentlemen, that a wolf, even if treated like a dog, will be still a wolf,—that is an O'Neil." Did you ever hear of Robert Bruce,—Robert Bruce, who is immortalized in Burns' song? Did you ever know the Scottish bard to sing more gloriously of any other name than that of Bruce? Who was he? He was a Scotchman that Edward took at sixteen and carried to London, and kept him there in a gilded cage. Bruce knew that he owed the English King nothing, although he had had all the education that the court and camp could give. Bruce knew right well that he was a hostage, and that he was there that his father might have to "mind his P's and Q's," and behave himself, and that his relatives might be kept quiet. Bruce knew all this well; and when, at twenty-one, he got back to Scotland, he drew the sword, and actually did sunder the tie that bound Scotland to England, and took his place among the patriots and warriors and statesmen of all ages. Where is the man that ever called Bruce "a wolf?" Nobody ever supposed that the Lord Almighty would fix the charge of ingratitude against him in behalf of Edward. When "William the Silent," who was kept as a hostage of Spain, got back to Holland, maddened into rebellion, he made Holland a republic. Is he a wolf? You might see the fathers of '76 bending in gratitude before him that taught them to be free; and nobody calls him "a wolf." But you see, O'Neil is "a wolf," because he is an Irishman. Well, take Henry Grattan. Mr. Froude says: "Henry Grattan was an honorable man; but he had no common-sense;" because, he says,— "with infinite folly, in 1782, when England was staggering under the success of the American rebellion, Grattan, with statesmanlike policy, seized the happy moment to compel Charles James Fox to grant Ireland a Constitution." But, mark you, this decisive statesmanship of the Irish leaders was well approved and singularly correct; for Mr. Froude is obliged to confess, all along, that the Irish seized every moment of weakness; for the only boons they ever got from England,—she never gave anything out of a sense of justice,—came from her fears. Well, now he says, "Mr. Grattan got his Constitution; but the Irish were not fit for it. The Celtic race do not desire a Constitution." And then he says: "How I should like to have met Henry Grattan, in Dublin, a week after. I would have said to him: 'Mr. Grattan, is bread any cheaper? Are rents lower in Dublin since you have got the Constitution? Are wages any higher?'" And then he enjoyed a little his own exquisite wit in painting the picture. I thought to myself, suppose he had met John Hancock in Boston, a month after he had signed his name to the Declaration of Independence, say in August, 1776, and said to him:—"Mr. Hancock, is bread any cheaper in Boston? Are rents any lower? Are wages any higher, Mr. Hancock?" What would Hancock have said?—Probably he would have replied:—"My dear sir, there is no bread; the people are starving: the grass grows in the streets:—and, as for rent, the houses are empty: there are no wages." But, he would have added, if he could have read Lord Lovell, who wrote only ten years afterwards:—"The man that

loves liberty for anything but liberty's self, is made to be a slave." He would probably have said to him: "Walk with me, my English brother, into State street, and I will show you a building lot that I can afford to sell you at the rate of twenty-five cents the acre; and in 1876, you may cover each foot of that earth, half an inch deep, with coined gold; and you can't afford to buy it, because of the Declaration of Independence." But this impartial Englishman was going to make Grattan responsible for lack of sense, because he did not cure the evils of seven hundred years of oppression in seven weeks,—like patent pills for incurable diseases. But he says: "I want only to say that Grattan, Wolfe Tone, Emmet, and other Irishmen of that date, were foolish, or base, or carried away by frenzy for victory;—they were enthusiasts—mere balloons, sent up to deceive the feelings of the people:" and he read us the proclamation of Wolfe Tone that was something like the Southerners' proclamation of '62. But we Americans shrugged our shoulders, and said: "We have heard of such proclamations; but they fought pretty well in Virginia for all that." He said those frenzied enthusiasts were all driven out of their wits, and made perfect idiots, by the French Revolution that came athwart their paths. Well, Edmund Burke said that same French Revolution shook the heart out of Charles James Fox, whose heart was so steeled; and if *we* had not anchored on Washington, it would have touched this Republic too. It shook the plains of France; its rumble was heard in Scotland; and if, in the face of history and of the facts, that violent tornado unnerved these, why should the poor Irishman be made an example of?

But Mr. Froude says, after '98 came 1800; and these Irishmen actually sold out their Constitution. "This man took one thousand pounds; that man took five hundred pounds; that other man took ten thousand pounds; and all these patriots of Grattan's stripe actually sold out Ireland." And, then, he said, with his usual epigrammatic assuming of metaphor:—"The nation that sells its votes is not fit for self-government." He first said that here in New York. Don't you think we need to send over to the England of common-sense, who will offer us a government? And as I looked at him in his demoralizing view,—this patriot that never heard of votes being sold,—behind him I saw, in English history, the Duke of Newcastle being bought up, with half the members of the House of Commons. I saw Lord Chatham, become the paymaster of the English forces, refusing to steal the interest of the public funds and put it in his pocket; and Grattan says such honesty astonished Europe. Macaulay says such integrity was not known among politicians. Miss Martineau says his course was incredible, and "such profound disinterestedness amazed his cotemporaries!" Common honesty astonished them! And George the Second, when he heard of it; said: "Why, such conduct is an honor to human nature!" That an Englishman does not steal is an honor to human nature! I remembered that the Duke of Marlborough put his foot on the first round of the ladder, in the infamy of his sister, and laid the foundation of the colossal fortune of the House of Marlborough, with the five

thousand pounds given to him by the mistress of Charles the Second. I remembered that Macaulay says : " If you could see through the dazzling glory of the soldier, you would see behind it the most infamous scoundrel in history." I remembered that that House of Lords to which he belonged could not defend one half of their actions in any court that respected the virtue of woman or the integrity of man. I remembered that English judges, princes, and poets, and even " Junius " himself, were bought with bribes of office, and never wrote or voted afterwards. I remembered that, if it was true, that the nation that sold its votes needed England's help, it should have been necessary to send the troops right over from the throne of Victoria, and land them at Washington. But, singularly enough, the fact was half a century from the inference. Mr. Froude told us that the Parliament of 1798 sold its votes, and, therefore, that proved that Celtic Catholic Irishmen were incapable of self-government ! The Parliament of Ninety-eight sold its votes ; therefore, the Catholic Celt cannot be trusted with civil rights ! We know of that Parliament, *that there was not a Catholic in it*. Not one ! For more than sixty years it was held illegal to have a Catholic in the Irish Parliament. One half of its members were Englishmen, and the other half were Irish Protestants. And, if three hundred Englishmen and Irish-born Protestants selling their votes proved that the Celtic Irishman cannot be trusted with civil rights, then if the premises have got the disease the conclusion won't catch it. Well, that was Mr. Froude's picture of Grattan ; and if you doubt me, take up the reports of the papers and you will find it.

Then he comes to O'Connell, the greatest of all. O'Connell, he said, was a mere platform declaimer. He was a noisy demagogue in the streets. He never had any purpose or plan that could secure the respect of Englishmen. He never had anything to propose that indicated a brain to establish a claim to self-respect or knowledge of circumstances that required English interference. That was his picture of O'Connell. Now there is not a leaf of the laurels on the brow of Gladstone,—and it is fairly covered with laurels,—there is not a leaf there that he did not steal from Henry Grattan and Daniel O'Connell. George Canning went into his grave, and fought to the day of his death for Catholic Emancipation ; and when Canning had passed to his death, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, when he was on the side of the Tories, became terrified, and bound their brows with the laurels that belonged to Canning. It was in that opposition that he proved to the world that they wreathed their wreath for him. So, too, in this case, the disestablishment of the Church, the education of the masses, and the tenure of land,—the three great normal moves on the chessboard which contribute to the claims of Gladstone to statesmanship in Irish affairs,—Henry Grattan besieged the English Government by a life-long begging for these very three. When the Melbourne Administration came into office, they promised O'Connell all that, and thus shut his lips. He closed Conciliation Hall, stopped his agitation ; and he brought his followers to sustain the Melbourne Administration, and supported the Government on all occasions. He was a silent, unmoved sup-

porter of the Government, and nothing else but a supporter of the Government, waiting, hoping, believing that the Englishmen would do the Irish people justice in all these very points, in self-control and moderation, ever believing in the English Premier's perfect appreciation of the cause, and trusting that English Statesmanship would see it. So he remained. And when that wretched failure had destroyed the Melbourne Administration, he again took up the old agitation in the strongest form. But, instead of an empty disclaimer, O'Connell is the most remarkable man that the history of the last fifty years in England has called out; and in this respect he carried on his agitation. Agitation, you know, is an old word with a new meaning, which Sir Robert Peel defined to be an appeal to the conscience of a people to mould its laws; an appeal to the thought and the principle of a community on the principle of common-sense; a common action to ripen, educate, and mould political sentiment. The Abolitionists were agitators, and went outside politics to court public opinion, only that they might return and press the Government into its fetters. William Lloyd Garrison fairly claimed the merit of having organized, as he had stated, that great movement. He learned his lesson at the feet of Daniel O'Connell. When Richard Cobden, defining the law in the omnipotence of the people of Great Britain, took the tax from bread and sent the loaves unexpectedly to the starving toilers, he learned his trade at the feet of Daniel O'Connell. Wilberforce, before him, had made a delicate attempt,—a superficial example—to achieve it; but Daniel O'Connell was the first man that ever actually raised himself on the hearts of the masses.

Now, to the Code of which I have spoken as resting like an incubus on the Irish people, the last great resistance that they made was in 1798. Ireland never gained a point in her battle with England, ostensibly, except when she took advantage of some critical moment in the English career. As, for instance, in 1782, when Henry Grattan, seeing Great Britain staggering under the success of our revolution, put 80,000 Irishmen into the field and compelled Charles James Fox to acknowledge the legislative independence of Ireland. It was a great feat. In sixteen years afterwards, by corruption and bribery of all sorts, the English Government carried the Union; but it was preceded by the last great effort of Ireland to shake off her chains. She flung herself as one man in her utter despair against the omnipotence of the sister island; and as usual she was trodden out in blood. The Protestant soldiery, maddened with religious hate, originally maddened with the hatred of the Saxon to the Celt, were let loose upon the Catholic peasants; and no pen can describe the picture too darkly. As Mr. Froude acknowledges, in 1798, fathers were shot, their daughters clinging to them,—one bullet taking both lives. Mothers were held down and forced to look on the murder of child after child, until the eye refused to see. Infants were seized from the bosoms of their mothers, and were tossed with devilish skill from bayonet point to bayonet point along the line of half a company; daughters were outraged in the presence of mother and father, to whom the mercy of death was not given until the

scene was ended. Ireland seemed trodden out in blood. This is the hour when the Irish poet puts into the mouth of Fitzgerald these saddest of all lines :

"Oh ! Ireland, my country, the hour of thy pride and thy splendor hath passed,
And thy chain, that was borne in thy moment of power, hangs heavy around thee at last.

There are marks on the fate of each clime ; there are turns in the fortunes of men ;
But the changes of realms or the chances of time shall never restore thee again.
Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe, by links which the world cannot sever,
With thy tyrant through storm and through calm thou shalt go ; and thy sentence is
—' Banished forever.'

'Thou art doomed for the vilest to toil : thou art left for the proud to disdain ;
And the blood of thy sons and the wealth of thy soil shall be lavished, and lavished in vain.

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken ; thy valor with gibes is repaid ;
And of millions who see thee now sick and forsaken, not one shall stand forth in
thine aid.

In the nations thy place is left void ; thou art lost in the list of the free ;
Even realms, by the plague or the earthquake destroyed, are revived ; but no hope is
for thee."

It was at this moment, when the cloud came down close to earth, that O'Connell, then a young lawyer just admitted to the bar, flung himself in front of his countrymen, and begged them to make one grand effort. I say just admitted to the bar, because, as I said, in 1792, relaxing the Code, as Great Britain always did when she trembled—and then she trembled before the French Revolution—she granted to the Catholic the right to vote if he voted for a Protestant. And she granted to the Catholic lawyer the right to appearance in some courts. O'Connell submitted to the conditions, and was admitted to the bar.

He claimed of his people a new effort. When he first pledged himself to Catholic Emancipation, the people and the prelates of Ireland said : "It is not in our power to achieve it." The hierarchy of the Church held aloof from him, and said : "We have seen our flocks led up to the scaffold a hundred times in vain, within these two hundred years ; and we have no heart for a second effort." No Press before him ; no room for a pedestal ; no social position for his lever, O'Connell saw four millions of Irishmen, poverty-stricken, broken-hearted, demoralized, ignorant beyond description, standing on the soil soaked with the blood of their ancestors, and disheartened for the moment. The Peerage of Ireland repudiated him. They said : "We have struggled for half a dozen centuries ; it is better to sit down content." All the nobility were on the one side, and the hierarchy of the Church on the other. O'Connell said : "I will mould these four millions of hearts into a thunderbolt to demolish the omnipotence of Great Britain : " and he did it. He laid down, for the first time in history, the great corner principle of this constitutional method. He said : "No political change is

worth the shedding of a drop of human blood." England covered Ireland with her red-coats; every commanding point was held by cannon: and O'Connell looked in the face of such a government,—panoplied in complete steel, armed *cap-à-pie*, from head to foot; and he renewed his pledge—"I will never draw the sword." France, when she wants to gain a step, draws the sword. France, with a patriotic political idea, throws the king out of his throne. England, walking forward in her dominant, unbroken progress, called out, "I will not ask your reason;—I do not want to argue with you;" until she learned O'Connell's inspiration. He was the first man that reduced the instinctive groupings of English thought into a system. Well, he laid down another plea: "Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong." No trimming of principles for success: no denying one truth to help another; no taking a scrap from the devil's gospel of "compromise," so current in this country. His creed was, "I will succeed by a full confession of all the truths that God shows me, or I will not succeed at all!" That is the difference between the *politician*, who reaps the harvest of to-day, and the *agitator*,—he who *plants* for to-morrow. You know what William H. Seward said—(I told you the story two years ago). Sitting with an anti-slavery friend in his parlor, Seward said to him;—(and Seward was the great, finished exemplification of the perfect politician of his age; his whole life answers back to the claims of the adroit, unmis-taking politician; he never made a mistake, until his brain was darkened by the first gun from Sumter;) he said to this friend: "Tell me the purpose and method of this movement." His anti-slavery friend explained them to him; and, when he had ended, Seward said: "Well, now we are all right. Your method, with you, is the correct view of the question." His wife, who sat near, called out to him: "Why, William, I never heard you say anything that pleased me so much." The old politician turned quickly to her and said: "My dear, you do not suppose, now, that I would be such a fool as to confess *that* outside this room?" Of course not. Had he done that, he would have ceased to be the politician,—the reaper of the ripe harvest; the representative of *accepted* opinion: he would have become *the agitator*.

O'Connell planted seed for the future. The first time I ever had the honor to meet Seward was in the United States Court. I had made a speech, the night before, on public opinion; and he came to me and said:—"I have read your speech; it is all true. Go round, my young friend; make speeches to ripen and educate public opinion: and, you know, I will make use of it for myself." It was exactly the description of the functions of the politician.

O'Connell was the first man that ever marked out the limits, and solemnly devoted himself to the work, of an agitator. Standing, twenty years after his death, and to-day, measuring the means which he had at his command, no man in history ever did so much, measuring the means he used. You know I may claim for him, as I do for Grattan,—for he was only Grattan's counterpart and pupil,—that he anticipated every movement which the British statesman is led to adopt to-day. Ireland had bled for half a dozen centuries,

waiting for the harvest to ripen. And O'Connell knew the very things that England timidly attempts to propose to-day.

When O'Connell first commenced his career,—finding the public halls closed against all agitation,—he said :—“ If nine men will meet me at the Dublin Hotel, at nine o'clock, on such a day, I will commence an agitation for the repeal of the Catholic disabilities.” When that hour came there were only seven men in the room, and after waiting till four, O'Connell went down into the street, seized two young priests by the shoulders, dragged them into the room, locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and had his nine men. Two of them, it is true, were virtually prisoners : but before these ten men, who met in an upper room, the proudest government in Europe, and the most selfish,—with the Duke of Wellington at their head,—surrendered within twenty years.

O'Connell started out with infinite patience to plant the seed of Irish opinion. Lowell Russell says : “ Patience is the passion of great souls.” And it has been emphatically true of O'Connell. If there is any key to his marvellous success, it is certainly the patience with which he persevered in his method. He said, at this time : “ I have no weapon, no wand, but the Irish ‘code.’ I should have no fulcrum for my lever if England did not give me the ‘code.’ ” It was O'Connell's weapon, and he stirred up such a storm in Ireland, that England trembled before the protest of civilized Europe. I told you he had only four millions of Irish hearts. He had no Press. The masses could not read. He could not even marshal them into a party,—that great weapon which Sam Adams invented, the most statesman-like brain that God gave to us in '76. It was Sam Adams's Yankee brain that struck out the “ Committees of Correspondence ; ” one in Charleston, another in New York, another in Boston, another in Philadelphia ; and so melted the thirteen colonies into one thunderbolt, and hurled it at George the Third. O'Connell could not do that, for the English Convention Act said : “ No political committee shall correspond with any other.” Dublin shall not know Limerick, and Wexford shall not know Cork ; they must remain isolated. That was English policy. There stood O'Connell. Well, now, what did he need ? What did any Irishman need at that day ? The first thing he needed, to be a leader, was to be what the Irish call a gentleman, every inch of him ; what they call a gentleman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot ; meaning that he could trace his lineage back to the royal stock of Ireland. O'Connell could do that. Secondly, the man that aspired to be a leader in Ireland, must have proved his physical courage, either in the duel or in war. The statesman is very well ; an orator was still better ; a lawyer was something ; but to be an Irish leader, he must have proved his courage with the pistol. Mr. Froude gave us a clever illustration of that, when he spoke of an English Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, who found, when he landed in Dublin, and went up to his hotel, “ a challenge on the dressing-table from a man whom he had never seen.” Of course the object was to see whether he was “ a gentleman.” Well, he accepted the challenge and went out. He was given the right to shoot first ; he fired in

the air. Then the Irishman took aim at him, and his pistol missed fire; he tried again, and again it missed; and a third time, and it missed; when the Englishman observed: "Sir, there must be something the matter with your flint." Well, the Irishman picked his flint and fired; and the bullet went through the Englishman's hat. It was the Irishman's turn to fire first, the second round; he fired and missed. The Englishman was about to fire in the air, as before, when the Irishman called out: "Take care: no more of that; if you fire in the air again, I will take it as a second insult!" So the Englishman took aim at him and missed; and they were good friends ever afterwards. He had established his reputation, as Mr. Froude acknowledges. O'Connell, bred at St. Omer's, had the greatest scruples against a duel; and when he began to be authoritatively noticed, and it was known that there was no way out of a public insult, but either to fight a duel or leave the field, a Major D'Esterre, agent of the Dublin Corporation, visited him, for three weeks, with continual insult in the papers. O'Connell, at last, accepted the challenge, and spent all the time, up to the hour of meeting, in efforts to avoid the duel; all of which was attributed to cowardice by his adversaries. But, when they met, he said to his second: "I shall never seek his life; I shall fire into the ground." But you know that, in early practice with the pistol; you fire higher than you think you aim. O'Connell's shot took effect above the knee; and D'Esterre died of the wound within a week. O'Connell then recorded a vow against duelling, and settled a thousand pounds annuity on the widow of his antagonist. And, ten years afterwards, when he had ten thousand pounds' worth of briefs, in a northern court, he flung them away, and went to the southern extremity of the island, and defended, gratuitously, the last acre of Madame D'Esterre, and saved it for her. After that, his sons fought his duels. When Disraeli, who was just rising on the political horizon, sent a challenge to O'Connell, O'Connell put it in his pocket. But Disraeli sent a copy of it to the *London Times*, which published it. Whereupon, Maurice, the son of O'Connell, sent the Jew a message that if he really wished to fight, there was an O'Connell that would accommodate him, although his name was not Daniel. But Disraeli did not continue the correspondence.

Third, a man, to be an Irish leader, must have a reputation for great sagacity. O'Connell saw that this mass of men had to be lifted up. Their fathers had always ended on the scaffold. O'Connell said: "Follow me: put your foot in where my foot has trod; and I will guarantee that the sheriff will never touch your shoulder." And, for thirty years, watched by the lynx-eyed malignity of London law, he did lift those millions; he did hurl them at each successive Government; and no sheriff ever put his hand upon the shoulder of one of his followers. And, when an arrogant Bench sent him to jail, in the last few years of his life, he appealed to the House of Lords, on the construction of the statute; and England itself sustained him,—sustained him alone against the twelve judges of Ireland.

Fourthly, he must have eloquence,—that which melts a million

hearts into one; and I shall have a word to say of that in a moment. O'Connell went about, as I said; and, finally, somebody suggested that he should ask for a penny a week from every Irishman, the world over,—O'Connell's "rent." Finally, it became fifty thousand pounds a year; and the only charge made against him is that he used this money for himself. To Bishop England, of South Carolina, near the last years of his life, he wrote a letter in which he said: "I began life poor. My Uncle Maurice, at ninety, died in the French service, and left me five thousand pounds a year. I have made ten thousand pounds a year by my profession. And yet, with the rent of lands flowing into my hands, I am a poorer man to-day than I was when I set out." If the guineas came into his hands, they never stopped there. Somebody said: "Set up journals." He set up papers; and his protest was heard wherever the English language was spoken. And the London Press,—the London *Times* began to measure the young giant that was slowly lifting himself on the blood-stained sod of Ireland.

The Government became alarmed. They said, it is in vain that we isolate Dublin from Cork. This man has struck the roots with a single committee so deep that he can defy the law. And they added this clause, "No political committee shall last more than fourteen days." With infinite patience, O'Connell went from city to city, and had a committee, a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a list of officers; held a meeting; passed resolutions; made speeches; and, in fourteen days, all vanished, and he had another committee, with another President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer,—officers who made speeches, passed resolutions, and again vanished; and, after them, another.

So the agitation went on. The Government, as a last resource, sent the Earl of Anglesey, with instructions to crush all political committees. When he entered the harbor of Dublin, O'Connell showed his great power over the masses. There never had an English Lord Lieutenant landed, that the people, with their forgetful, generous impulses, had not poured out to welcome him, hoping and expecting that he would do them justice. But when Anglesey landed, O'Connell issued an order: "Let every Irishman that loves England go to the wharf; and let every Irishman that loves his country stay at home." The next morning, when Anglesey stood with his hundreds of Queen's Guards around him, there was not an Irishman to look him in the face. He went to the Castle, and issued an order forbidding all political meetings in three or four great districts. O'Connell met him thus: The day after, he invited his friends to a breakfast at the Dublin Hotel, where, seated at the head of the table, with a buttered muffin in one hand, and a cup of tea in the other,—and every man present had a buttered muffin and a cup of tea,—they talked politics. It was not a meeting, but a breakfast. And Limerick had buttered muffins, and Cork had cups of tea. And so it went on.

I ought to have told you, that in 1802, the Government became alarmed at the progress of the French Revolution, and conferred the franchise on the "Forty-shilling Freeholders," and the Catholics

were allowed to vote, if they voted for a Protestant. O'Connell said to these "Forty-shilling Freeholders:" "Heretofore you have voted for the two men as the landlord told you to. Hereafter give him one vote; but let the other be for a Protestant who will give us justice." Then came the crucifixion and the agony of the struggle. The Negroes walk to the ballot-box between loaded revolvers; death on either side. The Irishman walked in similar peril. He held his little plot of ground by no tenure; and in thirty minutes he, with his wife and children, might be on the highway. And that meant starvation. Sheil tells a story of an Irishman he saw leaning on the hustings,—a stalwart fellow,—being catechised by his landlord: "Pat, for whom was your first vote?" "For the land, your honor" (the candidate was the landlord's nephew). "For whom was your second?" Then, says Shiel, "The strong man trembled like a reed: his knees smote together: a cold sweat stood on his brow; and, hardly able to articulate a word, he faltered out the name of O'Connell's candidate; and fainted at the feet of the questioner!" Well he might. He saw already his wife and child on the highway; and that was death! Twenty thousand men crowded up to Dublin. O'Connell fed them for thirty days; and at last, driven to the wall, he thundered out to the landlords, the threat, "Look to your castles!" He remembered how deeply they were mortgaged; and knowing the vast revenue he could command, he said: "Look to your castles,—look to your mortgages,—for, by the Almighty God, if you turn men out of their holdings, we will buy up your mortgages and turn you out of your castles."

At last, feeling stronger still, he said to the Catholics of the county of Clare: "Send me to the House of Commons. Catholic as I am, send me to that House. To none should its doors be closed. I claim that, by the spirit of the British law, no man can lose his civil rights through his creed." And, in 1828, throwing off the influence of the ducal house of Fitzgerald, Clare sent O'Connell to Parliament; and, in the Spring of 1829, he came to London to take his seat. It was the great crisis of the movement, and the English press knew that the hour had come. Every square foot in the House of Commons was a face, as the massive form of O'Connell marched up the aisle to the clerk's desk. They handed him the two oaths that had barred that door against the Catholics for centuries. One was an oath abjuring the Pope; and the other was an oath denying the doctrines of the Catholic Church. With ostentatious deliberation, in the finest tones of his unrivalled voice, O'Connell read them both aloud; and then, amid breathless silence, he said: "Mr. Speaker, *that I know* to be a lie; and this I believe to be one." They sent him to the bar to argue his case: and, in a speech of four hours, which even Brougham, who was one incarnate hate of O'Connell,—even Brougham allows that it was an argument of masterly ability,—he demonstrated that, if it could be proved, an English subject cannot forfeit his rights by his creed. They voted,—one hundred and sixteen to sixty,—that he had no rights. But it was 1829. Eighteen hundred and thirty was the year of the Revolution: the year that tossed Charles the Tenth out of Paris into

Scotland, to die in exile; the year that sent a dozen kings flying along the highways of Europe. The Duke of Wellington heard the rumbling of the coming earthquake. He saw the storm gathering on the horizon. He knew, when England wanted an army, where it had to be recruited. He was unwilling that O'Connell should go home and tell the Irish Catholics that they had no rights that Great Britain intended to respect. And, before O'Connell could go back to Dublin, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel swept from the Statute Book every vestige but one of the code of Elizabeth. It was the proudest government in Europe, "with the Iron Duke" at its head, surrendering to those ten men in an upper room in a hotel in Dublin!

O'Connell owed it to his eloquence. I do not think I should exaggerate if I said, that God, since He made Demosthenes, never made a man so fit for the great work as He did O'Connell. You may think I am partial to my hero, very naturally. But John Randolph, of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee, when he got to London and heard O'Connell, held up his hands, and said: "This is the man—those are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." And I think he was right. Webster could address a bench of judges; Everett could charm a college; Choate could delude a jury; Clay could magnetize a Senate; Tom Corwin could hold the mob in his right hand; but no one of them could do but that one thing. The wonder of O'Connell was that he could out-talk Corwin; he could charm a college better than Everett; delude a jury better than Choate, and leave Clay himself far behind in magnetizing a Senate. I have heard all the grand and majestic orators of America, who are singularly famed on the world's circumference. I know what was the majesty of Webster; I know what it was to melt under the magnetism of Henry Clay; I have seen eloquence in the iron logic of Calhoun; but all three together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equalled, the great Irishman. In the first place, he had—what is half the power with a popular orator,—he had a majestic presence. God put that royal soul into a body as royal. He had in early youth the brow of Jupiter and the stature of Apollo: a little O'Connell would have been no O'Connell at all. Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell's five feet nothing, that, when he went down to Yorkshire, after the Reform Bill had been carried, the stalwart hunters of the shire said: "That little shrimp! What, *he* carry the Reform Bill?" "No, no," said Sydney; "no, he was a large man; but the labors of the Bill shrunk him." Do you remember the story of Webster, that Russell Lowell tells, when we, in Massachusetts, were about to break up the Whig party. Webster came home to Faneuil Hall to protest; and four thousand Whigs went there to meet him. He lifted up that majestic presence before the sea of human faces, his brow charged with thunder; and he said: "I am a Whig,—a Massachusetts Whig,—a revolutionary Whig,—a constitutional Whig,—a Faneuil Hall Whig. And, if you break up the Whig party, where am I to go?" And Russell Lowell says: "We held our breaths, thinking where he could go. But if he had been five feet five," said Lowell,

"we would have said: 'Well, hang it, who cares where you go!'" Well, O'Connell had all that. Then he had, beside, what Webster never had, and what Clay had—the magnetism and grace that melted a million souls into his. When I saw him, he was ~~sixty-six~~,—lithe as a boy: his every attitude was beauty; every gesture was grace. Macready or Booth never equalled him. Why, it would have been delightful even to look at him, if he had not spoken at all; and all you thought of was a greyhound. Then he had,—what so few American speakers have,—a voice that sounded the gamut. I heard him once, in Exeter Hall, say—"Americans, I send my voice careering, like the thunder-storm, across the Atlantic, to tell South Carolina that God's thunderbolts are hot; and to remind the Negro that the dawn of his redemption is breaking." And I seemed to hear the answer come re-echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. And, then, with the slightest possible flavor of an Irish brogue, he would tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh. And, the next moment, tears were in his voice, like an old song; and five thousand men would be in tears. And he never made an effort. You would go out of this hall after hearing Mr. Sumner, or any other orator, and you would say: "What a magnificent effort!" Well, no man would ever use the word effort with O'Connell. I heard him twenty times; and I never saw him more than three times at the full sweep of his power. You would get provoked that he did not; and you would say: "Oh, what a magnificent creature he would be, if he would only try!" But he would not "try." He abounded in wit, and in the midst of an argument he would disconcert you with a retort that would pierce you like a rapier under the fifth rib; while his wit was not disconcerted by any order of circumstances. I remember once, when he was hunting in Derrynane, he was summoned from the field to defend a young peasant, who was charged with murder. The evidence was circumstantial, and gathered around a hat found near the body of the murdered man on the highway. The counsel made efforts to break down the testimony against the prisoner, to make the witness for the prosecution confuse and contradict his testimony; but all in vain. At last, they sent for O'Connell. He entered; and, throwing his riding whip on the table, he picked up the hat and said: "Pat, whose hat is this?" "Mike's, Mr. O'Connell." "But you don't know?" "But I do." "You don't mean to say that you will swear to it?" "But I will." "Pat, do you know what rests on your word?—a human life! And with that dread burden before you, are you ready to say that, on your personal knowledge, this is the hat that you found—the hat that belongs to the prisoner?" "Indeed, I am." O'Connell peeps into the hat and reads: "J-a-m-e-s—James. If this is Mike's hat, how came the name of James in it, Pat?" "Indeed, then, it is; for I read it myself when I picked the hat up." "There is no name in the hat, my lord," said O'Connell. His client was saved.

So, when he entered the House of Commons,—for going back to the county Clare, they sent him again to his seat in '31,—the London *Times* showered him with insults, turned his speeches inside

out, reported him wrong, and made him talk nonsense. When, at last, he arose one day, and said: "Mr. Speaker, for thirty hard years have I toiled for the right to open my lips under this roof. You know, Mr. Speaker, that I have never opened my mouth here but in behalf of the saddest people that the king governs. Is it fair play?—is it what you call English fair play, that the Press will not let me be heard?" Well, the London *Times* sent him word that since he did not like their method of reporting, they would not report him at all, and that his name should never again appear in their Parliamentary columns. The next day, when prayers were ended, O'Connell rose, and the reporters of the London *Times* rose also and folded their arms, showing their pencils reversed between the thumb and forefinger, indicating that they should not use them while he was up. Well, you know, the gallery of the House of Commons is not open to anybody, and a member can order it cleared by simply noticing their presence by saying: "I observe strangers in the gallery;" after which nobody remains but the reporters. As these men arose, Sir Robert Peel also arose and said: "One moment, if you please. Before the honorable Member from Clare begins, will he allow me to point out to him that instance of passive resistance in the gallery? 'Passive resistance' is the gospel the honorable member preaches so often." "Thank you, sir," said O'Connell; "thank you. Mr. Speaker, *I observe three strangers in the gallery.*" Of course, they had to leave; and, of course, the next day, the London *Times* did not have any Parliamentary report at all. And, for the first time, and the last, with the exception of Richard Cobden's case, the great "Thunderer" cried for quarter.

A dozen years later, when O'Connell was addressing the monster meetings for Repeal, the London *Times*, recognizing his power, of course, abused him, and disgraced itself, and that's saying a great deal; and its reporters, if recognized, would have been torn to pieces. O'Connell was seated at breakfast, while the people were gathering to one of these meetings. The door opened, and two or three reporters of the London *Times* entered—Mr. Gurney, and, among others, our friend, "Bull Run Russell," who ran away before the battle began. "Bull Run Russell" advanced, and said to him: "Mr. O'Connell, we are reporters for the London *Times*, and we dare not enter that crowd." "Shouldn't think you would," said O'Connell. "Have you had breakfast, gentleman?" "Well, to tell the truth, we did not dare to ask for any." "Shouldn't think you would," said O'Connell. They sat down, and he shared his breakfast with them; and then he took "Bull Run Russell" by the arm and brought him to the platform, ordered a chair and table for him, and asked the Englishman if his pencils were all pointed, and if he had paper enough for a long speech, as he intended to speak for four hours. "Bull Run" assured him that he was all right on these points; and, then, O'Connell advanced to the front of the platform, and addressed the audience in Irish.

But it was not his wit, ready and keen as it was, when he annihilated Disraeli in six words, by telling him he was "a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief on the cross." It was not his wit.

Waldo Emerson says:—"There is no true eloquence unless there is a *man* behind the speech;" and the reason of O'Connell's success was, that England and Ireland both knew that behind the speech there was a *man*, one that could neither be bought, bullied, nor cheated. Thomas Carlyle says:—"He is the God-anointed king whose single word melts a million of hearts unto his." That was O'Connell. Measure him with others. Take England in '29 and '30. When the Lords flung out the Reform Bill, all England heaved like a volcano. Lords Melbourne and Russell, McIntosh and Macaulay, all the Whig chiefs then said to John Bull,—the law-abiding, intelligent John Bull:—"Don't mob! Don't mob! If you will only keep quiet, we will give you the Bill." But they could not hold back John Bull. Birmingham was in the hands of the mob for a week: the streets of Bristol ran with blood; and John Bull took the bit between his teeth and flung the Whig revolutionists to the wall. Take 1835, and the mobs in this country against Abolitionism, when they dragged Garrison through the streets, gutted the houses in the towns and cities, and murdered Lovejoy. The Whig party cried out,—the public Press cried out:—"Don't mob! Americans, don't you mob! An anti-slavery argument will float farther on the shouts of the mob than the most eloquent lips can carry it. Now, don't you mob!" They could not hold back Protestant Yankeeedom; and our great cities roared with riot. There stood O'Connell, alone, without an office;—he never held one;—four millions of Irishmen behind him, oppressed, poverty-stricken; under them the sod soaked with the blood of their ancestors; and over them that law that, as Henry Brougham said, they couldn't lift a hand without breaking it; behind them a history that is a disgrace to England and Europe alike. They were Irishmen; their blood quicksilver; hating the law, and loving a fight:—and they never had an English law that they ought not to hate. Their own Bishop of Kerry said, in 1799: "Allegiance and protection go hand in hand. You never have had protection; and you do not owe allegiance." That was their schooling,—that was their blood. O'Connell said to them: "The man that commits a crime gives strength to the enemy." And for thirty years he waged that battle between homeless, houseless, starved Ireland, and the omnipotence of Great Britain, with law on its side: and no sheriff ever put his hand on the shoulder of one of his followers.

Now, he owed this to the integrity of his life. He never shut his eyes on the wrongs of one race to vindicate another. When the Chartists came, he gave them a vote; when the Dissenters came, he gave them a vote; and when the anti-slavery party came, he gave them a vote. When Kossuth came to this country, he went down to Faneuil Hall, and said: "There is a flag without a stain,—there is a people without a crime." We said to him: "Oh, Kossuth, son of the Magyar, come to break the chains of Hungary, have you no word to say in behalf of four millions of negroes, bending under a bondage twice as bitter as that of Hungary?" He said: "I will praise anything,—I would forget anybody to help Hungary." Well, O'Connell never said that. When I was at Naples, I met Sir

Thomas Buckstone, who hated an Irishman heartily. When I went up to him, I said: "Was O'Connell the scamp that Harriet Martineau painted him?" Taking both my hands in his, the old giant, looking down on me, said: "Scamp! He was the honestest man that ever entered the House." And, then, he told me this story. Said he:—"When O'Connell entered the House, he had one other vote besides his own,—two on the Irish Question. At that time," said Buckstone, "the anti-slavery cause was so poor, that there was only one other member besides myself who spoke on its behalf, and that was Dr. Lushington. And we made an agreement that, when Lushington spoke, I should cheer him; and when I spoke, he should cheer me. These were the only cheers we got. At the moment when O'Connell entered the House, there were twenty-seven members, who went to him, whom we used to call the 'West Indian Members,' because they always voted for slavery. They said to O'Connell: 'At last you are in, and have got two votes. Now, if you never will go down to Freemason's Tavern, with Macaulay and Brougham and the anti-slavery society, there are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. Should you do that, count us your enemies.'" Suppose he had been an American, he would have said, "That is a big thing. I guess I will let the Negro slide." But, Buckstone continued: "O'Connell said to them: 'Gentlemen, God knows that I am here in the cause of the saddest people that the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, when, to help Ireland—even Ireland—I forget the Negro for one single hour.' And from that moment of '38," said Buckstone, "Lushington and I never went into the lobby that O'Connell did not join us." Some ten years later, he went into Conciliation Hall; and there lay on the desk a thousand pound draft, stated to be from the slaveholders of New Orleans, for the Repeal cause. He took it up and marched up to the front of the platform. Said he: "Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a thousand pounds from the slaveholders of New Orleans, to help Repeal. It is the unpaid wages of the negro. Mr. Treasurer, I suppose the treasury is empty?" A nod assured him that it was. Said he: "Ireland is very poor; but, thank God, Ireland is not poor enough to take the unpaid wages of anybody. Send it back."

About that time, a Boston man, carrying letters of introduction to him, went up to his house in Merrion-square. O'Connell came down to the door, and stretched out both his hands, and took those of his guest, as was his custom, and drew him into the library, saying: "I am glad to see you,—glad to see anybody from Massachusetts,—a free State, God bless her." "Oh, ho!" said the Boston man,— "it is slavery you allude to, Mr. O'Connell. Allow me to say a few words in favor of that institution." "Say anything," said O'Connell. "Free speech, here, at least. But, before you prove to me the right of one man to own his brother, will you allow me to step outside and lock up my spoons?"

That was the man. The ocean of his philanthropy knew no shore. He was an Irishman, despised; he was a Catholic, hated; he was a man of words and nothing else. On words alone he marched

from the hated sod of Ireland ; and, when I saw him in London, he held the balance of power, with sixty-nine votes in his right hand, both parties tendering him their support. The Whigs said—"Would you like to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland?—Take it. Would you like to have us repeal the last vestige of the Irish code, and make you Lord Chancellor of England?—Take that ; only save the Whig party." And I left him thus—this hated Irishman—this despised Catholic—this agitator—this man of words, standing with the Whig party in one hand, and the Tories in the other ; and he was deciding to which he would give the government of the realm.

Now, one word on Mr. Froude, and I have finished. He forgot the frame of his picture. You have heard of Poland, the chivalrous nation, the nation of nobles, in whose veins flowed the blue blood that astonished Europe by its heroism. Well, a hundred years ago, Austria and Prussia defeated all its efforts, and crushed it out of sight. Poland rebelled, and rebelled, and rebelled ; she was crushed every time. Her language is a forgotten tradition. Her laws are a felony to cite. Her nobles are wanderers on the face of the earth. If you look on the map, there is no Poland. A hundred years have done it. Yet where are the lips that would not be blistered if they dared to say a word against Poland ? When America wanted to know how to fight, they sent us Kosciusko, the Pole. When the bard, the orator, want the finest illustration of bravery or patriotism, they point to Poland. No man ever doubted the capacity of Poland. But a hundred years have annihilated her. There was Ireland, half as large, half as populous, isolated from the Continent by the ocean, tied to England, separated from Europe. For seven hundred years the omnipotent Anglo-Saxon race has striven to grind the Irish race to powder. After seven hundred years, an Englishman comes here to teach us that that race has neither bravery nor courage ! But, yet, after those seven hundred years, Ireland still stands, with the National flag in one hand and the Crucifix of Catholicity in the other.

THE TREATY OF LIMERICK.

THE "Treaty of Limerick,"—the violation of which has, in the opinion of impartial historians, during the past two centuries, been the shame of England and the root of the legitimate grievances of the Irish nation, is often alluded to by modern writers and speakers; yet it is safe to say that not one in fifty of those who hear or speak of the "Violated Treaty" are conversant with its real terms and provisions. It will not, therefore, be out of place to give it insertion in this volume, in which reference has been made to the events which led to it, and the effects which followed its abrogation. It is reprinted in full, for two reasons. First, because a document, which in itself constitutes one of the moot-points of history, on which political discussions are based, should be taken in full in every estimate of its worth as evidence. And secondly, the very minuteness of detail displayed in the terms of this Treaty, and the particularity with which every incident to which the political complexion of the times, or the chances of military necessity might give rise, is provided for (even to the specifying of individual cases), prove that this was not a mere agreement of amnesty between a party of conquered rebels and the government against which they had revolted, but a solemn compact between two acknowledged powers, each having the ability to enforce its own rights in the transaction, and each yielding something of those rights as an equivalent for the execution and loyal fulfillment of the treaty stipulations to which the good faith of both had been pledged. On the part of the Irish army and nation, the terms of that treaty were carried out honorably and without delay or hesitancy. On the part of England, history records the damning fact,—so indecent was the haste with which her agents and representatives trampled on their plighted word,—that, before the signature of the English sovereign could be attached to the treaty, in approval of the act of the Royal Commissioners, its essential provisions had already been violated; and ere long it was shamelessly thrust aside as a mere pretence which had served the purpose of its fabricators when it induced a brave and disciplined army to

withdraw from their country the arms which might have successfully defended her liberty.

The following is the full text of the Treaty of Limerick:—

“ARTICLES AGREED UPON THE THIRD DAY OF OCTOBER, ONE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND NINETY-ONE,

“Between the Right Honorable Sir Charles Porter Knight, and Thomas Coningsby, Esq., Lords-Justices of Ireland; and his Excellency the Baron de Ginkle, Lieutenant-general, and Commander-in-chief of the English army; on the one part,

“And the Right Honorable Patrick (Sarsfield) Earl of Lucan; Piercy, Viscount Galmoy; Colonel Nicholas Purcel, Colonel Nicholas Cusack, Sir Toby Butler, Colonel Garret Dillon, and Colonel John Brown; on the other part:

“In the behalf of the Irish inhabitants in the city and county of Limerick, the counties of Clare, Kerry, Cork, Sligo, and Mayo.

“In consideration of the surrender of the city of Limerick, and other agreements made between the said Lieutenant-General Ginkle, the Governor of the city of Limerick, and the Generals of the Irish army, bearing date with these presents, for the surrender of the said city, and submission of the said army: it is agreed, That,

“I. The Roman Catholics of this kingdom shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion, as are consistent with the laws of Ireland; or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second: and their Majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a Parliament in this kingdom, will endeavor to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular, as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of their said religion.

“II. All the inhabitants or residents of Limerick, or any other garrison now in the possession of the Irish, and all officers and soldiers, now in arms, under any commission of King James, or those authorized by him to grant the same in the several counties of Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Cork, and Mayo, or any of them; and all the commissioned officers in their Majesties' quarters that belong to the Irish regiments now in being, that are treated with and who are not prisoners of war, or have taken protection, and who shall return and submit to their Majesties' obedience; and their and every of their heirs, shall hold, possess, and enjoy, all and every their estates of freehold and inheritance; and all the rights, titles and interests, privileges and immunities, which they, and every or any of them held, enjoyed, or were rightly and lawfully entitled to in the reign of King Charles II., or at any time since, by the laws and statutes that were in force in the said reign of King Charles II.; and shall be put in possession, by order of the government, of such of them as are in the King's hands, or the hands of his tenants, without being put to any suit or trouble therein; and all such estates shall be freed and discharged from all arrears of crown-rents, quit-rents, and other pub-

lio charges, incurred and become due since Michaelmas, 1688, to the day of the date hereof : and all persons comprehended in this article shall have, hold, and enjoy all their goods and chattels, real and personal, to them, or any of them belonging, and remaining either in their own hands, or the hands of any persons whatsoever, in trust for, or for the use of them, or any of them : and all, and every the said persons, of what profession, trade, or calling soever they be, shall and may use, exercise, and practise their several and respective professions, trades, and callings, as freely as they did use, exercise, and enjoy the same in the reign of King Charles II., provided that nothing in this article contained be construed to extend to, or restore any forfeiting persons now out of the kingdom, except what are hereafter comprised : provided also, that no person whatsoever shall have or enjoy the benefit of this article, that shall neglect or refuse to take the oath of allegiance made by Act of Parliament in England, in the first year of the reign of their present Majesties, when thereunto required.

“ III. All merchants, or reputed merchants of the city of Limerick, or of any other garrison now possessed by the Irish, or of any town or place in the counties of Clare or Kerry, who are absent beyond the seas, that have not borne arms since their Majesties' declaration in February, 1688, shall have the benefit of the second article, in the same manner as if they were present ; provided such merchants, and reputed merchants, do repair into this kingdom within the space of eight months from the date hereof.

“ IV. The following officers, viz., Colonel Simon Lutterel, Captain Rowland White, Maurice Eustace of Yermanstown, Chievers of Maystown, commonly called Mount-Leinster, now belonging to the regiments in the aforesaid garrisons and quarters of the Irish army, who were beyond the seas, and sent thither upon affairs of their respective regiments, or the army in general, shall have the benefit and advantage of the second article, provided they return hither within the space of eight months from the date of these presents, and submit to their Majesties' government, and take the above-mentioned oath.

“ V. That all and singular the said persons comprised in the second and third articles, shall have a general pardon of all attainders, outlawries, treasons, misprisions of treason, premunires, felonies, trespasses, and other crimes and misdemeanors whatsoever, by them, or any of them, committed since the beginning of the reign of King James II. ; and if any of them are attainted by Parliament, the Lords-justices and General will use their best endeavors to get the same repealed by Parliament, and the outlawries to be reversed gratis, all but writing-clerks' fees.

“ VI. And whereas these present wars have drawn on great violences on both parts ; and that if leave were given to the bringing all sorts of private actions, the animosities would probably continue, that have been too long on foot, and the public disturbances last : for the quieting and settling therefore of this kingdom, and avoiding those inconveniences which would be the necessary consequence of the contrary, no person or persons whatsoever, comprised in the forego-

ing articles, shall be sued, molested, or impleaded at the suit of any party or parties whatsoever, for any trespasses by them committed, or for any arms, horses, money, goods, chattels, merchandises, or provisions whatsoever, by them seized or taken during the time of the war. And no person or persons whatsoever, in the second or third articles comprised, shall be sued, impleaded, or made accountable for the rents or mesne rates of any lands, tenements, or houses, by him or them received, or enjoyed in this kingdom, since the beginning of the present war, to the day of the date hereof, nor for any waste or trespass by him or them committed in any such lands, tenements, or houses: and it is also agreed, that this article shall be mutual and reciprocal on both sides.

“VII. Every nobleman and gentleman comprised in the said second and third articles, shall have liberty to ride with a sword, and case of pistols, if they think fit; and keep a gun in their houses, for the defence of the same, or for fowling.

“VIII. The inhabitants and residents in the city of Limerick, and other garrisons, shall be permitted to remove their goods, chattels, and provisions out of the same, without being viewed and searched, or paying any manner of duties, and shall not be compelled to leave the houses or lodgings they now have, for the space of six weeks next, ensuing the date hereof.

“IX. The oath to be administered to such Roman Catholics as submit to their Majesties' government, shall be the oath abovesaid, and no other.

“X. No person or persons who shall at any time hereafter break these articles, or any of them, shall thereby make, or cause any other person or persons to forfeit or lose the benefit of the same.

“XI. The Lords-justices and General do promise to use their utmost endeavors, that all the persons comprehended in the above-mentioned articles, shall be protected and defended from all arrests and executions for debt or damage for the space of eight months next ensuing the date hereof.

“XII. Lastly, the Lords-justices and General do undertake, that their Majesties will ratify these articles within the space of eight months, or sooner, and use their utmost endeavors that the same shall be ratified and confirmed in Parliament.

“XIII. And whereas Colonel John Brown stood indebted to several Protestants, by judgments of record, which, appearing to the late government, the Lord Tyrconnel and Lord Lucan, took away the effects the said John Brown had to answer the said debts, and promised to clear the said John Brown of the said debts; which effects were taken for the public use of the Irish and their army, for freeing the said Lord Lucan of his said engagement, passed on their public account for payment of the said Protestants, and for preventing the ruin of the said John Brown, and for satisfaction of his creditors, at the instance of the Lord Lucan, and the rest of the persons aforesaid—it is agreed, that the said Lords-justices, and the said Baron de Ginkle, shall intercede with the King and Parliament, to have the estates secured to Roman Catholics, by articles and capitulation in this kingdom, charged with, and equally liable to the

payment of so much of the same debts as the said Lord Lucan, upon stating accounts with the said John Brown, shall certify under his hand, that the effects taken from the said Brown amount unto; which account is to be stated, and the balance certified by the said Lord Lucan in one-and-twenty days after the date hereof.

“For the true performance hereof, we have hereunto set our hands.

“CHAR. PORTER, THO. CONINGSBY,

“BAR. DE GINKLE.

“Present—

“SCRAVENMORE, H. MACCAY, T. TALMASH.

THE ROYAL CONFIRMATION OF THE TREATY.

“And, whereas, the said city of Limerick hath been since, in pursuance of the said articles, surrendered unto us. Now know ye, that we, having considered of the said articles, are graciously pleased hereby to declare, that we do, for us, our heirs, and successors, as far as in us lies, ratify and confirm the same, and every clause, matter, and thing therein contained. And as to such parts thereof for which an act of Parliament shall be found to be necessary, we shall recommend the same to be made good by Parliament, and shall give our royal assent to any bill or bills that shall be passed by our two houses of Parliament to that purpose. And whereas it appears unto us, that it was agreed between the parties to the said articles, that after the words Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Mayo, or any of them, in the second of the said articles, the words following, viz., ‘And all such as are under their protection in the said counties,’ should be inserted, and be part of the said articles. Which words having been casually omitted by the writer, the omission was not discovered till after the said articles were signed, but was taken notice of before the second town was surrendered; and that our said Justices and General, or one of them, did promise that the said clause should be made good, it being within the intention of the capitulation, and inserted in the foul draught thereof; our further will and pleasure is, and we do hereby ratify and confirm the said omitted words, viz., ‘And all such as are under their protection in the said counties,’ hereby for us, our heirs and successors, ordaining and declaring, that all and every person and persons therein concerned, shall and may have, receive and enjoy the benefit thereof, in such and the same manner as if the said words had been inserted in their proper place in the said second article; any omission, defect, or mistake in the said second article, in any wise notwithstanding. Provided always, and our will and pleasure is, that these our letters patent shall be enrolled in our Court of Chancery in our said Kingdom of Ireland, within the space of one year next ensuing. In witness, &c., witness ourself at Westminster, the twenty-fourth day of February, anno regni regis & reginæ Gulielmi & Mariæ quarto, per breve de privato sigillo. Nos autem tenorem premissor, predict. Ad requisitionem attornat. général. domini

regis & dominæ reginæ pro regno Hiberniæ. Duximus exemplificand. per presentes. In cujus rei testimonium has literas nostras fieri fecimus patentes. Testibus nobis ipsis apud Westmon. quinto die Aprilis annoq. regni eorum quarto.

“ BRIDGES.

“ Examinat. per nos.

“ S. KECK, } In Cancel.
“ LACON WM. CHILDE. } Magistros.”

“ **MILITARY ARTICLES** agreed upon between the Baron de Ginkle, Lieutenant-general and Commander-in-chief of the English army, on the one side,

“ And the Lieutenant-generals D’Usson and De Tesse, Commanders in-chief of the Irish army, on the other ; and the General officers hereunto subscribing.

“ I. THAT all persons without any exceptions, of what quality or condition soever, that are willing to leave the kingdom of Ireland, shall have free liberty to go to any country beyond the seas (England and Scotland excepted) where they think fit, with their families, household-stuff, plate, and jewels.

“ II. That all general officers, colonels, and generally all other officers of horse, dragoons, and foot-guards, troopers, dragooners, soldiers of all kinds, that are in any garrison, place, or post now in the hands of the Irish, or encamped in the counties of Cork, Clare, and Kerry, as also those called Rapparees, or volunteers, that are willing to go beyond seas as aforesaid, shall have free leave to embark themselves wherever the ships are that are appointed to transport them, and to come in whole bodies as they are now composed, or in parties, companies, or otherwise, without having any impediment, directly or indirectly.

“ III. That all persons above-mentioned, that are willing to leave Ireland and go into France, shall have leave to declare it at the times and places hereafter mentioned, viz. : the troops in Limerick, on Tuesday next in Limerick ; the horse at their camp on Wednesday ; and the other forces that are dispersed in the counties of Clare, Kerry, and Cork, on the 8th instants, and on none other, before Monsieur Tameron, the French Intendant, and Colonel Withers ; and after such declaration is made, the troops that will go into France must remain under the command and discipline of their officers that are to conduct them thither ; and deserters of each side shall be given up, and punished accordingly.

“ IV. That all English and Scotch officers that serve now in Ireland, shall be included in this capitulation, as well for the security of their estates and goods in England, Scotland, and Ireland (if they are willing to remain here), as for passing freely into France, or any other country to serve.

“ V. That all the General French officers, the Intendant, the Engineers, the Commissaries-at-war, and of the artillery, the Treasurer, and other French officers, strangers, and all others whatsoever,

that are in Sligo, Ross, Clare, or in the army, or that do trade or commerce, or are otherwise employed in any kind of station or condition, shall have free leave to pass into France, or any other country, and shall have leave to ship themselves, with all their horses, equipage, plate, papers, and all their effects whatever; and that General Ginkle will order passports for them, convoys, and carriages by land and water, to carry them safe from Limerick to the ships where they shall be embarked, without paying anything for the said carriages, or to those that are employed therein, with their horses, cars, boats, and shallops.

“VI. That if any of the aforesaid equipages, merchandise, horses, money, plate, or other movables, or household-stuff belonging to the said Irish troops, or to the French officers, or other particular persons whatsoever, be robbed, destroyed, or taken away by the troops of the said General, the said General will order it to be restored, or payment to be made according to the value that is given in upon oath by the persons so robbed or plundered; and the said Irish troops to be transported, as aforesaid, and all other persons belonging to them, are to observe good order in their march and quarters, and shall restore whatever they shall take from the country, or make restitution for the same.

“VII. That to facilitate the transporting the said troops, the General will furnish fifty ships, each ship's burden two hundred tons; for which the persons to be transported shall not be obliged to pay; and twenty more, if there shall be occasion, without their paying for them; and if any of the said ships shall be of lesser burden, he will furnish more in number to countervail; and also give two men-of-war to embark the principal officers, and serve for a convoy to the vessels of burden.

“VIII. That a Commissary shall be immediately sent to Cork to visit the transport ships, and ascertain what condition they are in for sailing; and that as soon as they are ready, the troops to be transported shall march with all convenient speed, the nearest way in order to embark there; and if there shall be any more men to be transported than can be carried off in the said fifty ships, the rest shall quit the English town of Limerick, and march to such quarters as shall be appointed for them, convenient for their transportation; where they shall remain till the other twenty ships be ready, which are to be in a month; and may embark on any French ship that may come in the meantime.

“IX. That the said ships shall be furnished with forage for horse, and all necessary provisions to subsist the officers, troops, dragoons, and soldiers, and all other persons that are shipped to be transported into France; which provisions shall be paid for, as soon as all are disembarked at Brest or Nantes, upon the coast of Brittany, or any other port of France they can make.

“X. And to secure the return of the said ships (the danger of the seas excepted), and payment for the said provisions, sufficient hostages shall be given.

“XI. That the garrisons of Clare-castle, Ross, and all other foot that are in garrisons in the counties of Clare, Cork, and Kerry, shall

have the advantage of this present capitulation : and such part of those garrisons as design to go beyond seas, shall march out with their arms, baggage, drums beating, ball in mouth, match lighted at both ends, and colors flying, with all the provisions, and half the ammunition that is in the said garrisons, and join the horse that march to be transported ; or if then there is not shipping enough for the body of foot that is to be next transported after the horse, General Ginkle will order that they be furnished with carriages for that purpose, and what provisions they shall want in their march, they paying for the said provisions, or else that they may take it out of their own magazines.

“XII. That all the troops of horse and dragoons that are in the counties of Cork, Kerry, and Clare, shall also have the benefit of this capitulation ; and that such as will pass into France, shall have quarters given them in the counties of Clare and Kerry, apart from the troops that are commanded by General Ginkle, until they can be shipped ; and within their quarters they shall pay for everything, except forage and pasture for their horses, which shall be furnished gratis.

“XIII. Those of the garrison of Sligo that are joined to the Irish army, shall have the benefit of this capitulation ; and orders shall be sent to them that are to convey them up, to bring them hither to Limerick the shortest way.

“XIV. The Irish may have liberty to transport nine hundred horse, including horses for the officers, which shall be transported gratis ; and as for the troopers that stay behind, they shall dispose of themselves as they shall think fit, giving up their horses and arms to such persons as the General shall appoint.

“XV. It shall be permitted to those that are appointed to take care for the subsistence of the horse that are willing to go into France, to buy hay and corn at the King's rates wherever they can find it, in the quarters that are assigned for them, without any let or molestation, and to carry all necessary provisions out of the city of Limerick ; and for this purpose, the General will furnish convenient carriages for them to the places where they shall be embarked.

“XVI. It shall be lawful to make use of the hay preserved in the stores of the county of Kerry, for the horses that shall be embarked ; and if there be not enough, it shall be lawful to buy hay and oats wherever it shall be found, at the King's rates.

“XVII. That all prisoners of war, that were in Ireland the 28th of September, shall be set at liberty on both sides ; and the General promises to use his endeavors that those that are in England and Flanders shall be set at liberty also.

“XVIII. The General will cause provisions and medicines to be furnished to the sick and wounded officers, troopers, dragoons, and soldiers of the Irish army that cannot pass into France at the first embarkment ; and after they are cured, will order them ships to pass into France, if they are willing to go.

“XIX. That at the signing hereof, the General will send a ship express to France ; and that besides, he will furnish two small ships

of those that are now in the river of Limerick, to transport two persons into France that are to be sent to give notice of this treaty ; and that the commanders of the said ships shall have orders to put ashore at the next port of France where they shall make.

“XX. That all those of the said troops, officers, and others, of what character soever, that would pass into France, shall not be stopped upon the account of debt, or any other pretext.

“XXI. If after signing this present treaty, and before the arrival of the fleet, a French packet-boat, or other transport-ship, shall arrive from France in any other part of Ireland, the General will order a passport, not only for such as must go on board the said ships, but to the ships to come to the nearest port to the place where the troops to be transported shall be quartered.

“XXII. That after the arrival of the said fleet, there shall be free communication and passage between it and the quarters of the abovesaid troops ; and especially for all those that have passes from the chief commanders of the said fleet, or from Monsieur Tameron, the Intendant.

“XXIII. In consideration of the present capitulation, the two towns of Limerick shall be delivered and put into the hands of the General, or any other person he shall appoint, at the time and days hereafter specified, viz. : the Irish-town, except the magazines and hospital, on the day of the signing of these present articles ; and as for the English-town, it shall remain, together with The Island, and the free passage of Thuomond-bridge, in the hands of those of the Irish army that are now in the garrison, or that shall hereafter come from the counties of Cork, Clare, Kerry, Sligo, and other places above mentioned, until there shall be convenience found for their transportation.

“XXIV. And to prevent all disorders that may happen between the garrison that the General shall place in the Irish-town, which shall be delivered to him, and the Irish troops that shall remain in the English-town and The Island (which they may do until the troops to be embarked on the first fifty ships shall be gone for France, and no longer), they shall entrench themselves on both sides, to hinder the communication of the said garrisons ; and it shall be prohibited on both sides, to offer anything that is offensive ; and the parties offending shall be punished on either side.

“XXV. That it shall be lawful for the said garrison to march out all at once, or at different times, as they can be embarked, with arms, baggage, drums beating, match lighted at both ends, bullet in mouth, colors flying, six brass guns, such as the besieged will choose, two mortar-pieces, and half the ammunition that is now in the magazines of the said place ; and for this purpose, an inventory of all the ammunition in the garrison shall be made, in the presence of any person that the General shall appoint, the next day after these present articles shall be signed.

“XXVI. All the magazines of provisions shall remain in the hands of those that are now employed to take care of the same, for the subsistence of those of the Irish army that will pass into France : and if there shall not be sufficient in the stores for the support of

the said troops while they stay in this kingdom, and are crossing the seas, that, upon giving up an account of their numbers, the General will furnish them with sufficient provisions at the King's rates; and that there shall be a free market at Limerick, and other quarters where the said troops shall be; and in case any provision shall remain in the magazines of Limerick when the town shall be given up, it shall be valued, and the price deducted out of what is to be paid for the provisions to be furnished to the troops on ship-board.

"XXVII. That there shall be a cessation of arms at land, as also at sea, with respect to the ships, whether English, Dutch, or French, designed for the transportation of the said troops, until they shall be returned to their respective harbors; and that, on both sides, they shall be furnished with sufficient passports both for ships and men; and if any sea-commander, or captain of a ship, or any officer, trooper, dragoon, soldier, or any other person, shall act contrary to this cessation, the persons so acting shall be punished on either side, and satisfaction shall be made for the wrong that is done; and officers shall be sent to the mouth of the river of Limerick, to give notice to the commanders of the English and French fleets of the present conjuncture, that they may observe the cessation of arms accordingly.

"XXVIII. That for the security of the execution of this present capitulation, and of each article therein contained, the besieged shall give the following hostages And the General shall give

"XXIX. If before this capitulation is fully executed, there happens any change in the government, or command of the army, which is now commanded by General Ginkle; all those that shall be appointed to command the same, shall be obliged to observe and execute what is specified in these articles, or cause it to be executed punctually, and shall not act contrary on any account.

"In faith of which we have subscribed our names, the 13th of October, 1691.

(Signed)

D'USSON,
LE CHEVALIER DE TESSE,
LUCAN,
WACHOP,
LA TOUR-MONTFORT,
CHARLES PORTER,
THOMAS CONINGSBY,
BARON GINKLE.

Many English writers have extolled the honorable and favorable terms accorded in the foregoing treaty to the Irish army and the people whom it represented, ignoring altogether the fact that England never fulfilled any of the stipulations in her part of the compact, with the single exception of that which bound her to facilitate the departure from the Irish soil of the armed and organized native

troops, whom the partisans of the new Anglo-Dutch régime heartily feared and hated. These writers also studiously avoid and keep out of sight the additional and still more important reason, that, at this very time, the fortunes of William of Orange (then fighting a losing battle on the Continent) were in a condition so critical, that he had written to his Irish Lords Justices, instructing them that, if by that means they could possibly bring the war in Ireland to an end, they should offer the Irish people terms much more advantageous than those granted by the "Treaty of Limerick;" and a proclamation to that effect had been actually prepared and printed, but was never published, as the capitulation of the Irish army enabled the shrewd ministers of England's "policy" to drive a better bargain for their own side. It can scarcely be said, however, that the Irish lost anything by the suppression of this "Secret Proclamation," as it has since been called; for the government which so shamelessly violated the faith which was plighted in the subsequent treaty, would have as readily and certainly have refused to fulfil any promise made to a people to whom it has never conceded one atom of justice that was not wrung from it by armed force, or the influence of craven fear.

Under the provisions of the Treaty of Limerick, some twenty thousand of the men who had fought for James in Ireland, with their officers, embarked for France, where they took service in the French army, though, for a long time after, the French Court affected to regard them as still the soldiers of "Our august ally, His Majesty, King James II. of England," and to treat their presence in the French ranks in the same light as that in which the Spanish and Austrian contingents in the army under King William and Prince Eugene were viewed. In the early part of the struggle for the English crown, James, to conciliate the good-will of the French monarch, had dispatched to France seven thousand veteran Irish soldiers, under Justin MacCarty, Lord Mountcashel, in exchange for an equal number of raw and very inefficient French levies, whose presence in Ireland was always lamented by the Irish leaders as an obstruction and a burden rather than an advantage. The accession of the large reinforcements under Sarsfield, Wachop, and the other officers who capitulated at Limerick, at once swelled the Irish contingent in the French service into proportions that rendered it an important element in the military calculations of the time; and it is not improbable that, in his too ready and thoroughly disgraceful acquiescence in the repeated violations of the treaty stipulations

to which he had formally pledged his royal word, William III. was somewhat influenced by chagrin and disappointment, at finding that, instead of the termination of the struggle in Ireland proving an advantage to him in his Continental warfare, that very event, on which he had built so much, had pitted against him and his allies a formidable force of trained veteran soldiers, whose valor and efficiency contributed materially to every disaster and reverse that overtook his most cherished strategical combinations, from his own route at Steinkirk, to the repulse of his Austrian allies at Cremona, which latter defeat (occurring shortly before his death) he felt keenly, perhaps as a merited retribution for his unfaithfulness to his plighted word.

The first marked breach of the articles of the treaty of Limerick occurred immediately on the departure of the first detachment of the Irish army, about a month subsequent to the capitulation. The writers of the time are generally agreed that neither General Ginkle, nor the English Lords Justices, anticipated that any large number of the Irish would accept the condition of voluntary exile implied in the military articles of the treaty, or would abandon their homes and native soil for the precarious fortune of foreign military service. Ginkle, indeed, who knew the mettle of the Irish soldiers, was in hopes that he would be able to enlist them in his own army; and he held out to them the most tempting inducements to take service under William. But scarcely any, even of those who decided not to go to France, could be got to enter the army of him against whom they had fought as an usurper; and, as has been stated, the bulk of the army preferred banishment as soldiers to the disarmament and slavery which awaited them in their native land. The English Commissioners, thinking that the permission to carry their families with them, embodied in the first of the military articles, had much to do with the unexpected largeness of the emigration, determined to try whether they could not check the exodus of the fighting men by denying the promised transportation to the women and children. Harris, the biographer of King William, expressly confesses this in his "Life" of that monarch, where he says:

"As great numbers of the officers and soldiers had resolved to enter into the service of France, and to carry their families with them, Ginkle would not suffer their wives and children to be shipped off with the men; not doubting that by detaining the former he would have prevented many of the latter from going into that service. This, I say, was confessedly an infringement of the Articles."

Of the extent of the injustice of this preliminary violation of the treaty, some idea may be formed from the statement of Macaulay, that—"Cork and its neighborhood were filled with the kindred of those who were going abroad. Great numbers of women, many of them leading, carrying, suckling their infants, covered all the roads which led to the place of embarkation." All these poor creatures naturally expected that, as had been agreed, they would be provided for in the ships in which their male protectors were to be embarked. But the English Commissioners had no notion of keeping faith with them, when once the strong arms of those defenders had been got rid of; and while, to the last, deluding them with false hopes, they failed to provide the promised transportation. The consequences were terrible, and must forever remain an indelible blot upon the English name. Even Macaulay, bitterly hostile as he was to everything Irish, and ready at all times to pervert the truth of history in favor of his own nation, was forced to describe, in language that thrills the human heart, the final catastrophe, the responsibility for which he mendaciously, but vainly, tries to shift from the shoulders of the English officials to those of the gallant Sarsfield. In his narration of the events of the time, he says:

"After the soldiers had embarked, room was found for the families of many. But still there remained on the water-side a great multitude, clamoring piteously to be taken on board. As the last boats put off there was a rush into the surf. *Some women caught hold of the ropes, were dragged out of their depth, clung till their fingers were cut through, and perished in the waves.* The ships began to move. A wild and terrible wail rose from the shore, and excited unwonted compassion in hearts steeled by hatred of the Irish race and of the Romish faith. Even the stern Cromwellian, now at length, after a desperate struggle of three years, left the undisputed lord of the blood-stained and devastated island, could not hear unmoved that bitter cry, in which was poured forth all the rage and all the sorrow of a conquered nation."

What wonder that, with the memory of that crowning wrong rankling in their hearts,—with that wail—"their women's parting cry," as Davis has so forcibly styled it—forever ringing in their ears, those Irish soldiers were ever after the most implacable enemies of England; and that never did they find themselves arrayed against the upholders of her hated flag, that the recollection did not nerve their arms and inflame their hearts, till each one felt

"as if revenge for all were staked on him alone."

The utter worthlessness of the treaty to bind England was

speedily shown. John Mitchel, in his "History of Ireland," thus tersely reviews the manner in which, from the very beginning, it was set aside :

"As there has been, both among Irish and English political writers, a great deal of wild declamation and unwarranted statement on this subject, it seems needful to give a precise view of the real purport and limitations of the engagements taken towards the Irish Catholics upon this occasion. Independently, then, of the royal promise of future parliamentary relief, to 'protect Catholics from all disturbance,' there was the general engagement for such privileges to Catholics in the exercise of their religion 'as were consistent with the laws of Ireland; *or*, as they did enjoy in the reign of Charles II.' And also the ninth article of the treaty, that 'The oath to be administered to such Roman Catholics as submit to their majesties' government shall be the oath above mentioned (namely, the oath of allegiance), and no other.' These provisions were applicable to all Catholics living in any part of Ireland. Other articles of the treaty, from the second to the eighth inclusive, related only, *first*, to the people of Limerick and other garrisons then held by the Irish; *second*, to officers and soldiers then serving King James, in the counties of Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Cork, and Mayo; *third*, to 'all such as were under their protection in the said counties,' meaning all the inhabitants of those counties. These three classes of persons were to be secured their properties and their rights, privileges, and immunities (as in the reign of Charles the Second), and to be permitted to exercise their several callings as freely as Catholics were permitted to do in that reign. We need not, at this day, occupy ourselves at great length with these latter specific stipulations; but attend to the general proviso in favor of all Catholics. What, then, were the rights of Catholics under King Charles the Second?—for this seems to be what is meant by the other phrase, 'consistent with the laws of Ireland.'

"Now it is true that penal laws against Catholic priests and Catholic worship did exist in Ireland during the reign of Charles the Second: Catholics, for example, could not be members of a corporation in Ireland, nor hold certain civil offices in that reign. But there was no law to prevent Catholic peers and commoners from sitting in parliament. There was also in practice so general a *toleration* as allowed Catholic lawyers and physicians to practise their professions. At the very lowest, therefore, this practical toleration must have been what the Catholics thought they were stipulating for in the Articles of Limerick. Neither did there exist in the reign of Charles the Second that long and sanguinary series of enactments concerning education, the holding of land, the owning of horses, and the like, which were elaborated by the ingenuity of more modern chiefs of the Protestant Ascendancy. The first distinct breach of the Articles of Limerick was perpetrated by King William and his parliament in England, just two months after those Articles were signed.

"King William was in the Netherlands when he heard of the

surrender of Limerick, and at once hastened to London. Three days later he summoned a parliament. Very early in the session the English House of Commons, exercising its customary power of binding Ireland by acts passed in London, sent up to the House of Lords a bill providing that no person should sit in the Irish parliament, nor should hold any Irish office, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, nor should practise law or medicine in Ireland, till he had taken the oaths of allegiance *and supremacy*, and subscribed the declaration against transubstantiation. The law was passed, only reserving the right of such lawyers and physicians *as had been within the walls of Galway and Limerick when those towns capitulated*. And so it received the royal assent. This law has given rise to keen debates; especially during the Catholic Relief agitation; the Catholics insisting that disabilities imposed by law on account of religion, are an invasion of those privileges in the exercise of their religion, which purported to be secured by treaty; the Ascendancy Party arguing that the first article of the treaty meant only that Catholic worship should be tolerated. The Catholics pointed out that by Article Nine, only the oath of allegiance was to be imposed on them, while this new law required those who should practise law or sit in the House of Parliament, to take a certain other oath, which they could not do without perjuring themselves. The Ascendancy Party replied that on taking the oath of allegiance alone, Catholics were tolerated in *their worship*, and that this was all they had stipulated for; that it still belonged to the Legislature to prescribe suitable formalities to be observed by those who aspired to exercise a public trust or a responsible profession. It is apparent that on this principle of interpretation, parliament might require the oath of supremacy from a baker or a wine-merchant, as well as from a lawyer and doctor; and then it would be lawful for a Catholic to go and hear Mass, but it would be lawful for him to do nothing else."

The succeeding steps, by which the other provisions of the Treaty were abrogated, were swift and sure; and may be thus briefly condensed from the pages of the same historian: In 1692, the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Sydney, convened the first Irish Parliament of William's reign. It was the first Parliament in Ireland (except that convened by James) for twenty-six years. As there was then no Irish Act disqualifying Catholics from sitting in Parliament, certain peers and a few commoners of that faith attended, and took their seats: but the English Parliament of the year before having provided against this, they were at once met by the oath of supremacy, declaring the King of England head of the Church, and affirming the sacrifice of the Mass to be damnable. The oath was put to each member of both houses, and the few Catholics present at once retired, so that the Parliament, when it proceeded to business, was purely Protestant. Here then ended the last vestige of constitutional right for the Catholics: from this date, and for generations

to come, they could no longer consider themselves a part of the existing body-politic of their native land ; and the division into two nations became definite. By another act of the Irish Parliament, in 1697 (9th Wm. III., chap. 3) it was enacted, that " a Protestant *marrying* a Catholic was disabled from sitting or voting in either House of Parliament." But as Catholics could still vote at elections (though they could now vote for none but their mortal enemies), even this poor privilege was taken away from them a few years later. In 1727, it was enacted that " no Catholic shall be entitled or admitted to vote at the election of any member to serve in Parliament as a knight, citizen, or Burgess ; or at the election of any magistrate for any city, or other town corporate ; any law, statute, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."—(1 Geo. II. cap. 9.)

Lord Sydney was succeeded as Lord Lieutenant by Lord Capel, who (as Harris confesses), " was desirous to do all in his power to infringe the Treaty." This model English governor summoned a Parliament in Dublin, in 1695 ; and as things were then going well with England and her allies on the Continent, the time was thought appropriate for more grinding oppression of the " Irish Papists." The first step was to effectually disarm them. Accordingly, one of the first enactments of this Parliament is entitled " An Act for the better securing the government by disarming the Papists." (7 Wm. III. c. 5.) By this act, all Catholics within the kingdom of Ireland were required to discover and deliver up, by a certain day, all their arms and ammunition. After that day search might be made in their houses for concealed arms and ammunition ; and any two justices, or a mayor, or a sheriff, might grant the search-warrant, and compel any Catholic suspected of having concealed arms, to appear before them, and answer the charge or suspicion upon his oath. The punishments were to be fine and imprisonment, or, at the discretion of the court, the pillory and whipping.

The next move of the Parliament was to prohibit education. Catholics were already debarred from being tutors or teachers ; and many Catholic young men were sent for education to the schools and universities of the Continent. It was therefore enacted :

" That if any subjects of Ireland should, after that session, go, or send any child or person, to be educated in any popish university, college, or school, or in any private family ; or if such child should, by any popish person, be instructed in the popish religion ; or if any subjects of Ireland should send money or things towards the maintenance of such child, or other person, already sent, or to be sent, every such offender, being thereof convicted, should be

forever disabled to sue or prosecute any action, bill, plaint, or information in law or equity ; to be guardian, administrator, or executor to any person, or to be capable of any legacy, or deed of gift ; and, besides, should forfeit all their estates, both real and personal, during their lives." (4 Wm. & Mary, cap. 4.)

It was further enacted, that "No Papist, after the 20th January, 1695, shall be capable to have, or keep in his possession, or in the possession of any other, to his use, or at his disposition, *any horse, gelding, or mare*, of the value of £5 or more ;" and any Protestant could seize upon a Catholic's horse (no matter how valuable), if he refused to sell it for the sum mentioned.

Finally, as though to dispel the very idea of toleration for Irish Catholics, this Parliament enacted "That all Popish archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, deans, jesuits, monks, friars, and all other regular popish clergy, and all papists exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, shall depart this kingdom before the 1st day of May, 1698." If any of them remained after that day, or returned, the delinquents were to be transported, and if they returned again, "to be guilty of high treason, and to suffer accordingly," that is, to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered." And by another statute it imposed a fine of two shillings (and, in default of payment, *whipping*) upon "every common laborer, being hired, or other servant retained, who shall refuse to work at the usual and accustomed wages, upon any day except the days appointed by *this statute* to be kept holy ; namely, all Sundays in the year, and certain other days named therein."

After the treaty of Riswick, in 1697, by which peace was restored to Europe, the greater part of the standing army in England was to have been disbanded, but money was wanting to pay the arrears due to the officers, provision-contractors, etc. The English, however, soon discovered means for these purposes, without any cost to themselves. A supply of one million sterling was granted by Parliament, to be raised by the confiscation of the estates of the Irish Catholics who had taken up arms for James II. after the year 1688. Under this enactment three thousand nine hundred and twenty-one Irish proprietors were deprived of their estates, or forced to compound for them by heavy fines, though all of this class had been covered by the treaty of Limerick.

Having thus stripped the Irish people of all civil and religious rights, and of their property in land, the English Parliament, with the concurrence of King William, in 1699, proceeded to destroy the

Irish trade. All export of Irish woollen cloths was prohibited, except to England and Wales. The exception was delusive, because heavy duties, amounting to a prohibition, prevented Irish cloth from being imported into England or Wales. Irish wool, thereafter, had to be sent to England in a raw state, to be woven in Yorkshire; and even this export was cramped by appointing one single English port, Barnstable, as the only point where it could legally enter. All attempts at foreign commerce in Ireland were at this time impeded also by the "Navigation Laws," which had long prohibited all direct trade between Ireland and the Colonies; no colonial produce, under those laws, could be carried to Ireland until after it should have first entered an English port, and been unloaded there.

It might be supposed that the treaty had been so thoroughly set aside during the reign of William, who signed it, that not a shred would have remained for his successor to violate. Nevertheless, the first Parliament convened by Queen Anne passed a bill "to prevent the further growth of Popery," in which the third clause enacts that if the son of a Papist shall at any time become a Protestant, his father may not sell or mortgage his estate, or dispose of it, or any portion of it, by will. The fourth clause provides that a Papist shall not be guardian to his own child; and further, that if his child, no matter how young, conforms to the Protestant religion, he reduces his father at once to a tenant for life; the child is to be taken from its father, and placed under the guardianship of the nearest Protestant relation. The sixth clause renders Papists incapable of purchasing any landed estates, or rents or profits arising out of land, or holding any lease of lives, or any other lease for any term exceeding thirty-one years; and even in such leases the reserved rent must be at least "one-third of the improved annual value;" any Protestant who *discovers* being entitled to the interest in the lease. The seventh clause prohibits Papists from succeeding to the property of their Protestant relations. The tenth clause provides that the estate of a Papist who has no Protestant heir shall be *gavelled*; that is, parcelled in equal shares between all his children. And the 15th, 16th, and 17th clauses, carefully deprived the citizens of Limerick and Galway of the poor privilege promised them in the treaty; of living in their own towns and carrying on their trade there, after the 24th of March, 1703.

The foregoing is only a general review of the direct violations of the treaty of Limerick by the English Parliament and government, and is far from being a complete statement of the case, which would occupy more space than can be devoted to it in this volume. Indeed, as John Mitchel says: "The whole history of Ireland, from the day that Sarsfield marched out of Limerick, until the year 1793, consists of one long and continual breach of this treaty."

It was only when England, crippled by her defeat at the hands of the American patriots, was trembling before the approach of the French Revolution, that, like a robber over whom the sword of judgment is suspended, she began to make partial restitution, not from the love of right or justice, but in the hope of escaping the full penalty due to her crimes.

NOTES.

ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF THE IRISH.

IRELAND was known to the early Greek historians and geographers under the name of "Ierna;" by some of the ancient Roman writers it is styled "Juverna" and "Iren;" and, by Diodorus Siculus, "Iris." The inhabitants are called by the same authors, "Irenses" and "Iri," from which we can easily trace the derivation of the terms "Irish" and "Ireland," which latter name, according to O'Sullivan, only came into permanent use among the English in the tenth or eleventh century. Plutarch calls the island "Ogygia;" but this must be taken as referring to the recognized antiquity of the country, rather than as a definite appellation. Tacitus, and the greater number of the Latin writers called the island "Hibernia." The name of "Eire," or "Erin," was given to it by its own inhabitants, who called themselves "Erinachs," and were recognized by that title (or its Latin equivalent, "Erigena") among the Continental nations. This designation is said to have been derived from Eire, a celebrated Tuatha de Danaan Queen of the island, as the name of "Scotie," or "Scotia," by which it was called after the landing of the Milesians, was derived from Scota, the widow of Milesius, who fell in the first battle fought by the Iberian invaders with the Tuatha de Danaans, who had previously colonized and held the country. As late as the fifth (some assert even to the eleventh) century, it is certain that the Roman writers (as well as the Saxon annalists of England) designated the inhabitants of Ireland as "Scoti," or Scots.

O'Flaherty, in his "Ogygia," fixes the colonization of Ireland by the Milesians as taking place in the time of Solomon, or about a thousand years before the birth of Christ. It is not definitely decided whether these Iberian colonists were pure "Fire-worshippers" at the time of their arrival, or whether they learned the worship of the sun from the Tuatha de Danaans, whom they supplanted in the government and possession of the island; but the

ancient annals relate that Tighernmas, the seventh of the Milesian kings, was the first to introduce idolatry among the people; and he and a number of his followers having been killed by lightning, while worshipping an idol called "*Crom Cruadh*," near where the town of Mohill, in Leitrim, now stands, his death was regarded as the natural punishment of his guilt. That the ancient Irish believed in the existence of a number of divinities, mostly represented by the elements, is apparent from the fact that their most solemn and binding oath was "by sun and wind."

It is agreed by all historians that the Romans never extended their conquests to Ireland; though the Roman colonies in Britain and Gaul were frequently attacked by the pagan Irish and their warlike allies, the Picts.

It is evident that arts and manufactures flourished in Ireland from the earliest ages of which we have any authentic records. The Druids, or pagan priests, possessed considerable knowledge of medicine, and were skilled astronomers. Among the Bards, music and poetry as well as the study of history were cultivated to a high degree. During the reign of Tighernmas (mentioned above), gold was discovered in what is now the County of Wicklow; and silver was afterwards found at *Airgiodross*. A foundry was established on the borders of the river Barrow, in which coats-of-mail, bucklers, and other armor were made, and given by the kings to such warlike men as distinguished themselves in battle. A mint was also founded for the coining of the ancient "ring-money," as also for manufacturing gold chains and "torques," which the kings and nobles wore upon their necks as marks of distinction; rings, likewise, were presented to those who distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences. Thus it can be said that gold and silver were in general use in Ireland, even in the most remote ages of paganism. This abundance of wealth was increased, in the early periods of Christianity, by the riches the inhabitants gained from the frequent voyages they made into Britain and other countries. The immense treasures that the Normans plundered from the Irish churches and monasteries, as well as the annual tribute of an ounce of gold, called "*airgiod-froin*," exacted from the natives by the Danish barbarians, during their dominion over them, furnish incontestible proofs of its wealth at that time. In the "*Chronicles of the Abbey of Ratisbon*," we read that—

"Isaac and Gervasius, who were descended from noble parentage in Ireland, being endowed with piety, learning, and eloquence, were

joined by two others of Irish descent, viz., Conradus Carpentarius, and Gulielmus; they came to Ireland, where, after paying their respects to Conchur [Conor] O'Brien, the king [of Munster], they explained to him the objects of their coming. He received them hospitably, and after a few days sent them back to Germany, laden with gold, silver, and other precious gifts. With this wealth the abbot purchased several farms, towns, and country seats; and in the city of Ratisbon, bought many lots, houses, and sumptuous buildings. After all this, there remained a large sum of that which was given by the King of Ireland; this the abbot Gregory resolved to apply to the sacred utensils of the temple, and with it he also built a new one, ornamented and finished with carved stone; likewise a monastery of great extent, after taking down the old one, which was falling into ruins."

The arms of which the Milesian Irish made use, such as the sword, the spear, the battle-axe, and other instruments, wrought in bronze as hard as steel, as well as in iron, show that there were among them workmen who knew how to make use of the hidden treasures with which nature had enriched their island. Their churches and houses were generally built of wood, proving that there were skilled carpenters among them. The Venerable Bede says that their churches were not built of stone, but of oak-wood artificially wrought. Saint Bernard, in speaking of an oratory which Saint Malachi caused to be built in Ireland, says that it was made of polished wood solidly put together; and he adds, that it was a very handsome Scotie structure.

Their chariots, whether for war or travelling, and the great number of ships that they made use of, as well for fishing (which was largely carried on among them) as for the frequent expeditions which they made into Britain and other countries, prove that they must have had mechanics to construct them. In ancient times, they made use of boats built of light wood, or of osier, which they covered with the skins of horses and oxen, and which they called "*curraghs*." With those vessels they easily crossed the sea that separates Ireland from Britain. But according as they became perfect in the arts, they built much larger and more solid vessels, to transport their armies and colonies to Albania, as Claudianus, Solinus, and other historians testify.

The manufacture of cloth, stuffs, and everything necessary to cover and preserve them from the inclemency of the weather, was in very general use among the ancient Irish. Cambrensis states that the men wore trousers or "*braics*," (in Latin, "*braccæ*."). Among the Irish, the tunic, drawers, leggings, and boots, were com-

posed of one piece, and fitted tight to the body. Besides this, they wore a loose cloak, or mantle, which was called a "*falluin*," equivalent to the "*pallium*" of the Greeks. The different classes among the Irish were distinguished by the number of colors in their dress. The mechanics and working classes wore but one color; the soldiers, two; officers, three; those who exercised hospitality, four; the nobles, five; the historians and learned, six; which shows the esteem in which men of letters were held, as they ranked next to the kings and princes of the blood, who wore clothes of seven colors.

Among the Milesians, music formed part of a good education; every one was desirous of knowing how to sing or play on some instrument. Giraldus Cambrensis bears testimony to the excellence of the Irish music. He says:—

"I discover that this nation pays a laudable and industrious regard to their musical pursuits, and excel, in this particular, every other people. Their movements in music are quick and sweet, their melody and concord are in complete harmony."

Camden in his "History" (page 714) says:—

"The Irish are devoted to music and the harp; they strike harmoniously the strings, which are of brass, with their nails."

The harp was the instrument in most general use. There was one in every house, either for their own recreation, or for those strange musicians who passed the way.

The Irish were remarkable for their hospitality. The unfortunate always found refuge among them. The Spaniards, Gauls, and Britons sought an asylum in Ireland, to secure themselves from the tyranny of the Romans, or of the barbarians by whom the Roman Empire was subsequently overrun. Princes who were persecuted in their own country, found there a safe retreat. Dagobert II., son of Sigebert, King of Austrasia, having been expelled his kingdom by Grimoald, Mayor of the Palace, was received with distinction in Ireland, where he remained in exile during twenty-five years. Oswald, King of the Northumbrians, with his brothers and several lords, found refuge among the Irish, with whom they remained for sixteen years, till the death of the tyrant whose fury they wished to avoid. Alfred, King of the Northumbrians, and one of the successors of Oswald, having been driven from the throne of his ancestors, withdrew into Ireland, where he made a considerable progress in the study of literature, and in the art of governing. Bede mentions a number of Englishmen, both nobles and others, who went to Ireland in the time of the holy bishops Finan and Col-

man, to be instructed in divine learning, and to perfect themselves in the practice of a monastic life. He adds, also, that the Irish supplied them, gratis, with everything necessary for their support, even with teachers, and with books for their studies, at a time when books could not be bought for their weight in gold.

THE DEFENCE OF LIMERICK.

In the first siege of Limerick, William III. felt so keenly the disgrace of his repulse from the battered walls of the town, defended by a force very inferior in numbers and appointment to his own, that he reproached his army for their want of courage and spirit, and taunted them with the superiority of the Irish garrison in this respect. "If I commanded," said he, "the handful of men who defend this place against you, and that all of you were inside instead, I would take it in spite of you." The expression was somewhat similar to that attributed to Hamilton, at the Boyne, when twitted by one of the English officers with the defeat of the Irish army. "Let us change kings," he replied, "even now, and we will fight the battle over again."

THE IRISH IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

In addition to the seven thousand Irish veterans under Mountcashel sent to France by James II., (as has been stated elsewhere in this volume,) who constituted what was called the "Old Brigade," the surrender of Limerick and the penal enactments which speedily followed, opened up a new and continuous source of military emigration to France, the effect of which, in that age of incessant fighting, could not fail to be of the utmost importance. The numbers of these self-expatriated soldiers would be regarded as extraordinary, even in modern days. The Abbé MacGeoghegan, who was chaplain in the Brigade, affirms that researches in the office of the French War Department show that from the arrival of the Irish troops in France, in 1691, to the year 1745 (the year of the battle of Fontenoy), more than four hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen *died* in the service of France.

Speaking of the service of these Irish exiles in the French campaigns, Mitchel, in his "History of Ireland," says:—

"Another event befell in the summer of this year, 1692, which deserves record. On a July morning, about the time when the Pro-

testant Parliament in Dublin was devising cunning oaths against Transubstantiation and the Invocation of Saints, to drive out its few Catholic members, Patrick Sarsfield, and some of his comrades, just fresh from Limerick, had the deep gratification to meet King William on the glorious field of Steinkirk. Sarsfield and Berwick were then officers high in command under Marshal Luxembourg, when King William, at the head of a great allied force, attacked the French encampment. The attacking force was under the banners of England, of the United Provinces, of Spain and of the Empire; and it had all the advantage of effecting a surprise. The battle was long and bloody, and was finished by a splendid charge of French cavalry, among the foremost of whose leaders was the same glorious Sarsfield, whose sword had once before driven back the same William from before the walls of Limerick. The English and their allies were entirely defeated in that battle, with a loss of about ten thousand men.

“Once more, and before very long, Sarsfield and King William were destined to meet again. . . . For neither Luxembourg nor William allowed the grass to grow under their horses' hoofs. On the 19th of July, in the year 1693, they were in presence again, on the banks of the little river Landen, and close by the village of Neerwinden. The English call that memorable battle by the first name, and the French by the second. It was near Liege, in the Netherlands, that famous battle-ground which had seen, and was again to see, so many bloody days. This time it was the French who attacked the Allies in an intrenched position. After heavy artillery firing for some time, the French made a desperate attack on the village of Neerwinden; and the Duke of Berwick, at the head of some Irish troops, led the onset, supported and followed by the left wing of the French army, commanded by Montchevreuil. The slaughter in the village was tremendous, and here Berwick was taken prisoner. This first attack failed, and after a furious struggle the French and Irish were forced back. A fresh division, under the Duke de Bourbon, renewed the attack, which was again repulsed; but as this was the important point, Luxembourg resolved to make a final struggle for it, and the chosen forces of King Louis, led on by his renowned household troops, were launched in a resistless mass against the village. A third time it was entered, and a third time there was a scene of fearful carnage in its streets. Among the French officers in this final struggle was Patrick Sarsfield. King William fought his army to the last; but Neerwinden being gone, the key of the position was lost, and at length the whole English and allied army gave way all along the line. The pursuit was furious and sanguinary, as the Allies kept tolerable order, and fought every step of the way. . . . At length the flying army of William arrived at the little river Gette; and here the retreat was in danger of becoming a total rout. Arms and standards were flung away, and multitudes of fugitives were choking up the fords and bridges of the river, or perishing in its waters, so fiercely did the victors press upon their rear. It was here that Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, who had that day, as well as at Steinkirk, earned the admiration of the whole French

army, received his death-wound at the head of his men. It was a happy moment. Before he fell he could see the standards of England swept along by the tide of headlong flight, or trailing in the muddy waters of the Gette; he could see the scarlet ranks that he had once hurled back from the ramparts of Limerick, now rent and riven, fast falling in their wild flight, while there was sent pealing after them the vengeful shout, '*Remember Limerick!*'"

"The gallant Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, had long been dead, having fallen on the field of Staffardo, under Marshal Catinat, in 1690; where 'The Old Brigade' of Irish troops had been serving in the French army before the surrender of Limerick. The arrival of Sarsfield, with so many distinguished officers and veteran troops, gave occasion to the formation of the 'New Irish Brigade;' and we have seen with how much distinction that corps had fought against England on so many fields of the Netherlands. In the new war which followed the accession of Queen Anne, bodies of the Irish forces served in each of the great French armies. There were four regiments of cavalry, Galway's, Kilmallock's, Sheldon's, and Clare's—the last commanded by O'Brien, Lord Clare,—constantly employed in these wars; and at least seven regiments of infantry. All these corps were kept more than full by new arrivals of exiles and emigrants.

"It will afford a relief from the irksome tale of oppression at home, to tell how some of these exiles acquitted themselves when they had the good luck to meet on some foreign field either Englishmen or the allies of England. About the time when the lawyers of the 'Ascendency' were elaborating in Dublin their bill for the plunder of Catholic widows and orphans, it happened that there were two regiments, Dillon's (one of Mountcashel's old brigade) and Burke's, called the Athlone Regiment, which formed part of the garrison of Cremona, on the bank of the Po. The French commander was the Duke de Villeroy, who had just brought his whole army into Cremona, after an unsuccessful affair with Prince Eugene at Chiari. Cremona was then, as it is now, a very strong fortified town; and the Duke intended to rest his forces there for a time, as it was the depth of winter. The enterprising Prince Eugene planned a surprise: he had procured for himself some traitorous intelligence in the town, and some of his grenadiers had already been introduced by a clever stratagem. Large bodies of troops had approached close to the town by various routes; and all was ready for the grand operation on the night of the 2d of February, 1702. Villeroy and his subordinates were, of course, much to blame for having suffered all the preparations for so grand a military operation to be brought to perfection up to the very moment of execution. The Marshal was peacefully sleeping: he was awaked by volleys of musketry. He dressed and mounted in great haste; and the first thing he met in the streets was a squadron of Imperial cavalry, who made him prisoner, his captor being an Austrian-Irish officer named MacDonnell. Prince Eugene, with Counts Stahremberg, Com-

merci, and seven thousand men, were already in the heart of the town, and occupying the great square. It was four o'clock on a February morning, when all this had been accomplished; and Prince Eugene thought the place already won, when the French troops only began to turn out of their beds, and dress. The alarm was soon given. The regiment Des Vaisseaux and the two Irish regiments are the only corps mentioned by M. de Voltaire as having distinguished themselves in turning the fortune of that terrible morning; and as Voltaire is not usually favorable, nor even just to the Irish, it is well to transcribe first his narrative of the affair:

“ ‘The Chevalier d'Entragues was to hold a review, that day, in the town, of the regiment Des Vaisseaux, of which he was colonel; and already the soldiers were assembling at four o'clock, at one extremity of the town, just as Prince Eugene was entering by the other. D'Entragues begins to run through the streets with the soldiers; resists such Germans as he encounters, and gives time to the rest of the garrison to hurry up. Officers and soldiers, pell-mell. some half-armed, others almost naked, without direction, without order, fill the streets and public places. They fight in confusion, intrench themselves from street to street, from place to place, Two Irish regiments, who made part of the garrison, arrest the advance of the Imperialists. Never town was surprised with more skill, nor defended with so much valor. The garrison consisted of about five thousand men: Prince Eugene had not yet brought in more than four thousand. A large detachment of his army was to arrive by the Po bridge: the measures were well taken; but another chance deranged all. This bridge over the Po, insufficiently guarded by about a hundred French soldiers, was to have been seized by a body of German cuirassiers, who, at the moment Prince Eugene was entering the town, were commanded to go and take possession of it. For this purpose it was necessary that having first entered by the southern gate, they should instantly go outside of the city in a northern direction by the Po gate, and then hasten to the bridge. But in going thither the guide who led them was killed by a musket-ball fired from a window. The cuirassiers take one street for another. In this short interval, the Irish spring forward to the gate of the Po: they fight and repulse the cuirassiers. The Marquis de Praslin profits by the moment to cut down the bridge; and the town was saved.’

“ ‘But the fighting was by no means over with the repulse of Count Merci's reinforcements: a furious combat raged all the morning in the streets: and Mahoney and Burke had still much to do. At last the whole Imperialist force was finally repulsed; and the soldiers then got time to put on their jackets. Colonel Burke lost of his regiment, seven officers and forty-two soldiers killed, and nine officers and fifty soldiers wounded. Dillon's regiment, commanded that day by Major Mahoney, lost one officer and forty-nine soldiers killed, and twelve officers and seventy-nine soldiers wounded.

“ ‘King Louis sent formal thanks to the two Irish regiments, and raised their pay from that day.

"In the campaigns of 1703, the Irish had at least their full share of employment and of honor. Under Vendôme, they made their mark in Italy, on the fields of Vittoria, Luzzara, Cassano, and Calcinato. On the Rhine, they were still more distinguished; especially at Freidlingen and Spires, in which latter battle a splendid charge of Nugent's horse saved the fortune of the day. After this year the military fortune of France declined; but, whether in victory or defeat, the Brigade was still fighting by their side; nor is there any record of an Irish regiment having behaved badly on any field.

"At the battle of Hochstet, or Blenheim, in 1704, Marshal Tallard was defeated and taken prisoner by Marlborough and Eugene. The French and Bavarians lost 10,000 killed, 13,000 prisoners, and 90 pieces of cannon. Yet amid this monstrous disaster, Clare's Dragoons were victorious over a portion of Eugene's famous cavalry, and took two standards. And in the battle of Ramillies, in 1706, where Villeroy was utterly routed, Clare's Dragoons attempted to cover the wreck of the retreating French, broke through an English regiment, and followed them into the thronging van of the Allies. Mr. Forman states that they were generously assisted out of this predicament by an Italian regiment, and succeeded in carrying off the English colors they had taken.

"At the sad days of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, some of them were also present; but to the victories which brightened this time, so dark to France, the Brigade contributed materially. At the battle of Almanza (13th March, 1707,) several Irish regiments served under Berwick. In the early part of the day the Portuguese and Spanish auxiliaries of England were broken, but the English and Dutch fought successfully for a long time; nor was it till repeatedly charged by the *élite* of Berwick's army, including the Irish, that they were forced to retreat. 3,000 killed, 10,000 prisoners, and 120 standards, attested the magnitude of the victory. It put King Philip on the throne of Spain.

"In the siege of Barcelona, Dillon's regiment fought with great effect. In their ranks was a boy of twelve years old; he was the son of a Galway gentleman, Mr. Lally or O'Lally, of Tulloch na Daly, and his uncle had sat in James's Parliament of 1689. This boy, so early trained, was afterwards the famous Count Lally de Tollendal, whose services in every part of the globe make his execution a stain upon the honor as well as upon the justice of Louis XVI.

"When Villars swept off the whole of Albemarle's battalions at Denain, in 1712, the Irish were in his van.

"The treaty of Utrecht and the dismissal of Marlborough put an end to the war in Flanders, but still many of the Irish continued to serve in Italy and Germany, and thus fought at Parma, Guastalla, and Philipsburg."

The action of the Irish at Fontenoy is so brilliantly described by Father Burke, in his lecture on the "Exiles of Erin," that it is unnecessary to refer to it in these Notes. Of the Irish in Spain, Mitchell says:—

"It was not alone in the French service that our military exiles won renown. The O'Donnells, O'Neills, and O'Reillys, with the relics of their Ulster clans, preferred to fight under the Spanish flag: and in the war of the 'Spanish Succession,' Spain had five Irish regiments in her army; whose commanders were O'Reillys, O'Garas, Lacys, Wogans, and Lawlesses. For several generations a succession of Irish soldiers of rank and distinction were always to be found under the Spanish standard; and in that kingdom those who had been chiefs in their own land were always recognized as 'grands-dees,' the equals of the proudest nobles of Castile. Hence the many noble families of Irish race and name still to be found in Spain at this day. The Peninsular War, in the beginning of the present century, found a Blake Generalissimo of the Spanish armies; while an O'Neill commanded the troops of Aragon; and O'Donnells and O'Reillys held high grades as General officers. All these true Irishmen were lost to their own country, and were forced to shed their blood for the stranger, while their kindred at home so much needed their counsels and their swords; but it was the settled policy of England, and the English colony, now and for long after, to make it impossible for men of spirit and ambition to live in Ireland; so that the remaining masses of abject people might be the more helpless in the hands of their enemies."

THE PSALTER OF COLUMBKILLE.

The decision of King Diarmid, in the case of the psalter copied by St. Columbkille from that of St. Finnian, has passed into a proverb, which still remains among the Gaelic-speaking people of Ireland. The exact terms of the verdict were—*Le 3ac boin a boinín, le 3ac leabán a leabrán*, ("With every cow (goes) her calf; with every book its copy.") This may be said to be the most ancient decision of a copyright of which we have any record; and, singularly enough, the verdict of the recognized arbitrator and the volume to which it had reference have both been handed down authentically to modern times. The book—which received the title of the *Cačac*, (*Cathach*), or Psalter of Battle, and which consists of fifty-eight sheets of parchment, bound in silver—was preserved by the clan of the O'Donnells as a sacred relic, and was borne by them in the centre of their ranks in all their warlike raids and encounters.

The "Annals of the Four Masters" relate that, in a battle fought in 1497, between the O'Donnells and the MacDermotts, the "*Cathach*" fell into the hands of the latter, who, however, restored it in 1499. It was preserved for thirteen hundred years in the O'Donnell family, and of late years has been, by its last owner, placed on exhibition in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. The late Eugene

O'Curry, in his very excellent work on the "Manuscript Materials of Irish History," has given a fac-simile of a fragment of this MS., which he does not hesitate to believe is in the handwriting of the Saint, as well as the fine copy of the Gospels called the *Book of Kells*, of which he has also given a fac-simile.

It should, however, be stated that the contest for this book was not the sole cause of feud between the Hy-Nialls of Tyrconnell and Diarmid, who represented the southern branch of the same family. Between these two septs a struggle for the sovereignty had been going on for generations, with such equal alternations of success and defeat on both sides, that of seventeen "High Kings" of the Southern family, and ten of the Northern sept, who reigned from time to time, nearly all had fallen in battle or by violence, or had been dethroned in the prosecution of this unrelenting feud. In the case of Columbkille, there was a special provocation in addition to the judgment which Diarmid had pronounced against him. The son of the King of Connaught, having committed an involuntary homicide (which, according to the Brehon laws, should have been atoned for by an "eric"), had fled for refuge to the monastery of St. Columbkille; but Diarmid, in violation of the sanctuary by which the fugitive was protected, seized and put him to death; and when Columbkille denounced this invasion of the Church's immunities, and threatened to appeal to the Irish nation against his tyranny, Diarmid sent orders to his followers to arrest and detain the Saint also. In the fight that followed, the King of Connaught naturally made common cause with the Ultonians; and Diarmid was completely defeated, and obliged to seek shelter in Tara until he could make terms with his adversaries.

